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THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 501.—JULY, 1929.

Art. 1.—RETROSPECT: NOS. 1-500.

THE April issue was the five-hundredth number of this Review; and it would be improper to fail to mark with gratification the circumstances of our having passed that historic milestone. For a periodical published once a quarter to have enjoyed so long a span of active and successful life is, of course, not unique; for our friendly rival, the 'Edinburgh,' flourishes still and is nearly seven years older than ourselves. Indeed, as is well known, it was the necessity felt by Walter Scott and others of establishing a Tory counterblast to the violent and dictatorial Whiggism of the 'Edinburgh' under Jeffrey which led the second John Murray, with the encouragement of Canning, to found the 'Quarterly,' raising the buff banner against the blue; the party colours still shown on the respective covers.

Our first number appeared in February 1809, in days of especial difficulty and anxiety for Great Britain and for Europe generally. At home and abroad conditions could hardly have seemed worse. Napoleon, the burden of whose dark ascendancy then it is difficult now to estimate truly, was at his worst strength, the famous and victorious retreat to Corunna being the latest event in the long conflict to impress the minds of Englishmen; while Pitt, who had been their especial hope against the threatening ambitions of Buonaparte, was recently dead. The helplessness of Europe gave ample opportunity for despair, though happily our countrymen refused to despair and through their determination eventually

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mended the evil. Ominous as were the circumstances abroad, those at home were no better. The effects of the Industrial Revolution were at the time in many ways disastrous. Prices were high, the Corn Laws were oppressive, and food was scanty and dear; trade was stagnant, unemployment frequent; while the old Poor Laws, with their widespread system of doles vastly abused, spread the evils of pauperism, so that, as Robert Southey afterwards pointed out in an article which, especially as regards the 'Quarterly,' was significant, no fewer than one person in nine of a population of barely eleven millions was dependent on parochial relief. The times, therefore, in their misery and the difficulties abounding were ripe for a new serious voice, for a new spirit, to make itself manifest; and from its beginning this Review set itself to face and fight resolutely and without fear the abuses which existed in our country—we soon shall demonstrate how iniquitous they were—and the tyranny that debased and fettered Europe.

It was, of course, not enough to point out the wrongs and inequalities suffered. Still more important was it, through constructive suggestions and reforms, to show the possible ways of escape; and our pages testify, with on the whole an admirable consistency, to the success of that dual policy. Often, of course, as similar subjects were treated by various individual pens there was difference of opinion among the contributors, and not infrequently then, as now, the Editor was compelled, with some reservations of mind, to accept in articles views that he did not personally hold. In the long run, however, there was a definite and consistent trend of thought in the Review and a coherent fidelity to principles which represented the policy best adapted, it was felt, to national and social needs. As an illustration of its value and significance in public life, we may quote a confidential letter written about the year 1830 by Sir Walter Scott to an influential adviser of the Government.

'I have a particular reason for asking half-an-hour's private conversation with you on a subject of some interest in the present state of publick affairs, I mean the "Quarterly Review." The number of copies sold amounts to 12,000, having increased considerably while under Lockhart's charge. This sale is equal to all the other reviews in Britain put

together, for the "Edinburgh" does not sell 6000 or all the rest above the same number. It is, therefore, in these reading days a most powerful engine, especially as the power of the press is every day increasing.

'Lockhart's connection with the work terminates in a few months and Murray is, I presume, desirous of renewing it. But I think the editor's continuing in office will much depend upon his being able to obtain some confidential channel through which he may obtain a hint from time to time what he is to do and what forbear. I must tell you in great confidence his situation at present a great deal cripples his power of being useful. Members of the Government holding situations of consequence propose to him articles of the most opposite tendency without his having the means of knowing which with a view to His Majesty's service he ought to prefer. Now if every confidential quarter was pointed out where hint might be given or a question asked, it would give energy and efficacy to his interference.'

In politics, from first to last, the 'Quarterly' has been consistently and determinately Conservative; and so it will continue. By Conservative we mean Tory, with such increased breadth of views and sympathies as come from progress and experience. As our pages show, and we shall illustrate shortly, the Review has been active without hesitancy in urging forward and helping to establish true social reforms. Positively it did more than any other periodical of the time to remedy the evils which arose from unregulated factories and the Manchester doctrine of *Laisser Faire*; while then and throughout its 120 years it has supported with loyalty and pride the great institutions which have grown and developed with the country, and are a living influence to, and models for service in, the British Dominions and elsewhere.

We have especial reason to uphold that name Conservative for the Party to which we belong, as it originated in these pages. In an article on England's 'Internal Policy' in January 1830, John Wilson Croker, a man much misunderstood and a great 'Quarterly' reviewer, wrote the words now to be quoted; and it was from them that the Party took its title—a title not to be improved on, for it represents the traditions as well as the secure maintenance of the best of our constitutional possessions,

and stands for reasonable progress, stability, and the prosperity of all classes :

' We have no reluctance distinctly to avow our political opinions. We despise and abominate the details of partizan warfare, but we now are, as we always have been, decidedly and conscientiously attached to what is called the Tory, and which might with more propriety be called the Conservative, party ; a party which we believe to compose by far the largest, wealthiest, and most intelligent and respectable portion of the population of this country, and without whose support any administration that can be formed will be found deficient both in character and stability.'

A perusal of our pages from the beginning—a fascinating albeit a pretty exhausting exercise—proves the consistent assertion and practice therein of Conservative principles as applied to the affairs of these islands, and the Empire, and to the world without—what has come to be called—the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Let us, however, justify our recent assertion that the ' Quarterly ' has been foremost in urging and securing certain social reforms, especially on behalf of some of the poorest and weakest. Many of our writers contributed to that result ; but among the first of them, in point of time and influence, were Robert Southey and the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury. It may be news to many that Southey was pioneer and insistent in that good work, for a partisan perversity, especially through the brilliance, frequently so mischievous, of Lord Macaulay, had placed the ever well-meaning Laureate in a hard, unsympathetic light.

It was, in particular, the Cry of the Children that called to those reformers. The dreadful fate of the little victims of a heartless, unimaginative, and unregulated Factory System, with manufacturers and mill-owners thinking only of profits and the ignorant parents of the children exploiting them and often living, idly and drunkenly, on the earnings of their servitude, was enough to compel passionate protests ; and, to the honour of Southey and of this Review, it was in these pages that, in 1812, they first found expression—

' . . . under the manufacturing system, where children are trained up in the way wherein that system destines them to

go, as soon as their little fingers can twirl a thread, or feed a machine. When that system was at its height, the slave-trade itself was scarcely more systematically remorseless. The London workhouses supplied children by waggon-loads to those manufactories which would take them off the hands of the parish; a new sort of trade was invented, a set of child-jobbers travelled the country, procuring children from parents whose poverty was such as to consent to the sacrifice, and undertaking to feed, clothe, and lodge them for the profits of their labour. In this manner were many of our great manufactories supplied! The machinery never stood still. One set of these poor children worked by day, another by night, and when one relay was relieved, they turned into the beds which had been vacated by the other, warm as the others had left them!

Those are quiet words, less aflame than were used by Lord Shaftesbury twenty years afterwards; but they began a movement which ended in the present elaborate system of Laws and Home Office Regulations which give the workers of all ages a security and an ease of hours undreamt of, even for children of from six to fifteen years of age, a century ago.

In December 1836 Lord Shaftesbury, or Lord Ashley as he then was, returned to the shocking theme with a noble earnestness and a pen passionate with indignation. No one can read his words without sharing their feeling; for, since Southey had written, the iniquity had grown and nothing really effective had been done to remedy the gross evil, although protests against that system of child-slavery had been made so far back as 1786, and Sir Robert Peel, who had first moved in the matter in 1802, was able, in 1819, to pass an Act which limited the working hours of children between the ages of nine and sixteen to twelve a day—or night. *Laisser Faire* was still the economic gospel of the mill-owners, and not a little of the alms and oblations poured by those saints and cotton-spinners into the coffers of the Christian missions must have been conscience-money, known to be tainted with the sufferings of infancy.

The extraordinary disinclination, even of men in responsible positions, to interfere with the freedom of the mill-owners and manufacturers to do as they liked in their workshops is shown by two things: first, the

evidence given before a Royal Commission by many doctors, most of whom could not be induced to agree that long hours of standing at work were harmful to children—one of the witnesses, a Dr Ure, adding the opinion that 'the parents are the best judges of infantine power'; the parents who had sent their children to the factories while they enjoyed the wages!—and, secondly, the tactics of the opponents of those reforms in Parliament. Peel's Bill of 1818, which aimed at limiting the actual hours of the children's labour to eleven a day, was deliberately referred by the majority in the House of Lords to a Committee so late in the session that it failed then to pass; and when it was re-introduced in the following year the Commons increased the hours permissible to twelve!

Meanwhile, the children continued in pain and weariness to feed the insatiable machines—which only stopped for the Sabbath—passing to and fro with a mechanical regularity, 'three yards to the stretch,' so that some of them in the processes of their work actually walked twenty and twenty-five miles in a day, and grew so weary that often they fell asleep while tending the machines and with fruitless motions of the hands continued the routine. Sometimes they were so fagged of body and brain that they would hide in the shops to avoid the labour of returning to the 'apprentice houses,' it being easier for them to sleep where they could drop and lie than tramp to the beds which, as Southey had noted twenty years before, never were cold because of the rapid succession of occupants as day-shift followed night-shift, and night-shift day-shift, endlessly. Some of them were farmed out, and if they were restless were kept quiet with opium. Contagious diseases were rampant, immorality was rife; the children became deformed, and, of course, carried on their infirmities to the next poor generation. Often they suffered brutality from the overseers, who beat them, boys and girls, with straps and whips. And the cruelty had its irony; for as many of the manufacturers held by the practice of their religion on the Sabbath days when their works were closed, the children generally were herded to the Sunday schools, and sometimes, if they showed tendencies to sleep there, were compelled to stand on the forms so that through

the fear of falling they might be kept awake. Always, however, when the demand called there was a further supply of the necessary 'human material' available as the parents sent more children to Moloch, and the work-houses helped in that provision. As an instance of the callousness of the whole fiendish business, it is asserted that an agreement was made between a London parish and a Lancashire manufacturer by which it was stipulated that with any batch of twenty sound children sent one idiot also should be taken.

This is, of course, the merest outline and briefest reference to the evil practices which a grossly mistaken prudence and desire for riches permitted. The whole story is powerful and moving through its own dreadful detail and the brilliant pleading and invective of Lord Shaftesbury. 'In the name of humanity and of God,' he cried, 'the remedy to this evil must no longer be delayed.' It was not for very long delayed, thanks to his efforts; as in 1840, in a retrospect of the preceding seven years, he was able to report that the hours of child-labour in a day had been reduced by law to eight; and, in answer to the inevitable doubters who had protested that such an interference with individual freedom must ruin trade, 'not a mill stopped!' It was in this Review that attention was first and most effectively called to that monstrous business, and the good work then begun was continued; for still the conditions of the very poor, young and old, were inordinately squalid and wretched. In an article on the Ragged Schools, Shaftesbury championed the rights of the outcasts whom nobody cared for, with their 'matted hair, the disgusting filth that renders necessary a closer inspection before the flesh can be discerned between the rags that hang about it, and the barbarian freedom from all superintendence and restraint'; and again through the indignation aroused he wrought some redemption.

There can be no question that the condition of the poor in these islands during those hungry years was sad and dreadful to the extremity. Our pages reflect the black truth, and yet we have the satisfaction of knowing that always in this periodical endeavours to find remedies for the evil on speedy and practicable lines were at the same time being made. The unreformed Poor Laws



were a deep fount of mischief, causing 'an insidious rot in the moral character and prosperity of the country,' and repeatedly were the subject for discussion by experts, including the Rev. T. R. Malthus, who frankly explained the consequences of over-population and the necessity for checking it. Among the new remedies prescribed by our reviewers were Savings Banks and Friendly Societies under legislative control, a diminution in the number of public-houses, the settlement of the redundant population on waste lands, the encouragement of garden allotments, 'a judicious and cautious system of emigration, or rather colonisation'; and, finally, touching the real cause of the evil in the hope of restoring the self-respect of the labourers, ending the custom of making-up wages out of the Poor-rate; with a remission of taxation on machinery and horses used for agriculture, thereby to a small degree forestalling the Derating enactments of the recent Conservative Government.

Much of the trouble of those times was due to the heavy exactions of the Corn Laws; and we must confess that, after an early and hesitating attempt on the part of a clergyman named Edwards to suggest that their repeal would help the country generally, a somewhat summary end was put to his paper by the Editor; and Croker afterwards insisted repeatedly that the necessities of the agricultural community required their retention. Circumstances in the end, as every schoolboy knows, proved too strong; and the Corn Laws went. It is interesting to note that among the remedies suggested in 1829—precisely a century ago—for the improvement of the lot of farm-labourers, whose wages then with all the emoluments included were estimated at fourteen shillings a week, was that propounded in the 'eighties by Mr Jesse Collings and his fellow-radicals of Birmingham—'three acres of land and a cow,' the land to be provided at a cost of 2*l.* per acre. Can it be that those ultra-democratic apostles of political enlightenment came for inspiration to this Review? It may be so, especially as, still in conformity with the views of the 'Quarterly,' the same politicians, when Mr. Gladstone's proposals for Home Rule were hurriedly presented to the country, were among the most strenuous defenders of the ideal of the unity of these islands and the Empire.



Reluctantly, we pass to other aspects of reform in helpful season advocated by this Review. The Slave Trade throughout the world, 'that infamous traffic,' 'that execrable traffic in human flesh,' of course, was denounced; but having regard to the stern and necessary limitations of space it is well in this survey to remain at home; and the reform of what in the old days were called Mad Houses demands notice. In 1816 a searching examination of the system, or want of system, practised for the treatment of the insane was made, and the revelations were dreadful. 'All hope abandon ye who enter here!' might well have been inscribed above the portals of every lunatic asylum in the kingdom. The poor creatures incarcerated because their mental powers had proved unequal to the stress of life were generally treated with extraordinary cruelty. Often they were chained or 'leg-locked'; they endured in persistent filth; their horrible lot was made worse through their debased conditions and the brutal stupidity of the keepers. All seemed as hopeless as human conditions could be. Demands were made in these pages for 'Prevention not Punishment,' for curative treatment, for a proper classification of cases, for the compulsory establishment of county asylums, and, later on, for the certificate which was the first step towards individual security. Inevitably, the improvements came, although they were slow and gradual, for that is the way of human nature in its foolishness and caution; but progress did truly march, and, in 1857, our reviewer was able to report the almost entire abandonment of the old bad practices, and to illustrate the improvements in the general treatment of the insane with the fact that in Bethlem Hospital he had seen a former hand-manacle in use as the stand for a flat-iron, while in Hanwell the inmates were enjoying periodical dances.

Enough, however, has now been said of the influence of the 'Quarterly' on social reform, and we may proceed to less serious aspects of the record of this Review, beginning with its interest in Science. Naturally, over a period as extensive as 120 years—in which the world remade itself a number of times—predictions have not always been accurate or expectations fulfilled; but the 'Quarterly' has ever been alert to mark new developments in scientific discovery and has endeavoured to

do so through the accepted experts. It was, indeed, the necessity for justifying the authority of its articles upon Science that caused the old rule of anonymity, so carefully guarded and maintained for sixty-three years, to be abandoned; an eminent biologist having declared that he paid no attention to any writings upon science that did not bear the name of their author. The first signed article, in July 1902, on the subject of Charles Dickens, was, however, so wild and whirling in its eloquence and riot of adjectives that anonymity could not have disguised the truth that it was written with the militant prose-poetical pen of Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Among the more notable of the numerous scientific subjects treated—from Halley's Comet to the Zoo—during the last century of enormous material and intellectual progress were one by Professor Owen on his own 'Generalisations of Comparative Anatomy'; a brief series on Lyell's 'Principles of Geology,' also an epoch-making book; and an elaborate criticism by Professor St George Mivart of Darwin's 'Descent of Man,' which, looking at the mighty work with the eyes of his religion rather than of his science, he declared had 'utterly failed' and 'would have injurious effects on the half-educated'—predictions that have proved singularly out. It is interesting also, in view of the fact that in our last (April) number we printed an essay on the practicability and economic advantages of extracting oil from coal, to find that, in 1866, one Dr Percy advocated the same method for the better use and saving of the national supplies of coal. How little progress in some respects even Science has made in its own triumphant century! We still have cause to complain, with Dr Percy, of the smoke- nuisance in towns, and of the employment of wasteful grates and fireplaces causing seven-eighths of the heat to go up the chimney. The inconvenience of sixty-three years has gone in that particular for next to nothing! Percy also suggested that chimneys should be connected by underground culverts so that the smoke could be disposed of without becoming a widespread abomination of the sky. Possibly (as they are still talking) something will be done in the next sixty-three years to end the extravagance and that botherment of filth. But you never can tell!

Two articles, particularly worth noticing appeared upon the new railways. The second of them, 'Railroads and Steam-Carriages,' written in 1830 by an engineer named Buchanan, was practical and altogether admirable, combining vision with experience and common sense. The first, which appeared five years earlier, was from the pen of Sir John Barrow, a charming man, an excellent writer, a power in the early days of this Review, but evidently no expert in science. There was at the time a railway boom, and the canals as means of transport were being judged and found wanting. Barrow's first concern was with the mania to speculate caused by the new developments. 'Sheer gambling!' he cried, and then proceeded ironically to express wonder that 'some hurried projector has not yet brought forward a *prospectus* for connecting the Great South Sea with the Atlantic by a ship-canal cut through Nicaragua or the Isthmus of Panama.' He followed with a compliment to 'the brilliant flame from coal gas which lightens up our streets,' and then made a study, honest and careful, of the problem of steam-power as applied to the moving of carriages, as had first been suggested in 1759. He considered the questions of costs and speeds, of weights and velocity, of time, safety, certainty and economy, all in a spirit of excellent reasonableness, for obviously he was a sincere and sensible man. Eventually he came to the conclusion that 'the *steam-carriage* may delude for a time, but must end in the mortification of those concerned.' Nor was that all, for there was a further consideration—danger, a serious danger, in the project.

'If ponderous bodies, moving with a velocity of ten or twelve miles an hour, were to impinge on any sudden obstruction, or a wheel break, they would be shattered like glass bottles, dashed on a pavement; then what would become of the Woolwich rail-road passengers, in such a case, whirling along at sixteen or eighteen miles an hour, as Mr Telford says, "with greater safety" than the ordinary coaches? We trust, however, that Parliament will, in all the rail-roads it may sanction, limit the speed to eight or nine miles an hour, which, we entirely agree with Mr Sylvester, is as great as can be ventured upon with safety.'

Well, possibly we still may come to such a restriction. The present-day passion for haste, for breaking records,

for endeavouring to get anywhere in less than no time at all, must come to a stop somewhere. Why not sacrifice the silly god of speed and come to eight or nine miles an hour? It is a thought; but we are not to be regarded as positively endorsing it.

The 'Quarterly' has invariably made a close study of religious developments, and despite its definite Anglican convictions has been alert to the progress and divagations of faith and ritual in all parts of the Church universal. Our first number contained an article on 'The Credibility of the Jewish Exodus,' and throughout those early years reviewers were evidently much concerned to justify the truth, wisdom, and works of Moses the law-giver, whose Pentateuch was regarded as a very essential part of the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture. Sydney Smith, whose 'briskness' over sacred subjects was objected to, was soon put in his place; but the treatment of him was light and jolly when compared with that meted out to Mr Bellamy, whose recent new translation of the Bible brought the blunt conclusion that 'he labours under some deficiency of understanding'—rather a favourite form of condemnation in those frank days. In 1828 came a review of Paley's 'Evidences,' a work which proved at once most strengthening and comforting to the anxious faithful. It was 'next to impossible for a candid unbeliever to read the Evidences of Paley in their proper order unshaken,' said the Rev. J. J. Blunt, who noticed it. In 1838 Bishop Samuel Wilberforce of Oxford warmly commended a sympathetic article by Sewell on the Oxford Movement, in which he closely examined the 'Tracts of the Times' and studied Newman's recent confession of faith. In the next year came Mr Gladstone with his volume upon Church and State, in which he insisted on the necessity of the Catholicity of the Anglican Establishment; and shortly afterwards he was criticising with his normal dark seriousness (for his pen would not glow even upon Homer) Ward's 'Ideal of a Christian Church.' And so the dialectical struggle with Rome and the Oxford Anglicans continued, until Stanley with his Broad Churchmanship hurled in these pages another sort of bomb-shell through the bold expression of his doubts of the genuineness of the Holy Places, but not of the Holy Land. Although

there was that great uncertainty, 'we have still the Mount of Olives and the Sea of Galilee.' In 1855, the new Roman doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary was very doubtfully considered; and then, in another five years, came a new uproar with the publication of Dr Temple's article in 'Essays and Reviews,' when Samuel Wilberforce was the vehement champion in the 'Quarterly' of the orthodox faith. In 1867 Dr Deutsch wrote an article on the Talmud which caused an interest so widespread and profound that the number containing it was reprinted five or six times; and then followed, in 1881, probably the three most influential and powerful articles on a religious subject published in any secular review. They comprised Dean Burgon's scholarly, closely reasoned, and fatally destructive criticism of the newly Revised Version of the Bible. That series of essays was positively the cause why the Authorised Version has been retained in our Churches; for Burgon's detailed examination of the many new textual errors and the very faulty reconstruction of the Greek text, that was, he asserted, no part of the appointed work of the revisers, meant in final effect the definite rejection of that Revised Version. Since then there has been no great fluttering of ecclesiastical doves through the articles of this Review, although we have recently shown sympathy with the Modern Churchmen movement; and Dean Inge, in a characteristically daring article on St Paul, did assert just before the War that, 'It is impossible to guess what would have become of Christianity if he (St Paul) had never lived; we cannot even be sure that the name of Jesus would still be honoured amongst men.'

With all its serious concern over the practical sides of civilisation, the Arts have not been neglected by the 'Quarterly.' In the first number Scott wrote on Burns and Hoppner on Painters, and the endeavour always has been, as still it is and will be, to reflect, so far as space permits, the current values of all developments in life through the infinite activities of human thought and aesthetics. After Politics, Literature has been the most frequent and prominent subject of discussion in the Review; and the most and worst talked-of article among the many thousands that have appeared in our pages

was that in which Croker castigated Keats's 'Endymion.' A deal of nonsense has been talked and repeated about that brief review, and to suggest that its savage and tartarly attack killed the poet is preposterous, as a calm re-reading shows. It was certainly inadequate and in its methods and assertions stupid, for to begin a notice with the unashamed confession that only the first of the four parts of the work under review had been read and that that was incomprehensible is at once to put the critic out of court. Croker, with all his splendid sincerity and forthrightness over general causes, was not a happy reviewer of books. He lacked insight and subtlety, and was apt to forget that his pen had a point and should be used otherwise than as a bludgeon. In reviewing 'Waverley' he calmly informed the unknown author that he would do better to write history than fiction, and added that the story was 'the gratuitous invention of a facetious fancy.' He was not, however, always wrong, and it is easy to prove that he could do the right thing sometimes, as in his long controversy with Macaulay, begun with that historian's famous and even vicious attack in the 'Edinburgh' upon his edition of Boswell's 'Johnson,' when Croker had a gracious last word. He had waited for something like eighteen years before, in his 'Quarterly' article on Macaulay's History, he applied to that work precisely the same order of examination used by Macaulay when reviewing his 'Johnson,' finding similar glaring faults, inaccuracies, and anachronisms; but—and here was the difference—he combined his searching criticism with sincere and generous tributes of congratulation and praise. It was truly a brilliant and, with all its severities, a not unkindly tit for tat.

It is interesting to notice that Scott himself reviewed his own 'Tales of My Landlord'; not a convincing piece of work, as he was bound to bring to it a false air of sincerity by criticising the 'incoherent style' and 'the insipidity of the heroes.' Among the many books favourably reviewed—taken quite at random—were 'Childe Harold,' the novels of Dickens, beginning with a brilliant appreciation of the 'Pickwick Papers' which must greatly have pleased the ambitious young author, 'Emma,' the poems of John Clare and Mrs Hemans, and 'Vanity Fair,' with 'Wuthering Heights,' but not 'Jane



Eyre,' criticised in the same article. The authorship of Charlotte Brontë's daring novel, of course, was hidden under a pseudonym, and the reviewer made the idle and humorous suggestion that possibly the unknown author was the governess of Mr Thackeray's daughters and the original of his own Becky Sharp. Moore's 'Irish Melodies' were ridiculed. Tennyson's first volume was severely handled; but on this occasion the poet was not 'snuffed out by an article.' As a comparison of his after-editions with the points made in the essay shows, he used the details of the criticism, sharp as it was, to revise and strengthen his work. Without exception his subsequent volumes were favourably noticed in the 'Quarterly.' The 'Last Essays of Elia' were delightfully praised by Hartley Coleridge—their author being 'one of Nature's curiosities and among her richest and rarest'—and thereby made amends for the hacking to pieces by Gifford of Charles Lamb's solitary contribution to this Review. Inevitably, many books praised in those days have passed to the dust and emptiness of forgetfulness; such as Miss Tighe's 'Psyche' and the 'World before the Flood' of James Montgomery; yet Southey could hardly have extolled the latter writer more richly. 'He may appeal with confidence to his peers, from whom, sooner or later, the true poet receives his award, when the decrees of those who have intruded themselves into their places are forgotten.' Strong praise, confident words, very bold prophecy. Where now is the 'award' of James Montgomery; and, alas, how far is Southey himself sympathetically remembered?

Wrong, doubtless, in point of criticism as such over-praise was, it is perhaps more pleasing to read—though certainly far less amusing—than the violence of condemnation then so frequent from the anonymous writers who, in all periodicals, pricked and pierced and scourged with their very deliberate words. Shelley, for instance, was evidently a pet aversion of the clergyman who reviewed his 'Prometheus Unbound,' which anyhow was a curious poem to be born of that darkly practical age. 'The predominating character of Mr Shelley's poetry is its frequent and total want of meaning,' was one jewel of thought expressed. 'Sometimes Mr Shelley's love of unintelligibility yields to his preference for the disgusting

and the impious,' was another; and those extracts had more and worse of the kind to follow. Mrs Shelley also suffered hard knocks over her 'Frankenstein'; but the identity of the writer at that time was unknown. 'We doubt whether the head or the heart of the author be the more diseased,' was the elegant verdict. Yet we should be sorry in our retrospect to leave this aspect of 'Quarterly' criticism unrelieved by any favourable light, for most of the reviewing was just and kindly, and neither Shelley nor his wife was a penny the worse, morally or materially, for the advertisement in hard words which their works received.

For the rest, we can helpfully add little to what we have said. To compress the survey of 120 full, active, and complex years into these few pages of print is a task rather more difficult than the poet's miraculous capacity for holding infinity in the palm of the hand. So much more might have been said if the iron rigidities of space did not preclude. Yet in our rapid flight through the five hundred published numbers of this Review, in which naturally we have lingered rather over the earlier than the later pages, we have encountered many fine and generous thoughts, some brilliant scenes, and gallant and great personalities. To snatch, haphazard, a mere handful of the many contributors, there were Scott, Isaac Disraeli and Lamb, Hallam, Keble, Washington Irving, Froude, Ruskin, Bulwer Lytton and George Borrow, Kinglake and Heber, with 'Nimrod,' Guizot, Hook and Hayward—Abraham Hayward (though he hated and avoided using his Christian name)—whose philosophy it was that good melted butter is the unfailing test of the moral qualities of your host, as the moral qualities of the hostess may in like manner be tested by the potatoes. Mr Gladstone was writing Conservative articles for us—'We are not followers of Mr Bright'—until the autumn of 1858, and was succeeded within the next eighteen months by his future great opponent and rival, Lord Salisbury, whose pen had an exceptional incisiveness and brilliance. Since then men of similar authority and distinction in the political world have followed, but necessarily as their articles were 'editorial' their names were not divulged and even now that privacy must be kept.



And in this hurried diorama of time we have caught vivid glimpses—of Buonaparte in his imperial circumstance and final solitude, of Wellington at Waterloo, of Southey's Nelson in his hour of death and victory; of Layard at work among the forgotten palaces of Assyria, of British Bards and the timeless, unreadable mysteries of Stonehenge, of the Revisers plodding drearily after quiddities in the Jerusalem Chamber, of Richard Ford portraying Spanish life with a superb account of a bull-fight, of the recent poor Tsar newly come to his throne and trembling with fright before his Court—visions, and memories, and historic persons; but the pictures and thoughts which best abide with us and we are the most willing to recall are those of the suffering, unhappy factory-children, whose redemption and release it was the particular triumph and privilege of the 'Quarterly' largely to bring about. . . .

So for the past; and what of the future? We have lived long and actively, and have flourished. In a spirit of hope and confidence, and with gratitude for the good fortune that we have enjoyed, we now can face the future, as Browning has expressed it, with a cheer.

C. E. L.

NOTE.—It would be inexcusable, after such Retrospect as the foregoing, not to acknowledge with warm thanks the essential and ever-sympathetic co-operation of Messrs William Clowes and Sons, who for 102 uninterrupted years have been the printers of this Review. 'Si monumentum requiris, circumspice!' In 1839, Sir Francis Head (who was wont, it seems, on occasion to spend the night in his dressing-gown with the printers, refusing to leave 'before all is ready for press') wrote for us an article, 'The Printer's Devil,' in which he described, vividly and amusingly, with all their activities, the works in Duke Street still occupied by Messrs Clowes; and in this Postscript of appreciation we cannot do better than quote his ultimate words. With 'gratitude let us acknowledge . . . the patient labour of each overseer, compositor, reader, pressman and type-founder in (that) noble establishment,' and in a like spirit we also remember the managers and the chiefs with whom our editorial and business relations have ever been fortunate and happy.

Art. 2.—LITERARY CENSORSHIP AND THE LAW.

*To the Pure.* By Morris L. Ernst and William Seagle.  
Jonathan Cape, 1929.

Two books, by reputable authors, have recently been condemned. In consequence of this judicial 'interference,' the question has not unnaturally arisen as to what are the limits permitted by law to an author who wishes to expose Depravity in its worst form. Unfortunately, the public mind has been confused as to the meaning and scope of what is loosely termed, literary censorship. This obscurity persists because morality and law are not separately considered. One must recognise that the standard of decency required by the moral laws of successive generations is not the same, but must vary in quality, perception, and intensity.

First, let us discuss briefly this aspect of the question, and next the legal position. A few pertinent questions and, if possible, an answer to each. Is the mind more readily influenced through the medium of print than through any other form of expression? The answer would depend upon the quality of the mind. A classical picture or statue may have a volcanic effect upon the prurient mind. Describe that picture or statue in scholarly language, or express it in the melody of poetry, and that same mind might be as little impressed as it would be if invited to read some subtle passage in Milton's 'Areopagitica,' or to participate in the artistic perfection of one of the poems of Christina Rossetti. Again, such a picture or statue may have little or no effect upon a more robust type of mind. Describe these objects in detail and with imaginative impurity and that mind might gloat over the obscenity. The effect of the printed word must be looked at from a relative point of view. The method of presentation must be proportionately determined, if only for the very reason that the written word cannot be erased, qualified, or amplified at will. Nor can its distribution be limited at a moment's notice, unless the publication were private. We submit that the printed word has a wider and more permanent influence than any other medium of expression. These character-

istics alone make it unique : for good or for evil, it has far-reaching consequences.

The next question—Assuming the answer to the first question to be correct, must an author take into account the present standard of knowledge? Certainly. Even to-day, when sex questions are blatantly discussed, and books dealing with sex matters disseminated with reckless disregard into whose hands they may come, the level of knowledge should be studied. Immorality and obscenity are not synonymous terms. An author should be given infinite latitude and encouragement and his efforts treated sympathetically, subject always, of course, to considerations of motive. A further question. Should the test of obscenity be the motive exhibited by the author coupled with the necessity or otherwise of exposing some vicious practice? The difficulty would be to gauge the depth and sincerity of the motive. Would the established author stand a better chance than the hack writer? The justification of a good motive must, in the last resort, rest with the author's conscience. Who shall measure its quality? The fourth and last question—Should Sociology and Law develop side by side? Very little research will show that the present-day standard of morality is of an entirely different kind than that obtaining in mid-Victorian times, and the mid-Victorian standard was again entirely different from the standard of some earlier régime—different in quality rather than in the degree of deviation from a fixed rule of moral 'right.'

Public opinion, we are told, is always in advance of the law, but that does not mean that the law should be changed to conform with current opinions. The fundamental principles of some of our legal concepts were planted in the dark ages, and are rooted in the soil. The great merit of our Common Law, for instance, lies in the consistency and continuity of established theories. That fact in itself, however, is no reason why the standard required by law should not, if necessary, be measured by the needs and expediencies of the moment. This will be made clearer, perhaps, when discussing the legal aspect of the problem. A volume, 'To the Pure,' has recently been published which purports to make a study of the dark question of obscenity and the censor. No attempt is made here to review or criticise that book; but some

examination of its assertions and conclusions will be useful. The material has evidently been carefully collated and examined in the light of historical data. The opening words of the first chapter are interesting :

' There is no accurate gauge for those influences of censorship which arise before the time when the author turns over his manuscript to the publisher. While the pen is in the writer's hand, his own individual censor is inextricably merged in the taboos of his environment. The accident of each personal law of suppression colours all writings. No doubt some venal writers, like motorists, try to reach the speed limit. . . . At the very start, society possesses censors in the publishers themselves.'

One can readily appreciate the anxiety that publishers must suffer when investigating the merits of a forthcoming book, and how difficult it must be to preserve an even balance of judgment amid all the contending factors that have to be taken into account. In a comparative discussion of what the authors call vehicles of infection, they say,

' It is only necessary to recall the sexual details of the Hall-Mills, the Rhineland, the "Peaches" Browning, the Aimee Semple McPherson, and the Snyder cases (in America), and the Russell, "Mr. A," and Colonel Dennistoun cases in England, to be convinced that the worst books cannot compete with them for effect.'

It would be no answer to say that because sexual details are not reported in the press in all their nakedness the effect of such cases is any the less. The public, in England, are, *prima facie*, entitled to go into Court and listen with rapt attention to all these sordid details.

What are termed the circumstantial aspects of obscenity, are treated in a series of pertinent 'minor queries,' worthy of consideration. The following are a few:

' Is an "obscene" book by a distinguished author rendered less so by his distinction? Is reputation a criterion?

' Is the length of a book a guide? Is a single obscene passage on page 1 a justification for suppression when five such passages after page 250 would not be? What in particular must be the mathematical relationship of the entire number of "obscene" pages to the innocent pages?

' Is the title a clue? Is a flaming title alone a sufficient

condemnation? Does a sanctimonious title such as, "Simon Called Peter," constitute a greater outrage when the text is carnal, possibly making it easier for the book to enter the home of the religious one?

'Does the fact that the book has appeared in many expurgated editions raise the presumption that another expurgated or unexpurgated edition is obscene? *Post hoc propter hoc*—is that the case with Rabelais and Boccaccio?'

And so on. The reader might spend a profitable hour in attempting to find an answer to these questions. The evolution of sex censorship is treated historically. After discussing the suppression of books in the Græco-Roman days and quoting 'we do not read,' as Milton tells us, 'that either Epicurus or that libertine school of Cyrene or what the cynic impudence uttered was ever questioned by the laws,' the authors continue, 'Only the fate of the poet Ovid, whose "Art of Love" in these days frightens postmasters so much, may give rise to any suspicion,' and they then examine the censorship of literature in its three forms, namely, religious, political, and sexual. The last passage we cull is the following:

'If we lived in a society where men and women led sheltered lives and were never touched by the breath of sin, there might be cogency in the effort to preserve innocence. But to-day the change in the sexual customs of society can only be directed by a free market of thought. . . .

'Goethe, when asked if he did not regret the writing of "Die Leiden des Jungen Werthers," which was supposed to have led to many suicides, remarked, "Life displays the most scandalous scenes in abundance"; and Walter Pater noted the paradox that Angelo was tempted to his fall by the sight of the pure-minded Isabella, the incarnation of virtue. George Moore has observed that if the vice societies should succeed, suppress all the arts and destroy the last indecent book, there would still be the seduction of the spring days. What will the crusader do, where, after a long winter, we feel the April breezes and smell the apple blossoms?'

We take leave of the moral aspect of the problem and turn to a consideration of the legal position in England. During the sixteenth and seventeenth century, the *imprimatur* 'let it be printed,' was used on the title pages of printed books. This rather relates to the origin of that ever popular subject, the liberty of the

Press, and not to literary censorship in the sense in which that expression is used in this article. It seems to have been settled in the days of good Queen Anne that the writing of an obscene book was punishable only in the spiritual court. That was the substance of the decision in the case of *The Queen v. Read*, decided in 1707. Twenty years later, however, we find the temporal Courts taking an interest in these matters. In the reign of George II it was clearly established in the case of *The King v. Curl* that an obscene book was punishable as a libel.

The information exhibited against the defendant Curl was that he 'existens homo iniquus et sceleratus ac nequiter machinans et intendens bonos mores subditorum hujus regni corrumpere, et eos ad nequitiam inducere, quendam turpem iniquum et obscenum libellum intitulat,' Venus, in the cloister, or the Nun in her smock, 'impio et nequiter impressit et publicavit, ac imprimi et publicari causavit' (setting out the several lewd passages) 'in malum exemplum,' etc. It was contended on behalf of the defendant that he might be punished for this in a spiritual court as an offence 'contra bonos mores.'

'Whatever tends to corrupt the morals of the people,' said counsel, 'ought to be censured in the spiritual Court, to which properly all such cases belong: . . . I do not find any case wherein they were ever prohibited in such a cause: in the reign of King Charles II there was a filthy run of obscene writings, for which we meet with no prosecution in the temporal courts'; and, in support of his contention, he cites Read's case referred to above. Mr. Attorney-General, however, looked at the matter as an offence at Common Law, tending to corrupt the morals of the King's subjects and against the *peace* of the King. The Government of the people means public order and public order is morality. 'My Lord Chief Justice Hale used to say Christianity is part of the law, and why not Morality too?'

The Court agreed with the Attorney-General's contention. In the words of the Chief Justice, 'Certainly, the spiritual Court has nothing to do with it, if in writing: and if it reflects on religion, virtue, or morality, if it tends to disturb the civil order of society, I think it is a temporal offence.' So much for old case law. We



should bear these in mind in approaching the subject during the middle of the nineteenth century when the question arose in an acute form just before the passing of the Obscene Publications Act of 1857. The Vagrancy Act of 1824 need not be discussed, as rogues and vagabonds within the meaning of that Act hardly come within the scope of our inquiry.

To appreciate the atmosphere in which the Act of 1857 was passed one must refer to Hansard's Parliamentary Debates in the House of Lords for that year. After carefully reading the speeches of Lord Campbell, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst, and others, the impressions left upon one's mind are threefold. The first is that the Bill was introduced because the sale of obscene publications and indecent books was openly going on to such an extent that the situation had become serious. There was, it seems clear, a further 'filthy run' of obscene writings. The Lord Chancellor, at first, seemed to think that no legislation was necessary and that the law as it stood was sufficient. Eventually, however, on being satisfied that the offence with which the Bill was intended to deal was on the increase, his Lordship deemed it 'unwise not to pass the Bill.' Lord Lyndhurst opposed the Bill in the first instance, because he thought it was badly constructed, especially in that the Bill might lead to vexatious proceedings. In agreeing with the Lord Chancellor, who at the time opposed the Bill, Lord Lyndhurst said :

'I entirely agree with my noble and learned friend on the Woolsack that it will wholly fail in its object and that it is unwise and imprudent to poke into these questions and agitate the public mind in respect to them. My noble and learned friend's aim is to put down the sale of obscene books and prints; but what is the interpretation which is to be put on the word "obscene"? I can easily conceive that two men will come to entirely different conclusions as to its meaning.'

The second and third impressions are suggested in the foregoing extract—namely, the laudable anxiety shown throughout the debates that proprietary and personal rights should remain inviolable, and the apparent difficulty in defining the word 'obscene.' The power to

search which, before amendment, the Bill intended to confer was a great danger and seemed to invite harassing and unjustifiable interference on the part of the authorities. Looking at the debates as a whole we may profitably ask what was the aim of the Act? Lord Campbell supplies the answer: 'It was not against the masterpieces of Correggio that the Bill was levelled but against the mass of impure publications which was poured forth on London to the great injury of the youth of this country.' That was the intention of Parliament. The Act enables any person who reasonably believes that obscene books and prints are kept in any place for sale or distribution for purpose of gain to make a complaint on oath before a Magistrate or Justices.

The Magistrate or Justices are to be satisfied that the belief of the complainant is well founded and that the publication of any such book or print would amount to a misdemeanour and proper to be prosecuted as such; then will a warrant issue to enter, search for, and seize all such books and prints, and carry them before such Magistrate or Justices: thereupon a summons is issued. The construction of the Act by the Court turned, as might have been expected, upon that ambiguous word 'obscene.' In the great leading case of *The Queen v. Hicklin*, decided ten years after the passing of the Act, Chief Justice Cockburn laid down his famous test of obscenity, namely, 'whether the tendency of the matter charged as obscenity is to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences, and into whose hands a publication of this sort may fall.' The facts of this case might be stated briefly.

The objectionable pamphlet ordered to be destroyed as being 'obscene' within the meaning of the 1857 Act, under which the prosecution was grounded, was entitled 'The Confessional Unmasked.' The pamphlet consisted of extracts from the writings of theologians on the doctrine and discipline of the Roman Church. Side by side the passages appeared in Latin and English, and only a part was found to be grossly obscene. The pamphlets were not kept for gain nor for the purpose of prejudicing good morals, but their indiscriminate distribution might have that effect. The appellant sold them in order to expose what he thought were the errors of the



Roman Catholic Church and especially the 'immorality' of the confessional. The Court were unanimously of opinion that the publication was a misdemeanour and was not justified by Hicklin's innocent motives or object, and that he must be taken to have intended the natural consequences of his act. Said Chief Justice Cockburn, 'I think the old sound and honest maxim that you shall not do evil that good may come is applicable in law as well as in morals.' An author must confine his exposition within the limits of the legal definition of the test of obscenity subject to this, that scientific or medical questions, or the exposition of offensive and horrible practices, must be subjected to very special treatment in the method of presentation. For instance, the exposition of sexual abnormalities by one qualified to discuss these matters in the light of knowledge and research, might perhaps be directed to a limited audience of specialists who would appreciate the niceties of the problem. 'Those whose minds are open to such immoral influences,' to refer again to our legal definition of the test of obscenity, should most certainly not be invited to join in the discussion.

Of literary censorship as a legal conception the law knows nothing. The application of the rule in Hicklin's case to each and every case that come before the Court is the only test. Whether the benevolent intentions of the authors of the 1857 Act are embodied in its provisions may be debatable; whether the legal definition of the test of obscenity is good law or bad law, or wider than the provisions of the Act would warrant or not—are questions that admit of discussion, but the test cannot be changed except by a higher tribunal or authority of Parliament.

Mr Cyril Asquith, in his letter to the 'Times' last November, raised an interesting point. Discussing certain standard works such as Shakespeare and Plato, he asks, 'As the law stands, what answer would the publishers have to an indictment for obscene libel given that motive and literary merit are ruled out as immaterial to liability?' The answer to this, we submit, is to be found in the Act of 1857. The Magistrate or Justices must be satisfied not only that the book is of such a character and description that its publication would be

a misdemeanour, but 'proper to be prosecuted as such.' These words in the Act surely mean something. In Hicklin's case Mr. Justice Blackburn, referring to these words, says: 'I think . . . that the object of the legislature was to guard against the vexatious prosecution of publishers of old and recognised standard works, in which there may be some obscene or mischievous matter.' There is no case, so far as the writer is aware, on the construction of the important words 'proper to be prosecuted as such.' There is, however, an important case dealing with what Mr Cyril Asquith had in mind. That was the case of *The Queen v. Thomson*, tried at the Central Criminal Court in 1900 before the Common Sergeant and a jury. The alleged obscene publication was the book entitled 'The Heptameron of Margaret Queen of Navarre.' The jury returned a verdict of 'Not Guilty.'

Sir James Stephen, in his 'Digest of the Criminal Law,' sums up the position clearly in his submission as to the state of the law:

'A person is justified in exhibiting disgusting objects, or publishing obscene books, papers, writing, prints, pictures, drawings or other representations if their exhibition or publication is for the public good as being necessary or advantageous to religion or morality, to the administration of justice, the pursuit of science, literature, or art, or other objects of general interest; but the justification ceases if the publication is made in such a manner, to such an extent, or in such circumstances, as to exceed what the public good require in regard to the particular matter published.'

The public good, then, is the criterion. The Act of 1857 was unquestionably passed for the public good. The debates on the Bill show, if anything, a meticulous anxiety for the welfare of the people, not only in regard to the particular offence with which the Act was intended to deal, but also in safeguarding the rights and privileges of all those who live in the atmosphere of pure literature.

Having regard to the legal test of obscenity, it may be, as Mr Cyril Asquith has suggested, that the law has spread its net too wide. It was perhaps unfortunate that the word 'obscene' should have received a legal definition. Perhaps that is a good example of the limitations of case law. If necessary, some bolder spirit

must carry the matter to a higher tribunal. Whether the law calls for amendment through the medium of Parliament must depend upon a number of considerations too weighty to be considered within the scope of a short article. The opinion respectfully submitted, however, is that it is difficult to reconcile the principle laid down in Hicklin's case with what we should consider a proper construction of the Obscene Publications Act, 1857.

J. CONWAY MORRIS.

## Art. 3.—AMERICA'S OWN 'INDIA.'

*The Philippines.* By Nicholas Roosevelt. Faber and Gwyer, 1929.

Is there any human force so potent as that tribal or 'family' feeling among the racial units which we have seen ablaze all over the globe, from Ireland to Korea—whose own Sinn Feiners, by the way, still maintain a provisional 'Dail' in Shanghai under Choi Rin, the successor of Son Pyunghi who died in a Japanese jail in 1922? The historic sense of Burke thought the French revolutionary system too rigid, paying no heed 'to the concerns, the actions, the passions, the interests of men. *Hominem non sapiunt.*' As a political seer, Burke was no doubt capricious in applying his doctrine, as between the India and the France of his day. But he did insist that a nation, great or small, was a 'living mystic tree' and no inert problem of geography and numbers: 'To be attached to the sub-division, to love the little platoon we belong to, is the first principle of public affections.' This dogma was so impressed upon Canning that, when that great Minister came to the Foreign Office in 1822—the year before President Monroe's famous 'Message'—he could exclaim: 'Let us get rid of the Areopagus. Every nation for itself, and God for us all!'

The insistent claims of little States and scattered minorities are with us day by day, with no sign of that *Weltbürgertum* which would comfort the League secretariat in Geneva. This clamour is the more remarkable in view of the world's shrinkage through ultra-modern communications: wireless telegraphy and fast ships, flying-boats and aerial and international liners, to say nothing of projected tunnels under the Behring and Gibraltar Straits which are to link Europe and Asia with Africa and the Two Americas. The 'family' feeling, indeed, seems to grow keener than ever. Thus in Belgium, the Flemings and Walloons put renewed stress upon race and language; so do the Bretons and Alsatians of France and the Catalans of Spain; the Germans in Tirol, the Italians in Tunis, and many more. And if Eamonn de Valera, arraigned in a Belfast court as a trespasser, can answer his judge in Gaelic, he is echoed in Arabic in the far-off Jebel Druze,

where the insurgent Sultan Pasha el Atrash vows : ' We are resolved to continue our *Jihad* (Holy War) so long as a pulse beats within us ! ' Then we have much ado over flags, frontiers, coins, stamps, and other distinctive symbols, from Reykjavik to Cape Town. Even in the Ottawa Parliament, a Speech from the Throne must be bi-lingual out of regard for the French-Canadians.

Only one Great Power—the United States—enjoyed complete immunity from this bristling problem ; not only by reason of her peculiar make-up as a ' composite and cosmopolitan people ' (President Wilson's phrase), but because America's very existence had been due to revolt against the alleged cruelty and oppression of that ' Tyrant Prince,' King George III, whose indictment is set out in furious terms in Jefferson's Declaration of Independence, which was presented to the Continental Congress of 1776. In that classic screed—which was long ago ' debunked ' by able American thinkers—it is held that : ' All men are created equal,' and ' endowed with inalienable Rights,' such as ' Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.' It is further ordained that : ' When a long train of abuses and usurpations evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government and to provide new Guards for their future security.' Hence America's traditional sympathy with the Irish, the Egyptians, the Boers, and all that welter of races, creeds, and castes in the sub-continent of India, where Sir George Grierson enumerates 179 languages and 514 dialects. But in 1898 America's irresponsibility came to an end : she was soon to have practical experience of ruling Asiatic races, of giving of her best in the ' uplift,' only to be met with armed violence and continuous abuse, which so oddly recalls at all points the record of the British *raj* in India, that the parallel is well worth presenting as a memorable milestone in the political education of the American people.

Spain was challenged after the sinking of the U.S. battleship, ' Maine,' in Havana harbour—a mystery which has never been cleared up, and which I have heard hotly debated this year in Service circles in Havana. An unwarlike Power fought a Power which had forgotten the arts of war. And after the queerest of all campaigns by sea and land (with America's killed much fewer than in

the hopeless attack upon 'Booze'), Spain handed over the last fragments of her ancient empire. These included Cuba and Puerto Rico in the Caribbean, and far in the Western Pacific, strung out for 1152 miles between Borneo and Formosa, the huge Malay archipelago of the Philippines. In all there are 7083 islands, of which only 2441 are named. These are peopled by a welter of 12,353,800 Christians, Moslems, pagans, and savages. Of these last, little-known tribes trail off into tree-dwellers, head-hunters, and wild, shy negritos, like the *Ætas*, who are akin to the woolly-haired Semang, or forest dwarfs of Perak and Kelantan who were visited in 1922 by Herr Paul Schebesta's expedition, financed by Pope Pius XI.

Now Cuba, so long desired as America's 'Sugar-Bowl,' and as the strategic key of the Caribbean, is securely anchored to her suzerain by the Platt Amendment to her Constitution of 1901; this permits of intervention at the will of the Paramount Power. Puerto Rico, long since cleaned up and become very prosperous, continues full of plaint and rue. Her spokesmen were last year severely snubbed by President Coolidge in plain naked words. He contrasted their present affluence and freedom with the Spanish *régime*, when they were 'poor, distressed, and diseased; ignorant, without hope, not knowing what constituted a democratic Government.' This is true. But to that the Puerto Rican economist, Don Luiz Munoz-Marin, rudely replied (outside the White House, *bien entendu*): 'We want the American Government to stop picking our pockets in the name of the American people!' The facts do not warrant any such charge.

But those prosperous bastions of the Panama Canal are after all but small beer in the imperial surfeit which set in so soon in the United States after the war with Spain. In that same year, by the way, the twenty islands of the Hawaiian Group were likewise annexed as 'the cross-roads of the Pacific,' and a much-needed naval base to boot. But the *pièce de resistance*, so to say, and one which most allured and impressed the American people, was that dim galaxy of seven thousand Malay Islands, of which Luzon and Mindinao have between them about the same area as the United Kingdom, and a trade now worth 50,000,000*l.* a year. The coast-line extends to 11,444 statute miles, which exceeds that of the entire United

States. There are twenty-one fine harbours and eight land-locked straits; Manila Bay alone has an area of 770 square miles.

Much was hoped from tropic produce in this remote quarter—especially rubber, of which America's motor and other industries call for 500,000 tons in the current year. So when Admiral Dewey and General Merritt had finished their promenades in Manila Bay and city, President McKinley sent over the first of many Commissions to report on the usual clean-up after Spanish rule, especially in the more civilised islands. The remedy prescribed was 'Education For All'—which happens also to be President Hoover's panacea for America's own prosperity. This boon, it was hoped, would not only promote the Filipinos' general welfare, but also allay racial enmities and ensure a 'democratic system' as between the Hispanic-Malays and their Moslem and pagan brethren, including wild-folk like the Igorotes, Ifugaos, and Kalingas. Eight distinct languages are spoken here, and eighty-seven dialects; but Spanish is by law declared to be 'official until 1930.'

Now the claims of *Swaraj* had been heard before the American conquest; it was rooted in the poesy and eloquence of José Rizal, who may be called the Filipino Tagore. Despised and mocked in school as an 'Untouchable' because of his Tagal-Chinese parentage, this young dreamer drifted over to Europe, where he wrote satiric novels exposing the notorious vices and exploitation of 'Friar Rule' in the Archipelago. Soon outlawed by Spain for sedition and rebellion, Rizal was at last arrested on landing in Manila; and in his baggage were found papers which condemned him after a farcical trial. The night before he was shot, this selfless hero spent in writing a poem of beauty to 'Mi Patria Adorada.' Don José had great hopes of America as a Liberator, having absorbed all the tenets of the Revolutionary Fathers. So also had his fighting partner, Emilio Aguinaldo, the guerilla chieftain whom Spain had bribed to go to Hong Kong, and stay there as a firebrand *en pantoufles* after the turmoil of 1896. Three years later Aguinaldo attacked the American troops in an armed mutiny. Bush warfare of a costly kind followed; it was even more difficult than General Frank McCoy's pursuit of that other 'bandit'-patriot, Sandino,



in the Nicaraguan hills. But as the self-styled 'President of the Filipino Republic,' Aguinaldo was at last entrapped; and in 1901 he took the oath of allegiance to the white invader.

Now all was clear for the Uplift, and eight hundred American teachers landed in army transports with no more knowledge of the Seven Thousand Isles and their scattered hordes than they had of the celestial nebulae. But the jungle school, these zealots felt, would soon work wonders; and they would begin with the rank-and-file of civilised Filipinos. But these were shocked and full of fear at the Protestant onset, varied as it was on their mentors' part by furious baseball in a sweltering sun! There was a deal of friction at first; confusion over languages, and changes of plans. Gradually a system based on the social and economic conditions of the islands was evoked, with a view to moulding 'good Filipinos,' both in mind and body. There was no native literature to assist in this process and none but the meagrest vocabulary for science, history, and mathematics. However, with care and labour English text-books were prepared, and purely American methods at last discarded. It was soon seen that most of the native children could only spend four years at school, during which time agriculture and handicrafts should be imparted, as well as sewing and cooking, together with the elements of sanitation and hygiene. All this, of course, apart from the three R's, and with 'good manners, right conduct, and civics,' added as elegant American trimming on the more or less ragged Filipino raiment of soul.

At the outset, too, it was plain that these Asiatics saw in this American education an easy escape from manual (if not all) labour, and a short cut to 'white collar jobs' on the higher social plane. It was not easy to combat this appraisal, or to set against it the benefits of basketry and animal husbandry, as well as the school farms and gardens which by 1924 were already selling 'truck' worth \$500,000, apart from the instructional values implicit in the work. Both sexes were trained with a view to future island industries, especially in hats, lace, woven fabrics, and furniture. Export markets were found for most of these; the first principles of business and accounting were ingeniously imparted. And now



one line—the beautiful Filipino embroidery—brings in over \$6,500,000 a year. Disease and filth were fought here as in Havana, Santiago, and San Juan de Puerto Rico, and with the same success as in the Canal Zone and the black Republic of Haiti. The Bureau of Education even reformed the food of Filipino homes, extending the rice-growing areas, and popularising maize by means of rural *tamashas*, in which the prizes ranged from spades and hoes to a live buffalo. On the physical and moral side the introduction of athletics and games was a startling innovation; indeed, the team-spirit had such notable results, that the Chief Medical Officer of the Philippine Constabulary put forward new recruiting standards as to height, weight, and chest measurement.

Caste distinctions remained a serious problem, especially when pariah children went to American schools, where the 'Brahmin' tuppence shrank from a Moro three-ha'pence, or flatly refused to breathe the same air with the crude offspring of downright savages. It was found necessary to prepare a Teachers' Manual, with hints from Japan's 'delayed democracy' and the tenets of Rabindranath Tagore on the folly of 'that physical repulsion which we have for each other.' . . . 'How, then' (the Hindu poet-philosopher inquires), 'are we to build a political miracle of Freedom upon the quicksand of social slavery?' Here the Americans had everything to learn as their early missionary fervour felt the chill douche of facts. But learn they did—though slowly and with sore trials. Cleanliness, courtesy, discipline, respect for authority—these and other virtues were conveyed by means of stories, maxims, and dialogues and school festivals in which the weirdest of parents took an amazed or delighted part, gazing at copies of famous pictures which had a definite part to play in bridging the gulfs between mutually hostile races and religions. As newspapers were few in the early days and illiteracy general, the schools were used to spread preventive measures at home during epidemics of cholera, yellow fever, dysentery, and smallpox. As for the lepers, thousands of these were segregated in the colony at Culion, and at least half the \$2,000,000 asked for by General Leonard Wood (the much-abused 'Viceroy') was promptly subscribed by 15,000 Americans. From the first, President McKinley

had impressed upon his envoys the magnitude of a labour 'which concerns the honour and conscience of their country'; so that the Seven Thousand Isles 'might come to look back with gratitude to the day when God gave victory to American arms at Manila, and set them under the sovereignty and protection of the United States.'

Four years ago another special Commission examined the result of this 'intellectual awakening' in the Philippines. And 'being fully aware of the immensity of the task,' it prudently confined itself 'to those aspects of the experiment which fell within the field of technical knowledge, and upon which evidence could be obtained.' Even so, the report was none too rosy, mainly through the assertiveness of a hostile native Legislature. The teaching of English was found to be poor; so was the standard of native pedagogy. And the American Director of Education now had little say in money appropriations which ran into millions. But, above all, the Commission of 1925 was alarmed by the lush growth of a 'high-collar class,' and urged the need for firmly turning Filipino energies to agriculture and industry. It was noted that the cost of public education had leaped from \$2,000,000 in 1903 to \$12,712,217 in 1925.

Some two million acres of rubber lands had been surveyed, 'but adequate labour does not seem available.' Worse still, instead of 'gratitude' for the material boons conferred, and the wide autonomy which President Coolidge set out in his Veto Message to the militant Swarajists, five thousand or so of the 'high collars' have for years insisted upon 'absolute and immediate independence.' To this end a lively and elaborate Press Bureau is maintained in Washington with a secret fund of a million pesos (\$500,000) a year, voted by a truculent native Assembly in Manila, where agitators have attacked or blocked the Governor-General and his colleagues at every turn, backed up by a snarling chorus from the Filipino newspapers. The Independence Commission, headed by those stormy petrels, Manuel Quezon, Sergio Osmena, and Manuel Roxas, of the Insular Parliament, periodically install themselves in a first-class Washington hotel 10,000 miles from home, and thence they drive in style 'down the Avenue' to the Capitol, there to play politics in Congressional lobbies, or in the private offices

of sympathetic Senators who may desire to harry or embarrass the existing Administration.

During Wilson's eight years, the Filipino agitators had a great time; for the Democrats, who were out of office when the Islands were annexed, had long exploited the Jeffersonian ideals and made a Party issue of the Islands' independence, and of those small-nation rights which we associate with the hapless dreamer at the Peace Conference in Paris. So Wilson sent Mr Francis Burton Harrison to Manila with a mandate of astonishing folly, which was to 'Filipinise' the vociferous Archipelago, root and branch. This was done on reckless lines, leaving the veteran General Leonard Wood to clear up the mess in 1921, and face every sort of odium in the process. Meanwhile, the Jones Act of 1916 had altered the Insular Assembly, establishing a Senate of twenty-four members and a House of Representatives of ninety-one, elected every three years. All Cabinet posts, save that of Public Instruction, were to be in native hands; but the Governor-General, appointed in Washington, remained supreme and had the ultimate power of veto. Under the Wilsonian satrap, a native Council of State was formed so that, as Manuel Roxas said, 'We may feel happy and secure in the enjoyment of our own life as a People.' Upon this, misgivings arose in Republican quarters in the United States. 'When Filipino agitators speak of the People,' it was feared, 'they mean those apathetic millions who have a whole lot of "peep," but very little "pull"!'

Soon Wilson's indulgent Viceroy was pushed aside, and the native Legislature plunged into joyous adventures, especially in Big Business and finance. Currency Reserve Funds to the value of \$40,000,000 were now withdrawn from New York. General Concepción was installed as manager of the National Bank in Manila—only to wind up in Bilibid Gaol after a Malay *amok* which the United States accountants who traced its havoc reported as: 'violating every principle which prudence, intelligence, or even honesty could dictate.' Wild-cat ventures were floated by men of straw who had no capital of their own, but looked for 'Government money.' And this was handed out 'with the whole arm,' as we say in Spanish. Thus a first loan of \$8,625,000 was made to

the Philippine Vegetable Oil Co. on the most nebulous security. On top of this, the native directors incurred a further \$7,000,000 in light-hearted liabilities. When the crash came, only fractional assets were found in the wreckage. Another milch cow was the Department of Public Works; lesser founts were the Tourist Bureau—'to encourage health and pleasure travel to the Archipelago'—and the Public Calamity Fund, whose moneys that merciless reformer, General Wood, found 'beyond the reach and control of the Governor-General.' By 1921 the excesses of Filipino *swaraj* were such that President Harding decided to extend his anti-Wilson 'normalcy' to these Seven Thousand Isles of the Pacific. Then it was that General Wood went back to the Philippines as a Republican administrator charged with the sweeping up of the Democratic *débris*. Long before, in Roosevelt's time, Wood had governed the Moro Province, and reduced to obedience the lawless Mohammedan pirates and dacoits, to whom America was no more than a *magna nominis umbra*, like that of the Madrid Cortés to the savage Indians of old Peru.

Wood had exchanged views with Lord Cromer in Egypt, with Government officials in India, Java, and Sumatra. He had no illusions at all about the character or capacity of the Filipinos; and as Governor-General in 1921 he faced the most disagreeable campaign of his whole career, with Brigadier Frank McCoy as chief assistant in his famous 'Khaki Cabinet.' The veteran soldier found a new Manila, with fine boulevards and parks and speedways, shaded by the glorious flame-trees. Traffic police controlled a prosperous rout of motor-cars and native carriages. There were smart hotels on the wide Lunetta; in the spacious harbour rode big American warships. Gay city streets trailed away into suburbs where the humbler Malays dwelt in huts of the nipa-palm. But chiefly General Wood found enemies lurking; and long and fierce was the resistance of those political *guerilleros* to whom Mr. Burton Harrison had given full rein. He was soon charged with being 'an enemy of the Filipino people'; 'a high-handed martinet,' and so on. There was unrest among the Philippine Scouts who presented a mutinous petition: 'We warrantise (*sic*) this strike, because we want more pay!' The entire Press attacked

the new reformer, both in Spanish and the queer English to which I have already referred. Here, by the way, is a delightful specimen from the chief organ of the *Partida Nacionalista*, in Manila: 'Santiago Pahati, a teacher of the Rizal elementary school, is not married and is still negotiable, as erroneously indicated in this column yesterday.'

Filipino *swaraj* was complete; it was General Wood's long and thorny task to re-arrange it, steering clear of native advisers and vetoing Acts of Parliament, so as to restore a prudent balance of government. The Press Bureau in far-off Washington soon had a list of thirty-one tendencious Bills which the 'Tyrant' had annulled in a single session of the Legislature. 'I must safeguard revenue,' was the Governor's reply, and, needless to say, President Coolidge supported him. 'As I see it,' General Wood wrote to his Cabinet Chief (the Secretary of War), 'the responsibility rests squarely upon us to continue our work here until we are satisfied that these people are prepared to maintain a separate national existence.' And while 'sympathising with Filipino aspirations,' this experienced administrator was convinced that:

'They are as yet wholly unfit to assume this burden, whether from the viewpoint of instructed public opinion, preparedness for defence, a common language, or due economic resources. . . . To turn these Islands over to self-government,' General Wood pursued, 'would mean a betrayal of our trust, and would plunge 12,000,000 people into dire disorder and strife. For it would result at once in serious clashes between the Moros and the Christian Filipinos. Such a step, in short, would defeat true independence, both economic and political. It would ruin the sugar and tobacco industries, destroy confidence in investment, with consequent wrecking of the Island finances, and inevitable idleness and bloodshed.'

The Governor-General concluded by urging the need for 'a sound, sane, and humane policy, so as to avoid a catastrophe to Western civilisation and Christian effort in the Far East.' He also deplored the fact that certain sections of the American people and the Federal Congress, too, had been 'grossly misinformed and deceived as to the true position by means of propaganda put out by the Independence Mission and its Press Bureaux in Manila and Washington.'

I need hardly say that the American Chamber of

Commerce in Manila and all the foreign interests—with those of Britain predominant—take fright at the bare mention of Independence. 'Thirty years hence we may discuss it,' you are told. Even so, white industry would require to be bought out by the U.S. Government, as a condition precedent to definitive withdrawal. Moreover, the great Archipelago has long been regarded as America's main commercial and strategic base in Far Eastern seas, and nothing would induce the experts of the Washington Navy Board to relinquish their well-known aims and plans in this direction. Meanwhile violent opposition to American rule is fostered by the *políticos* even in Manila University, and in all the colleges and high schools. Text-books are used as Pan-Malayan propaganda; and Filipino youth considers itself fit for any high emprise—save only that of cultivating a tropic soil which should be their first concern, as in rural India. So loud was the native outcry, that in 1926 President Coolidge sent out yet another Commission under Colonel Carmi A. Thompson to survey the uproarious scene afresh. And while this envoy was in Manila, both House and Senate passed as a unanimous resolution: 'The constant and intense desire of the Filipino people for immediate and complete Independence.'

The native Parliament even pressed for a plebiscite upon this ideal, and carried it against General Wood's opposition—only to be stone-walled by the supreme veto of Mr Coolidge on April 6, 1927. Writing in kindly but emphatic terms to Manuel Roxas, the President pointed out that the process of 'Filipinisation' had gone far indeed in all executive departments; 'Filipinos have all the rights and privileges of American citizens, without the obligations. They pay no Federal taxes, are exempt from our immigration-laws, and do not pay for the defence and diplomatic services.' The native Army, or Philippine Constabulary, consists of 396 officers and 6325 men, disposed in 162 strategic stations of the Archipelago. The cost is about \$2,700,000 a year, and the field of operations extends to trackless jungles, the haunts of savages and wild tribes similar to those of Assam and the Lushai Hills. It is adventurous work to rule and guard these Malay marches, which extend 1152 miles from north to south and 682 miles from east to west, with a



waste of waters between. A delightful 'Simla' was laid out in 1909 well up in the hills at Baguio and linked by railway with Manila, so that the white Viceroy and his secretariat might pass the hot weather in comfort.

It will be seen that America's Asiatic 'dyarchy' is a stormy affair, with 'Mahatma' Quezon of Luzon, 'Pandit' Osmena of Cebu (in the Visayan Group), and many more all preaching defiance, backed by a *swarajist* Press whose very names suggest all the mourning *hartals* and passive *satyagrahas* which they have proposed: 'La Vanguardia,' 'El Heraldo,' 'La Independencia,' and the rest. These papers even clamour for Filipino control of the Moslem islands, where fierce braves sharpen spears and swords and rally round swart sultans and *dattus*, praying for the 'Day' when they may cut loose upon Christian dogs whom they hate and despise, as martial Pathans of the Indian Border do those feeble Bengali *babus* of 'high-collar' training in Bloomsbury and Lincoln's Inn. 'Perhaps some day,' hints the 'Independencia' darkly, 'we shall be forced to give up waiting, and go out to get what is ours!' And what matter if the Archipelago cannot stand alone, but must needs accept an Asiatic master? Here, again, Rabindranath Tagore is quoted, and the parallel with India seen to be complete: 'I would rather have the Afghans or the Ghurkas here than you British. *They* may be barbarous—but *you* are inhuman!'

So goes the groaning and fretting which has amazed and disappointed the United States in the generous handling of its own 'India' in the Western Pacific. She found the enormous Archipelago sunk in squalor and savage ruin. She gave of her best to civilise the people. To-day Manila is a bright, bustling tropic capital, with the population of Dublin or Bradford; and light is gradually penetrating the dark places farther afield through many ingenious American agencies. Yet, as I have shown, the reward of the Paramount Power is precisely the native hostility and abuse which dart at Britain from every sheet of India's vernacular Press.

After the death of General Wood—hastened by loyal labours in a tropical 'enemy zone'—President Coolidge appointed Colonel Henry L. Stimson as Viceroy; a man of suave and cautious strength, who had already studied



the Philippine problem on the spot, and also acted as America's conciliator between clashing claims and interests in Nicaragua. Colonel Stimson—who was soon to be chosen U.S. Foreign Minister by President Hoover—saw no reason to change the policy of his old friend Leonard Wood. Therefore protest went Heaven-high in Manila when the new Governor-General gathered round him 'the usual "Cavalry Cabinet"' and all the *topi-wallahs* whom the Filipinos so greatly dislike. Mr Stimson was emphatically in favour of retention. To evacuate the Archipelago, he said, would not only deal a serious blow to American power and prestige in the Far East; the sequence of events would react unfavourably upon other Western Powers—the British in India and Malaya, the Dutch in Java and Sumatra, and the French in Annam and Cambodia. Even Australia would in time feel the political effects of the inevitable chaos, and an aftermath which all can foresee but few care to discuss.

How does America view her first experiment in Asiatic governing? In a greatly chastened mood, far removed from the frothy dithyrambics of Jefferson and Wilson. Her conclusions are best summed by Mr Nicholas Roosevelt as he surveys the mindless arrogance of native agitators who claim that the 'usurper' has nothing more to teach them, and so must be cleared out.

'We seem'—Mr Roosevelt grieves to say—'to have been more intent upon "doing something" than on getting something done. We set ourselves the almost impossibly high ideal of making overnight a self-supporting, self-governing people whose desire was to work as little as possible, and whose sole experience in government was under a series of despotisms. We wanted to see them "educated" right away! We wanted to see roads built instantly. We wanted, in other words, at once to transform these tropic islands into a sort of glorified Iowa, and to make "good Americans" out of our Malay brethren! . . . We have done too much sentimentalising about the Islands'—this able observer concludes: 'We have cherished too many illusions. The time is at hand to examine the record coldly . . . and to shoulder our burden courageously, carrying through the thankless task to its completion.'

So goes the imperial education of the Great Republic, which is in the interests of us all. Far off, indeed, are the

rainbows of Wilson at the Peace Conference, when mandates were toward for the French in Syria and ourselves in Mesopotamia. Mr Wilson was indifferent to these alien claims—'unless those people wanted them.' . . . 'One of the fundamental principles to which the United States adhered was the consent of the governed. This is ingrained in the thought of our people.' As a theory—yes, and one which was ignored from the first when America was beset by what Emerson calls 'the hard angularity of facts.' Even Thomas Jefferson shelved it when he installed a Dictator in the vast domain of Louisiana, which he purchased from Napoleon in 1803. Both Wilson and Coolidge were compelled to pay practical tribute to 'Force' as an inexorable arbiter in the affairs of men. America has long since realised that there are inferior races as well as inferior individuals; and that in certain lands the human elements are so thrown together in mutual hatred and mistrust, that rule from without is necessary in the interests of order, progress, and peace.

Besides the Philippines, the United States possess other stepping-stones in the Pacific. The Canal Zone is administered by the War Department. Guam—the largest of the Marianas; Wake, and the Midway Islands, 1200 miles north-west of Hawaii, and American Samoa with its fine harbour of Pago-Pago—all these are under the Washington Admiralty as naval stations, and all add their quota to the imperial experience of the United States. As for the huge Asiatic Archipelago, the Jones Act of 1916 explicitly declares the American people's purpose: 'To withdraw their sovereignty over the Islands, and to recognise their independence as soon as a stable Government can be established therein.' So on the same day that the swart *políticos* of Manila, Iloilo, Zamboanga, Jolo, and Cebu proclaim a 'Filipino Republic,' the Mahatmas and Pandits of Delhi will be singing 'Bande Mataram,' with 'India a Nation' from the Khyber to Cape Comorin! Meanwhile, the identic soul-state of both sets of Asiatic agitators is significantly expressed—at once to President Hoover in Washington and to the *Chakravarti*, or King-Emperor in London—in the bitter Delhi taunt of Pandit Motijal Nehra: 'You take our resources, and use them to misgovern us!'

IGNATIUS PHAYRE.

✓ Art. 4.—JOHNSON'S LIFE OF BOSWELL.

*Boswell Papers*, 1929. Isham Collection in 18 Volumes, of which already printed, Vol. I. *Early Papers*. Vol. II. *The Dutch Journal*, ready but not issued. Vol. III. *A Tour of the German Courts*. Vol. IV. *With Rousseau and Voltaire*, 570 copies only. Privately printed by William Edwin Rudge. Designed by Bruce Rogers. Prepared for the Press by Geoffrey Scott.

THE partial appearance of these sumptuous volumes, eighteen in number, at the price of two hundred pounds, compels us to enlarge, and even modify, the judgment which we gave in the year 1858, upon James Boswell and Samuel Johnson. The genesis of these volumes demands a word of exposition. It has always been known that a vast amount of Boswell's writings remained undiscovered. He speaks of his curious archives, his cabinet of papers, and his ebony box which contained the most precious of them. These papers have been discovered, and their publication is now begun in these volumes, prepared for the Press by Mr. Geoffrey Scott.

Boswell's great-granddaughter married the fifth Lord Talbot de Malahide. In 1905, their son, the present peer, acquired by inheritance Boswell's estate, and removed the papers to Ireland. In 1926, Lieut-Colonel Ralph Heyward Isham of New York purchased the manuscripts for an undisclosed number of American dollars, and is now generously giving them to the world in this beautiful form. The collection contains letters written and received by Boswell, literary material, records, and journals, all unpublished, besides the 'flotsam and jetsam of years, left by a man who seems never to have willingly destroyed a written paper.' Each volume as published will possess a unity of subject; the three already issued carry us only to the year 1764. Three more are promised in July, six in nine months, and the remaining ones two years hence. Apart from the general introduction, and brief explanatory prefaces, they consist of the text alone; the critical commentary is deferred to the eventual public edition, 'which will require several years to complete.'

It would be a miracle, as Mr Scott suggests, if any

further writings of Boswell should be discovered, because none exist. In this state of finality, we are, therefore, in a position to pass final judgment upon Boswell. It may be said at once that the Isham Collection, precious as it is, merely confirms the opinion which all educated men already entertain; but it gives them new confidence and courage in making that opinion to prevail. Laying aside the temptation to indulge in the luxury of this fresh revelation, as one would dwell upon every word that comes from a beloved hand, we shall be content to examine anew the person of Boswell in the strong light shed from this unexpected quarter. This early evidence shows that he had attained the full stature and strength of his art before he came in contact with Johnson; he had already the observing eye, the practised hand, the sententious skill which makes his work unique. For the benefit of those who have not yet access to these elaborate volumes, it would be easy to fill pages with his new and swift definitions, incisive as Holbein's portraits or the poetry of Villon; but that would merely be to dull the edge of appetite. In the meantime, let us consider Boswell in his entirety. What now do we know of him? We know all.

Justice is due to the dead, even more than to the living. James Boswell is dead these 134 years, and yet remains the victim of current calumny. He created for us the Johnson whom we know and admire, who wins our love even whilst he compels our laughter. Johnson alone knew the real Boswell. He has left that knowledge in an imperishable record of writings and speech, extending over a period of twenty years. Let us see, first, if we can evoke from it the Boswell whom Johnson knew. Johnson was never deceived by a man; he could penetrate to the heart of him; he had words adequate for judgment. The two were intimate friends. It is on record that they met together 270 times. Many of those meetings were long—whole days on the river, in parks, in coach. They met in their rooms, at clubs, and in taverns where they sat at supper for five hours and drank three bottles of port. They spent ninety-four days in Scotland, travelling by horse, by boat, and on foot; they occupied the same room by night; and in all that period Johnson reproached Boswell only twice, once in

temper and once in jest. Their communion went far below the surface ; they discussed every human problem. Regularly, they worshipped God in company, and disclosed to each other the secret places of their religious minds. Their private loves and griefs, their sickness of body and mind, their joys and despairs were unconcealed. Life, death, and the future state were their continual themes ; the last alone they were compelled to leave in obscurity. Conversations pass : letters remain. Johnson wrote nearly a hundred letters to Boswell, which in print occupy a large volume. These letters are our main concern at the moment, if happily, from them and from the attendant circumstances, we may elicit Johnson's judgment of Boswell.

The two friends first met in the book-shop of Thomas Davies, on May 16, 1763, the one being twenty-three, and the other fifty-four years of age. 'I can see he likes you very well,' Davies said to Boswell, and assured him that Johnson would take it as a compliment if he should call upon him. Eight days later Johnson received him very courteously ; and when he arose to leave said, 'Nay, don't go. I am obliged to any man who visits me.' A second time Johnson pressed him to stay, promised to visit him in turn, and shook him cordially by the hand. On June 13 he called again, and was asked why he had not come before. 'Come to see me as often as you can,' Johnson repeated, and promised they should meet at the Mitre. They met by chance in the street at one o'clock in the morning. The tavern was closed. 'Sir, it is too late ; they won't let us in. But I'll go with you another night with all my heart.' That night was June 26, when they had a good supper and port wine. They talked five columns of print. 'Give me your hand ; I have taken a liking to you,' said Johnson quite early in the evening ; and, between one and two in the morning, after they had finished a couple of bottles of port, 'Sir, I am glad we have met. I hope we shall pass many evenings, and many mornings too, together.' On July 1 they supped again at the Mitre in company with Goldsmith, and once more on the 6th, in a larger company, all at Boswell's expense. In that month, they met more than a dozen times in their own rooms, and in public places, alone and with other friends. A whole

day was spent at Greenwich and in the entertainment proper to the occasion. The period yields twenty columns of conversation and comment. The time had now come for Boswell to proceed to Utrecht as a student of law. Johnson accompanied him as far as Harwich. They formed a vague plan for a tour through the Netherlands in the following summer. On the beach they embraced and parted with tenderness, and engaged to correspond by letters. 'I hope, Sir, you will not forget me in my absence,' Boswell said. 'Nay, Sir; it is more likely you should forget me, than that I should forget you.'

Johnson's first letter to Boswell addressed to Utrecht, and dated Dec. 8, 1763, occupies five pages of modern print: 'You are not to think yourself forgotten or neglected. I love to see my friends, to hear from them, to talk to them, and to talk of them. To tell you that I drank your health in the room in which we last sat together, that your acquaintances continue to speak of you with their former kindness,' these are not worthy of mention, and he writes of deeper things. The next letter is sent to Paris on Jan. 14, 1766. Boswell had spent the intervening two years on the Continent, and in Corsica. Johnson describes himself as a sparing and ungrateful correspondent, but assures Boswell that nothing has lessened either his esteem or his love. Both had been increased; and when he returned, he would return to an unaltered and unalterable friend. 'Come home,' he continues, 'I long to see you, and to hear you, and hope that we shall not be so long separated again.' He fears they will find it difficult to keep Boswell amongst them after his varied experience, but he offers the inducement of esteem and kindness.

Boswell returned to London in February 1766, and was received with much kindness. They dined at the Mitre, although Johnson drank nothing but water and lemonade; he continued the practice until the end of his life. Boswell proceeded to Scotland, where he received a letter, written Aug. 21, containing friendly banter, approval, and advice. On March 23, 1768, Johnson writes that he will be glad, very glad, to see his friend in London. On his arrival in May, Johnson surprised him with a visit at his lodgings, and was in the

kindest and most agreeable frame of mind. In September 1769, upon hearing that Boswell was about to be married, Johnson wrote, 'I have always loved you and valued you, and shall love you and value you still more, as you become more regular and useful.'

For eighteen months there was no letter; but on April 18, 1771, Boswell wrote to Johnson, giving an account of his comfortable life as a married man, and a lawyer in practice at the Scottish bar, invited him to Scotland, and promised to attend him to the Highlands and the Hebrides. In reply, Johnson wrote on June 20, 'I wished for your letter a long time, and when it came, it amply recompensed the delay. I never was so much pleased as now with your account of yourself. My dear Sir, mind your studies; mind your business; make your lady happy, and be a good Christian.' In the following year, Boswell informed Johnson that he was coming to London, to appear in an appeal case in the House of Lords. He received in reply a letter dated March 15, 1772: 'That you are coming so soon to town I am very glad; and still more glad that you are coming as an advocate. My kindness for you has neither the merit of singular virtue nor the reproach of singular prejudice. Whether to love you be right or wrong, I have many on my side. Mrs Thrale loves you, and Mrs Williams loves you. Let us try to make each other happy when we meet.' When they met Johnson said with a hearty welcome, 'I am glad you are come, and glad you are come on such an errand.' They drank tea in the evening, dined at the Mitre, visited by night, dined at Paoli's, and drank tea again, attended divine service, and dined with various distinguished persons. This visit lasted seven weeks. In August, Johnson regrets that he must deny himself the delight of seeing those whom he loved and esteemed in Scotland. In February 1773, he is glad to find himself not forgotten, and continues, 'To be forgotten by you would cause me great uneasiness. I have from you testimonies of affection. Write to me now and then; and whenever any good befalls you, make haste to let me know it, for no one will rejoice more.'

In April 1773, Boswell was in London again, and went to Johnson's house late in the evening. The diary



for four days records that on Thursday they sat a good part of the evening together, and at midnight drank tea with Mrs Williams ; next day, which was Good Friday, they had breakfast of tea and buns. They went to church morning and evening, and spent the interval in reading. On Easter Day they went to church, and dined in Johnson's house, the first time a man was known to have sat at his table. The dinner was, a very good soup, a boiled leg of lamb and spinach, a veal pie, and a rice pudding. In the following fortnight they dined seven times together, and had other meetings. Several letters then passed, dealing with the proposed visit to Scotland. Johnson concludes, 'Think only when you see me, that you see a man who loves you, and is proud and glad that you love him.' They met in Edinburgh, Aug. 18, 1773, and were in the continuous company of each other until Nov. 22, a period of ninety-four days, whilst they were making the tour to the Hebrides.

In the following spring, there were two reasons why Boswell should forgo his usual visit to London. These were the expense and his wife's condition. Johnson thought those reasons valid. He answered 'not negligently,' and explained, 'I love you too well to be careless when you are serious.' The visit was delayed until March 21, 1775. It was on this occasion that Johnson assigned to him a room in his own house, where he might sleep nights when they sat late. There, he found everything in excellent order, and was attended by honest Francis with a most civil assiduity.

The most striking evidence of Johnson's estimate of Boswell occurs in a letter written after this visit, and dated Aug. 27, 1775 : 'Never, my dear Sir, do you take it into your head to think that I do not love you ; you may settle yourself in full confidence both of my love and my esteem. I love you as a kind man. I value you as a worthy man, and hope in time to reverence you as a man of exemplary piety. I hold you, as "Hamlet" has it, "in my heart of hearts."' This assurance is enforced on Sept. 14 : 'My regard for you is so radicated and fixed that it has become part of my mind, and cannot be effaced but by some cause uncommonly violent ; therefore, whether I write or not, set your thoughts at rest.' Upon his return from Paris, which he found very

different from the Hebrides, Johnson again assures Boswell, 'I consider your friendship as a possession, which I intend to hold until you take it from me, and to lament if ever by my fault I should lose it.' Boswell's next visit to London was on March 15, 1776. Johnson, who was at breakfast with Mrs Thrale, welcomed him kindly, and in a moment was in full glow of conversation. There was a journey to Oxford which lasted two weeks. They were entertained by the Masters of University, and of Pembroke College, by the President of Magdalen, and by Thomas Warton of Trinity. As Boswell was leaving for Scotland, he thanked Johnson for his kindness. 'Sir,' said he, 'you are very welcome. No one repays it with more.'

At this point, a new note arises in the correspondence, and continues to the end. Boswell, like Johnson himself, was afflicted with a periodical depression of spirits, a settled melancholy, which Johnson strove to alleviate or dispel by banter, advice, and rebuke: 'Of the exultation and depressions of your mind you delight to talk, and I hate to hear.' To Boswell, complaining that music produced in his mind alternate sensations of pathetic dejection and daring resolution, that even Scottish reels made him melancholy, Johnson made the sensible reply, 'I should not hear music if it made me such a fool.' This gentleness being inadequate, Johnson wrote rather sharply, suggesting that it was his own fault or that it was merely affected: 'I am, I confess, very angry that you manage yourself so ill.' But he made haste to write again, lest his last might have given too much pain, 'Now, my dear Bozzy, let us have done with quarrels and with censure.' Johnson was in the habit of applying diminutive names to his friends. He called Goldsmith 'Goldy.' What was once a mark of affection now bears a tinge of contempt. These childish names might well be abandoned. The letters to Boswell uniformly begin 'Dear Sir.'

This 'harsh medicine and the spontaneous tenderness' did Boswell good; but the interval of silence was again so long, that Johnson was not easy about it: 'Write to me next post. Do not neglect to write to me; for your kindness is one of the pleasures of my life.' Boswell's proposal for an early interview was very pleasing to

Johnson's 'vanity and tenderness.' Then follows a quick succession of letters, solicitous for Mrs Boswell and the children, with phrases of endearment :

'Make haste to let me know when you may be expected,—I am not less desirous of the interview than yourself,—I set a very high value upon your friendship, and count your kindness as one of the chief felicities of my life,—Do not fancy that an intermission of writing is a decay of kindness,—My regard for you is greater almost than I have words to express,—My dear friend, let me thank you once more for your visit ; you did me great honour,—I love to think on you, and to hear from you,—You always seem to call for tenderness ; know then, that I very highly esteem and very cordially love you.'

But the black dog of melancholy continued to haunt Boswell. People of Celtic blood are prone to the malady, which in the Gaelic is known as the *weid*. Specifically, the term applies to that lowness of spirits which affects nursing women ; but it is often observed in professors whose minds are sucked dry at the end of an arduous session, and always as a reaction from strong emotion. A Celt cares only for his emotions ; and they are aroused by the most primitive of stimuli—a lyric, a song, a tune of eight notes, a religious appeal, a friend, a chieftain, war even without victory and peace without results, a woman, a peck of malt. Poor Burns was one of them, and Boswell was another. The pure Celt is utterly content in the fancied apathy of an imagined despair ; but Burns and Boswell, too, had in them of the Celtic element only enough to stimulate and disturb, not enough to make them completely satisfied with the contemplation of their emotions. They must make experiment of them.

But Johnson never despaired of his friend. He continued to urge him, but with intense concern. On April 8, 1780, he writes, 'You are always complaining of melancholy, and I conclude from these complaints that you are fond of it. You want either praise or pity ; for praise there is no room, and pity will do you no good ; therefore from this hour speak no more, think no more' of it. And again in the following year : 'I hoped you had got rid of all this hypocrisy of misery. What have you to do with Liberty and Necessity, but to hold your tongue

about it? I love every part about you but your affectation of distress.' But always the letters are consolatory: 'I wish you to get rid of all intellectual excesses, and neither to exalt your pleasures nor aggravate your vexations.'

In persons so afflicted there are certain elements of the feminine, a demand for proofs of affection, the desire to tease—Charles Lamb was a tease—to excite jealousy, and even to inflict pain upon the one beloved. Boswell was in that mood after he returned to Scotland in May 1779. He did not write. He wished to know how Johnson would be affected by the silence. The discovery was prompt. On July 13, Johnson inquired, 'What can possibly have happened to keep us two such strangers to each other? Is it a fit of humour? If it be, you have the victory. My thoughts are at present employed in guessing the reason of your silence.' Boswell wrote at once, confessing that he had taken advantage of a supine indolence of mind to put Johnson's affection to the test. He doubts if it was right; he was growing tender; and upbraided himself: he would never repeat the experiment. In remorse, he wrote again five days later; but Johnson appears not to have attended to the letters, for he wrote on Sept. 9, 'Are you playing the same trick again, and trying who can keep silence longest? Remember that all tricks are either knavish or childish; and that it is as foolish to make experiments upon the constancy of a friend as upon the chastity of a wife.' On Oct. 4, however, he was at the bedside of Johnson, who expressed his satisfaction with as much vivacity as if he had been in the gaiety of youth. 'Frank,' he cried, 'go and get coffee, and let us breakfast in splendour.' A year later, this mood came over Boswell once more, and Johnson wrote, Aug. 21, 1780, 'I find you have taken one of your fits of taciturnity; it is but a peevish humour, but you shall have your way. Let us play no trick, but keep each other's kindness by all means in our power.'

A year was to elapse without an interview. Johnson's summer, like many of his summers and winters, as he says, was foolishly lost. 'We must, therefore,' he writes, Oct. 17, 1780, 'content ourselves with knowing what we know as well as man can know the mind of man, that we

love one another, and that we wish each other's happiness, and that the lapse of a year cannot lessen our mutual kindness.' The visit to London was delayed until March 20, 1781. It lasted until June 2, when Boswell returned to Scotland, and Johnson accompanied him as far as Shefford.

His first letter of the New Year, 1782, was to Boswell, although his health was tottering. This year again there was to be no meeting at Easter. He restrained Boswell from incurring the expense, but he added, 'Let us pray for each other, and hope to see one another yet from time to time with mutual delight.' In June, he consoles Boswell, 'I might have received comfort from your kindness; but you would have seen me afflicted, and, perhaps, found me peevish.' He expresses the hope that they may meet in the autumn, both well and both cheerful, and part each the better for the other's company. In August, Johnson proposed a meeting, although he had been bothered by one disorder after another. In September there is a long letter upon the death of Boswell's father, and yet another dissuading him from coming to London on the ground of expense alone. Yet Boswell longed to go. He had a violent affection for London; he disliked Edinburgh; he was bored by Auchinleck even after he became Laird and could ride ten miles from his door without leaving his own land; he shrank from the rough scene of the roaring bantering society of lawyers on the Northern Circuit. He had kept better company. He loved London so much that he even strove to rid himself of the coarse part of his Scots accent in exchange for the English cadence, until at length Johnson was able to assure him, 'Sir, your pronunciation is not offensive.'

In December, Johnson having passed almost a whole year in a succession of disorders is 'rather angry' with Boswell's long silence, and urges him not to suspect that after so many years of friendship he is forgotten. The long delayed meeting occurred on March 21, 1783. 'I am glad you are come,' said Johnson. 'I am very ill. You must be as much with me as you can. You have done me good. You cannot think how much better I am since you came in'; and later, 'Boswell, I think I am easier with you than with almost anybody.' On

Friday, May 29, 1783, the two friends parted. 'I should like to come,' Johnson said, 'and have a cottage in your park, toddle about, live mostly on milk, and be taken care of by Mrs Boswell.' In parting he embraced Boswell, and gave him his blessing; and Boswell walked from his door with a fearful apprehension of what might happen. This anxious apprehension was not, however, well founded. But in July, Boswell received an alarming letter from Johnson. Although his speech was gone, it pleased God to spare his hand. In September there was another message: 'You should not make your letters such rarities'; in December, 'A happy and pious Christmas; and many happy years to you, your lady, and children.'

Johnson feebly recovered. In February 1784, he contented himself with two short notes; and in March, expressed the hope that his friend was not disturbed by any evil, real or imaginary. That same month, he even considered a visit to Scotland. Such a letter as he received from Mrs Boswell, might draw any man, not wholly motionless, a great way: 'Pray tell the dear lady how much her civility and kindness have touched and gratified me.' Yet in the same month, Boswell wrote that he was on his way to London, but was compelled to turn home on account of the dissolution of Parliament and his intention of becoming a candidate. Johnson approved, and it was not until May 5 the visit was made. They were together in London for a month, and then went to Oxford. Boswell was obliged to go back to London, but joined him a week later, when he was welcomed with more than ordinary glee. They returned to London on the 19th. On the 30th there was a friendly confidential dinner, the last. There was only one other person present, Sir Joshua Reynolds. Johnson's final words to Boswell at dinner were, 'Endeavour to be as perfect as you can.' The three friends drove to Johnson's door. Boswell declined his invitation to enter. They bade adieu to each other affectionately in the carriage. When Johnson descended, he called out, 'Fare you well,' and without looking back, sprang away with a kind of pathetic briskness.

There were to be further letters. Boswell was again under a heavy depression, and wrote in a spirit of dejection



and fretfulness. 'Write to me often,' Johnson replied, 'and write like a man. I consider your fidelity and tenderness as a great part of the comforts which are left to me. Love me as well as you can.' Two days later, Johnson, fearing Boswell might have taken amiss the charge of 'affecting discomfort and indulging the vanity of complaint,' wrote again: 'I mean well, for I love you with great ardour and sincerity; teach the young ones to love me.' But Boswell's heavy mood persisted, and he was still silent. Then came the last letter, Nov. 5, 1784, 'Are you sick, or are you sullen?' A paragraph is left out, which obviously reiterates the previous charge of affected discontent and vain complaint. Boswell instantly wrote two as kind letters as he could, only one of which came in time to be read; but he was consoled by hearing that Johnson on his death-bed spoke of him with affection.

Having now set forth all the eulogy and panegyric in these letters, let us read them again to discover what there is, in addition to the comment upon Boswell's melancholy, of censure and dispraise, as an opposing advocate would. Two letters alone demand notice. In the one, Johnson accuses Boswell of 'cowardly caution'; in the other, he blames him for having published a correspondence intended to be private. Boswell meets both charges with vigour and success. In the one case, he had merely refused to disclose the name of a person who had spoken disrespectfully of Johnson; in the other, the publication of a single paragraph was harmless, and was meant to serve a good cause. To John Wesley, Johnson gave a final judgment in introducing Boswell: 'I think it very much to be wished that worthy and religious men should be acquainted with each other.'

It would be a mere affectation of ignorance, pretending to believe that no life of Boswell exists, except the one by Johnson in his letters. There is much other writing, but it is mainly calumny. When he went to London in 1763, the literary life of England was at a low ebb. Johnson was the single man; and when he adopted Boswell, there was envy and jealousy in maimed hearts. 'Who,' one asked, 'is this Scotch cur at Johnson's heels?' 'He is not a cur,' Goldsmith replied; 'he



is only a bur Tom Davies flung at Johnson in sport, and he has the faculty of sticking.' Such defamation of Boswell by writers of the period passed into history as truth. To make matters worse, Boswell had an instant success in their own field. His 'Account of Corsica' sold for 100 guineas. It brought him noble letters from Lord Lytton and Walpole, and he heard that it was promptly translated into French, German, Italian, and Dutch—to him 'an amazing celebrity.' He was dining habitually with Johnson, Hume, Garrick, Paoli, Franklin, Sir John Pringle, and General Oglethorpe. He was 'really the great man now.' In a day or two, he set up his chariot. That was hard for his rivals to bear, and they took their vengeance upon 'the green goose from the country.'

Long before he came to London, Boswell proved that he could write, and the early proof is displayed for the first time in this Isham Collection. It also proves that his method was original and continuous. The earliest letter, written to his mother when he was not yet fourteen years of age, congratulating her upon the safe delivery of a little brother, and consoling her in the death of the infant, has precisely the quality we find in his letters to Temple and to Johnson. In Scotland, he had already observed the Laird of Daton, a tall lean man with that happy absence of feeling which makes men easier under adverse fortune than all the reasoning of philosophy; Mr Shaw, with a lank iron countenance; McGhie, an Edinburgh cloth merchant and ever attentive to his own interest; the Tutor sitting at table, like a criminal two days before his execution; the London Attorney speaking too much and too minutely; Bruce Campbell, a rough, blunt, resolute young fellow; the poet Buchanan, who was a pedantic man full of prejudices; and Thomson, an egregious gormandiser of beefsteaks.

What he saw in Holland is not yet disclosed, but in Germany he was a close observer of the religion and morality practised in that country. He heard Mass, and never had a Scots Sunday thought; he became friends with De Ples, who had a religious disposition, was devout, and yet did not think that keeping a Gipsy girl was any sin. At Brunswick he dined in luxurious sorrow, fell in love with the beauteous Princess Elisabeth, and was

smitten by an English lady. He encountered a gallery of foreigners—a man of polite science, lively and easy; a mellowed Frenchman; a singular Frenchman with a head like a British Tar; the brother of Prince Eugène, a plain hearty cock; a tall roaring dog who had studied law; and of his countrymen, one Macpherson, who had good health, good sense, humour, and awaked well; another who hated democracy, had no love for kings, and found safety for England only in a division into Clans; MacKenzie of Seaforth, a lively pretty young man with the most perfect elegance of manners, and speaking French like a Parisian; Voltaire who was animated with the soul of a Briton when he talked our language. We may even see Boswell lying at full length on the tomb of Melanchthon, as he writes a letter to Johnson.

The minor literary entourage of Johnson could not understand that Boswell had the social status proper to the son of a Scots Laird, whose mother was an Erskine. They were humble persons, and four at least, besides Johnson himself, had been arrested for debt. Boswell's father was a Judge of the Scottish Court of Sessions, and was properly addressed as 'My Lord' by the Duke of Argyle. His family had continuously occupied their estate since 1504, when it was awarded by James IV to Thomas Boswell, *dilecto familiari nostro*, who afterwards fell at Flodden. 'Sir,' said Johnson, 'to be a Scotch landlord is, perhaps, as high a situation as humanity can arrive at.' They were as ignorant of the social distinctions which the people of Scotland set up amongst themselves as the Scotch were of English precedence, to whom the son of a duke was merely a member of a goodish English family. Those writers had never heard the names of Boswell's early friends, David Hume, Adam Smith, Lord Hailes, Principal Robertson, Blair, Lord Kames. This last it was who made the ferocious jest, as he was in the act of passing sentence of death upon his fellow-member of an Edinburgh chess club, 'Checkmate for ye, Matthew.' On the other hand, an equal ignorance in Scotland of the English literary firmament prevailed. To Boswell's father Johnson was merely 'a dominie, an auld dominie, who keepit a schule, and cau'd it an acaudemy.' He was equally free in his speech about English kings. It was he who said, it had

been proved that even a king has a lith in his neck. It was by the Earl of Eglintoun Boswell in 1760 was introduced at Newmarket into the society of the 'great, the gay, and the ingenious.' Boswell quite reasonably aspired to 'getting into the Guards, being about Court, enjoying the happiness of the *beau monde*, and the company of men of genius'; but the Duke of Argyle, with true Campbell caution, said to his father, 'My Lord, I like your son; this boy must not be shot at for three-and-sixpence a day.'

In April 1763, when Boswell began his career in London, he came in some style, with a servant, both mounted, he wearing 'a cocked hat, a brown wig, brown coat made in Court fashion, red vest, curduroy small clothes, and long military boots.' It was little wonder the writers mistook Boswell's native assurance for what they would consider impertinence in themselves. Johnson knew better. A man sizes himself.

When he returned three years later, he was fresh from the Continent, which he had entered as the companion of Lord Marischal, the Ambassador of Frederick the Great to Paris and Madrid; he had danced a minuet with the sister of King George; he hunted stags with Prince Diederic; he dined with Prince Ferdinand in the Palace of Brunswick, and was presented to the Prince of Prussia. Not one of these was more firmly grounded than his own father. He had, in addition, the prestige of friend to Rousseau and Voltaire, and companion to Paoli. His father was dubious about the London adventure. His friend and cousin Erskine was more specific: 'He thought me in great danger of getting in with Blackguard Geniuses in London, Bucks and Choice Spirits, under players, and fellows who write droll songs, Who would admire my humour, make me King of the Company, and allow me to pay the bill.'

For long years, little was said of Boswell, although his 'Life of Johnson' was coming from the press in ten editions. But in 1831, when the eleventh edition by J. W. Croker appeared, an article was published in the 'Edinburgh Review,' in September, in the 107th Number, containing much injurious language against the editor, against Boswell, and against his 'Johnson' too. The article was unsigned; but it was commonly believed,

and has since been proved, to have been written by T. B. Macaulay, since better known under a more distinguished name. This article has strangely coloured all subsequent opinion about Boswell and Johnson, just as evidence from even older days against equally inoffensive people still colours certain sections of public opinion. All persons who aspire to any place in English letters have had something to say about Boswell and Johnson; but they have all written consciously or unconsciously under the dark shadow of this first considerable essay upon the subject.

The essayist had a good memory but no judgment, *felicitis memorie judicium expectans*. He was not a cruel man, save in so far as he allowed himself to write under the influence of an evil passion uncontrolled. That evil passion was the passion of hatred, not directed primarily against Johnson or Boswell, but against the editor. Writing to his sister, Macaulay describes the editor as an impudent varlet whom he detests, whose leer of hatred he meets with a gracious smile of pity. In this temper, he would do less than justice to the book and to the author of it. Besides, he was an artist whose medium is sound, as a musician's is. He had discovered a theme for his purpose in Horace Walpole's Letters: 'Johnson was a preposterous assemblage of strong sense, of the lowest bigotry and prejudice, of pride, brutality, fretfulness and vanity.' He writes this out at greater length, as Mr R. F. Winch suggests. Similarly, Walpole's estimate of Goldsmith, as an inspired idiot, which the essayist also adopted, was equally wrong. He was not deeply inspired, because he wrote not much; he was not an idiot, because he had managed to borrow 2000*l.* from his friends. As a musician must develop his theme coherently, so Macaulay merely includes Boswell in his hatred and contempt, and does not really make of him, as Swinburne affirms, the original victim of an unconscious malevolence of self-righteousness.

Four years later, in 1835, Thomas Carlyle makes the subject his own; and although he thought the 'Life' one of the best books in the world, Johnson one of our great English souls, a strong and noble man, a merciful and tenderly affectionate nature, he adopted Macaulay's estimate of Boswell, and expressed it in grosser terms.

If it were not that Macaulay describes the 'Life' as one of the best books in the world, one might think he had not read it. It would be a nice exercise for a school-boy, to make a list of his epithets and illustrations, and show from the text how false they are, to expose what 'Blackwood' described at the time as Macaulay's dishonest trick.

To repeat old calumnies under the pretence of refuting them, to cite false charges for the pleasure of showing how cleverly they can be met, to make concessions and then prove how adroitly they can be withdrawn—that was Macaulay's habitual method. In the case of Boswell he went further; he distorted the evidence to make it appear that the calumnies were truth. A single example will serve. Boswell was dining with the Duke of Argyle; the duchess was in resentment against him for the part he had taken in the Douglas case; she did three things: she insulted him by silence; she uttered a falsehood; she charged him with being a Methodist. Macaulay describes this behaviour as 'stately contempt.' Such language as he employed against Boswell is not now heard from men of taste. The review did Croker little harm; it did not 'smash the book'; more than 40,000 copies were promptly sold. There were political elements in the case; John Mill 'was in a fine rage'; John Murray merely thought the whole affair 'a damned nuisance.' But Boswell suffered.

This spate of calumny held full force until 1858. In that year, Whitwell Elwin in the 'Quarterly Review' for April, No. 206, made the first defence. Lord Eldon had repeated much in his 'Anecdotes'; and Elwin in his delicate way accounts for Eldon's credulity by saying that he wrote at an age 'when the boundary which separates memory from imagination was broken down.' The occasion was a review of Boswell's letters to Temple, then newly published, which Elwin had under his hand. These letters were discovered in the shop of an itinerant vendor of old paper near Boulogne, in the year 1850; they were published by Richard Bentley in 1857, edited probably by Philip Francis. A new edition was issued by Sidgwick and Jackson in 1908, with an Introduction by Thomas Seccombe. The originals have since been purchased by J. P. Morgan of New York, and were

republished almost in their entirety by Professor C. B. Tinker of Yale University, in 1924, through the Clarendon Press. This final and scholarly book contains, as well, the letters to Johnson and a hundred others not previously printed ; but omits those to Erskine.

The letters to Temple begin with the year 1758, when Boswell was eighteen years old ; the last was written on his death-bed in 1795, and contains only a publisher's dozen words : ' I would fain write to you in my own hand, but really cannot.' Here the letter ends, and his son takes up the pencil to complete. These letters, in number ninety-seven, therefore, cover a period of thirty-seven years. In them Boswell records the complete conduct of his life, and reveals the inmost places of his heart—and Boswell was a truthful man. Johnson testifies to his extreme truthfulness ; he had an exactness of truth ; he did not deviate from exact authenticity of narrative, nor did he indulge in the laxity of narration and inattention to truth, which he ascribed to a female friend.

It was an age of letter-writing, as the present is an age of novels, and a private letter must not be construed as if it were a legal document. A man would describe himself in his letters, as if he were the hero of a novel. It was also an age of confession ; and a man was thought no worse for his confessions, even when they were believed. By the very act of confession, he was held to be absolved, with the sole proviso that the confession must be coarse and amusing. Sir Robert Walpole went so far as to encourage coarse talk at his table, on the ground that it was a conversation in which every gentleman could join. Johnson, too, had his own confessions to make ; on April 20, 1764, one of many : ' I have lived totally useless, more sensual in thought, and more addicted to wine and meat.' Also, it was an age of coarseness ; and a man was willing to have his coarse letters published, as he will now publish a coarse novel. ' Remember,' wrote Boswell to Temple, ' to put my letters in a book neatly ; see which of us does it first.' All men are motley. If they do not write down their follies, they go unobserved. Boswell depicted himself for all time, motley as he was.

When Johnson wrote the *Life of Boswell*, it must be admitted he had not these letters before him, but he had



Boswell. 'You have now lived twenty-five years,' he wrote to him, 'and you have employed them well.' It is doubtful, even if Johnson had had these letters before him, that he would have much altered that opinion. Even in the clean hands of Elwin they were not used as a weapon for defamation. 'Boswell was truth itself,' he says. It must be admitted, too, that Elwin had not before him Professor Tinker's more complete edition. But the difference is not material. Certain passages are restored. Those who are curious may compare the letters of May 1, 1761; Feb. 1, 1767; June 26, 1767; July 29, 1767; Dec. 24, 1767; April 16, 1768. To save that labour, and prevent disappointment, it may be said, in short, that the letters by Boswell, written before his marriage, record certain incidents which in these times would be considered irregular. On three occasions, he drank too much, although he is careful to distinguish between being 'drunk' and 'intoxicated'; he consorted with an 'infamous creature'—and here again he is careful to discriminate between an 'act' and a 'connection'; in one case, he paid the penalty common in these days as well as then; in another he is unjust to the woman, for his diagnosis was wrong. But certainly he had what must be admitted as a connection with a '*dear infidel*,' the Moffat woman, a deserted wife with three children, legitimate or illegitimate, handsome and lively, with the finest black hair, but ill-bred and debasing of his dignity. On other grounds, too, he was not quite easy. Maintaining her cost him a good deal of money; it was too much like marriage or a settled plan of licentiousness; there was a baseness in all deceit, and he looked with horror on adultery, that is, on hers probably. He suspected her faithfulness even to him; Temple allowed that her three children were unnatural; and she was soon to have a fourth. The child was named Sally. Boswell 'very genteelly paid the expenses'; he took the greatest care of the mother, but would have her no more in his keeping. Both mother and child henceforth are lost to history.

Boswell never supposed that he would be assailed on the ground of his morality. If he had, he would not have supplied all the evidence there was. He rather feared attack on intellectual grounds, and still more



that his method of making his biography by seeking out important persons would expose him to censure. He had grave reason to surmise that his practice of picking up unconsidered trifles, and noting them in his journal for publication, might be looked upon as violating the convention of confidence. For all this he prepared a perfect defence. It is not by accident a man writes a great book. Boswell wrote his great book not because he was a fool, nor in spite of his being a fool. He knew precisely what he was doing, as Jongers knows what he is doing, when he paints a portrait; he will tempt and tease a sitter to disclose an expression which he suspects. Boswell was quite well aware, too, of the danger to himself in that method. He explains in a note, that he saw as clearly as his banterers and critics the danger to his reputation as a man, in allowing himself to be made the subject of Johnson's jests; but he assumed the risk as an artist, more concerned with delineating Johnson than with his own feelings. His single idea was to provide for the instruction and entertainment of mankind; he disdained the cold-blooded and morose mortals who might dislike the method and the result; he would not for a thousand pounds have such a temper.

In the dedication to Reynolds, he is formally specific. He trusted that he should be liberally understood, as knowing very well what he was about. Although he was equally sure that some would be weak enough to think he had undertaken a degrading task, he did not suspect that the world would be so great a fool as to suppose him unconscious of that danger; he was perfectly sensible of all they could observe. The method is as old as the oldest humorist. The Apostle practised it. Four times he speaks of himself as a fool: Let a man become a fool, that he may be wise.

Boswell asked Johnson if he were wrong in making himself known to prominent people. 'No, Sir, a man always makes himself greater as he increases his knowledge.' Johnson himself could seek after a man of merit. He waited upon Barrington, a worthy and learned gentleman, and having given his name, said, 'Sir, I have read your book, and wish to be better known to you.' Fifteen years earlier, he would have called upon the notorious Mrs Rudd. The present writer once called

upon Tennyson; the late Mr Strachey called upon Mussolini, and Sir Campbell Stuart upon the Bishop of Rome. Boswell had a most delicate method of approach, a facility of manners, and he never failed or gave offence, although Horace Walpole in a letter to Gray does comment upon his persistency. To Boswell a great man was a more interesting phenomenon than a cathedral. Great men may protest as they like: they desire to be waited on, especially by so engaging a person.

He was careful as a rule to provide himself with proper introductions, but often did not present them, preferring to make the approach on his own merit. He carried such a letter to Rousseau, who said, when he was informed of it, 'Tout ce que vient de lui me sera toujours bien reçu'; but he had already introduced himself as a man of singular merit. Rousseau in sending him on to the Court of Parma, wrote in his Swiss-French: 'Dans la première lettre qu'il m'écrivit, il me marqua qu'il étoit un Homme d'un *merite* singuliere. J'eus la curiosite de voir celui qui parloit ainsi de luimeme, et je trouvois qu'il m'avoit dit vrai.' He made no secret of his profession of journalist. 'I told M. de Voltaire, that I had written eight quarto pages of what he had said.' It was well understood by Johnson, that Boswell was writing his Life. He read the manuscript of the 'Tour to the Hebrides'; he dictated passages and corrected others; he kept all of Boswell's letters neatly tied up in bundles. When he was asked about his own letters, he said, 'Nay, Sir, when I am dead, you may do as you will.' All the persons mentioned desired to be mentioned, and only one offered any objection to the reference. In the whole book there is not a word of malice.

Johnson was contradictory. He disliked being worsted in argument; he would change his ground to avoid defeat; he would even become violent, although in twelve years of intimacy, Mickle did not hear from him one rough word. In his last illness, he asked a friend wherein he had been remiss in life, and the friend rather incautiously admitted that he sometimes contradicted people in conversation. Johnson was angry, and the humour of the situation was not missed by Boswell—the penitent turning upon the confessor. 'What I say in sport or petulance is considered with full

conviction of his merit,' Johnson protested, when Boswell reproached him for harsh words to a friend. And Boswell was well aware that a like indulgence was granted to him.

Johnson was the hero of Boswell's book ; and a hero must be treated with awe and veneration. That being established, one may say anything one likes, as the Greeks said of their gods. Therein lies Boswell's supreme artistry. He reveals the comic, the absurd, the grotesque in Johnson, without impairing his central character. For Johnson was a great jester, as Shakespeare was, and no one was more astonished when his jests were understood beyond their meaning ; but, like Stephen Leacock, he never laughed in the wrong place. And Johnson was a great laugher. 'Much laughing' is the sole entry for one day of many hours ; and for another : jocularly and merriment : never knew a man laugh more heartily, a kind of good-natured growl. It is in this mood that many of his comments must be heard ; and those jesting comments were made against all his friends as freely as against Boswell or against those whom at the moment he affected to dislike. Sir Adam Ferguson was told to his face that he was a vile Whig ; Percy, a Whig, a sad dog ; Windham, a pretty rascal ; another was a cursed Whig, a bottomless Whig ; Fielding a blockhead, a barren rascal ; the Americans were a race of convicts, drivers of negroes ; the French a gross, ill-bred, untaught people ; but, as Boswell says, no man who had a taste for pleasantry could be offended.

Yet Johnson was filled with remorse when he learned that he had given offence, and instantly sought forgiveness. 'I will make Goldsmith forgive me,' he said ; to Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'Nay, don't be angry. I did not mean to offend you' ; to Percy, 'I did not mean to be uncivil' ; to Morgann, in the morning, 'You were in the right.' Tom Davies, being treated with too much asperity, went home in a passion. He received an instant note, 'Come, come, dear Davies, I am sorry when we quarrel ; send me word that we are friends.' And when his friends were dead, he was equally frank, trustful, and tender towards them : 'Poor, dear Beauclerk, his wit and his folly, his acuteness and his maliciousness, his merriment and reasoning, are now over ; such another will not be found among mankind.'

Of Boswell he was the least careful in public because he was the nearest of his friends ; but to him he was the most instant in private apology. True, he once assigned to him a worthy place in the 'Dunciad' ; he rebuked him for giving a shilling when a sixpence would suffice : 'I will not be baited with what and why' ; they grew warm over the American Colonies, and were willing to separate and go to bed ; but in the morning they talked with as much good humour as ever ; they disagreed on the subject of death, 'Don't let us meet to-morrow,' but they did meet complacently. But Boswell never allowed a public rebuke to pass unchallenged in private. At their first meeting, Johnson was rather rough with this young Scots stranger of twenty-three. At their third meeting, he took Johnson to task. 'Poh, poh,' he said with a complacent smile, 'never mind those things.' At their second meeting, he chided Johnson for sitting up until two in the morning, and not making more use of his great talents ; the rebuke was borne with indulgence. He disputed Johnson's Latinity, and made emendations in his dictionary. He mimicked him to his face, 'raising his voice and shaking his head : "I am sure I am right, and there's an end on't."' This courage in Boswell is further disclosed in his public career. To Lord Lonsdale, in self-defence, he used such expressions as irritated him to fury, and would have challenged him to fight, had not an explanation taken place.

Boswell was the consistent champion of Johnson against his friends and even of those friends against Johnson. He excused Goldsmith for his envy and jealousy : 'Nay, Sir, we must be angry that a man has such a superabundance of an odious quality that he cannot keep it within his own breast.' He defended the writings of Fielding and Gray, and the acting of Garrick. Johnson once blamed the Scots for telling lies in favour of each other ; he might rather have rebuked his English friends for telling lies against one another, and against himself too. That was the cause of the quarrel with Sheridan. Boswell was ever the peacemaker, the reconciler, although there is no evidence in these Papers that he changed Voltaire's opinion of Johnson from 'superstitious dog' to 'honest fellow.' He could live in friendship with Johnson and Wilkes ; he could fully

relish the excellence of each; he 'delighted in that intellectual chemistry which can separate good qualities from evil in the same person.' Of Gibbon alone he speaks ill; he only mentions the peevish frenzied letter from Rousseau.

Boswell merely claimed that he turned on the fountain of Johnson's mind. He did more. He stimulated that mind to perform the full function of yielding living water. Like a crystal held up to the diffused light, he resolved that light into the component parts of it. Again, he likens Johnson's mind to a great mill into which he casts a subject to be ground. He did more than that. He created the ideal Johnson in a much more real sense than Michael created his physical frame.

At this point, the suspicion begins to arise that it is we, the wisest of us, who are the fools, victims of Boswell, the supreme humorist, who created Johnson, as Swift created Gulliver, to poke fun at pedants. The finest humour is the humour that is most concealed, concealed from all but the humorist himself. The jest is then to him alone, as the love of a woman is. In this light, a hundred instances arise to suggest that Boswell was less concerned with delineating Johnson, than in delineating the solemn Macaulays and Carlyles who would deceive themselves by taking him too seriously. But Boswell betrays himself once, when he dresses Johnson in Highland costume, when he places him with his ear to the 'big-drone' of the bag-pipes. Shakespeare's solemnities are nothing more than secret jests, with which he amused himself at the harmless expense of the solemn. There is a malicious pleasure in allowing confident people to go astray.

The tradition of English humour is an amiable facetiousness dealing with the surface of life, beloved like an old tune, which merely creates pained bewilderment in the foreign mind seeking for a meaning that is not there. When the more acute of English minds begins to suspect a deeper meaning in a French or Scots jest, it thinks the author unconscious of his thrust at the heart of things. Not the jest but the 'unconsciousness' of it then becomes 'laughable,'—and the author has achieved his double purpose. The more subtle wits are held to have 'no sense of humour,' because they do not proclaim

their performance by laugh and caper. Boswell was one of these foreign wits.

Boswell was not the first who made a failure in his profession through his love of letters. When he joined the Scots bar, he had an instant success. He advanced fast, and came into great employment laying up a treasury of law and a collection of facts. In one day he dictated forty folio pages to his clerk, and wondered how he could labour so hard when he was indolent in other things. In that winter, he took 100 guineas in fees; in another, 120 in two months. He went on the Northern and Home Circuits, and was recorder of Carlisle. He was engaged continuously in the Scottish Courts and before the General Assembly; he appeared before the House of Lords and at the Bar of the House of Commons on behalf of clients. His career at the English bar was a failure, but those were the years in which he was completing his great work. Nearly every day of his active and successful life is exposed, and yet from distorted evidence, the legend has gone abroad that he was dissipated, mentally weak, and indolent.

Boswell wrote of himself as if he were an imagined character in a book, and emphasised the features to make it more striking, as the way of the novelist is. In this process of introspection he even suggests that there might be madness in his family. When a similar imputation was cast upon Wolfe, George II expressed the hope that he would bite the whole personnel of the War Office. Similarly, if Boswell were mad, one cannot refrain from wishing that he had infected every writer of the period—except Johnson. He complains, or boasts, continually that he drank too much wine. When a similar complaint was made against Grant, Lincoln said he wished he knew what brand of liquor he drank, and he would send a barrel to every General in the army. The theory and practice of drink are elaborately set forth by Johnson; but he is not quite an impartial judge, for in early life he drank too much wine, and for the last twenty years drank none, except in his last sickness, when he took a little, but not socially. On one occasion, in jest, he charged Sir Joshua with 'being too far gone.' Had he not resented the remark in anger, and received an apology, the charge might now be accepted as true.



In those twenty years, during which they met 270 times, Johnson only once observed that Boswell had been overtaken by drink ; and that was in the Hebrides, when Boswell took upon himself the office and drank vicariously, to save Johnson from the reproach of being a water-drinker. In only one letter is there a definite warning that one night's indulgence in liquor would undo the work of forty days during an election. There is no doubt, however, that Boswell drank more than he needed ; he was warned by his friends, and frequently put himself under a vow of complete abstinence. Late in life, he fell from his horse and sprained his shoulder as he was returning from dinner ; but after dinner the back of a horse is a precarious seat. On another occasion he was robbed of a few shillings, and, of course, must write to Temple, making a particular confession, and also a general confession that the drunken manners of the country were very bad. His indulgence in wine, he admits, has of late years, especially, been excessive ; but he hopes that henceforth he will be a sober, regular man, a perfect man. His wife was now dead, and the printer was very slow with the second edition. Printers are responsible for much.

There are various formal Lives of Boswell. Introductions to his Letters and to his ' Life of Johnson ' are numerous ; essayists are without number. Of the various biographers, Dr Rogers in 1874 was the first, Percy Fitzgerald the worst. This one never suspects that he is merely repeating old calumnies. The latest and most minute is Professor C. B. Tinker in his ' Young Boswell ' of 1922 ; but with all his admiration and scholarship, he is apologetic when there is no need for apology, and explanatory when there is nothing to explain. Dr George Birkbeck Hill's fine editing of Johnson was published in 1905 ; but he wrote of Boswell with dislike. He was aware of the existence of these ' Boswell Papers,' but he was refused permission to examine them, ' a rebuff,' as Mr Geoffrey Scott affirms, ' to which that great scholar responded by a footnote of uncommon ferocity.'

Thomas Seecombe, who re-edited ' Boswell's Letters ' in 1908, confessing to his ' reverence and love for Macaulay,' could not be fair. He lived in a world of books. When he was coming to Canada in 1921, as



Professor of English in Queen's University at Kingston, which is in Ontario, he thought he was going to Kingston in Jamaica; and as he sailed a thousand miles up the St. Lawrence, he expressed a mild wonder that Jamaica was so large an island, and the climate so untropical. All the essayists wrote under the old delusion, and the delusion clouds even the austere 'Dictionary of Biography.' Boswell, in an intimate letter to a friend, makes the simple truthful statement, 'I am become quite the great man,' and speaks of the good dinners he serves. To one biographer that is 'to boast'; to another it is 'to exult'; even to Sir Leslie Stephen he 'exclaims' and 'brags.' Boswell does none of these things; he merely states the fact. Mr Scott's critical commentary based upon the Isham Collection will not be made for some years. He will, we are assured, approach the subject without prejudice; he has formally abjured Macaulay's 'crude and foolish estimate.'

Scottish families have their own reticences, and their own peculiar pride. These 'Boswell Papers' were not discovered, because they were never lost. Boswell's granddaughter knew of them, but told Dr Birkbeck Hill that they were none of his business. His son, Sir Alexander, was of a like mind. According to Sir Walter Scott, 'he was a proud man, and thought his father had lowered himself by his deferential suit and service to Johnson.' Indeed, he would not have in his room Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of Johnson. But the papers were kept intact for over a hundred years. They did not fare so well in Ireland. Lord Talbot, from whom Colonel Isham purchased them, had married 'Joyce Gunning,' daughter of 'Frederick Kerr'; and this lady in the process of sale exercised a censorship over them. That inhuman innocence native to the London stage was offended by certain passages, and she blacked them out with India ink.

Of the early letters Boswell thought as little as his most austere biographer. In 1780, there is an entry in his diary: 'Reading a parcel of old letters, written at the most foolish period of my life, twenty-one to twenty-three; I was sunk by viewing myself with contempt, though then a genius in my own eyes.' He then began to edit his journals, to alter phrases, and heavily score

out passages. The original, in a hand as clear as a notary's clerk, can still be read; the difference is literary rather than moral. For 'become languishing,' he substitutes 'became sensible.' It is only proper to add that for the early privilege of reading these initial volumes, we are indebted to the omniscience of Professor W. D. Woodhead and the courtesy of Mr. Howard Murray.

There are six tests to which a man may be put, and no man ever lived who so amply as Boswell supplies the evidence upon which he is to be tried. These counts are: his main achievement in life; his friendships; his financial conduct; his personal integrity; his conjugal relation; the attitude of his children towards him. Let us try Boswell on these six counts.

1. Boswell's main achievement was his 'Life of Johnson.' In the third century after it was written, it is yet a joy to the young, the consolation of the aged in fatigue and sorrow, in sleeplessness, and pain. So hostile a witness as Macaulay describes it as 'one of the best books in the world'; and Carlyle, 'questionless the universal favour is well merited.' Any person of English speech, who has not read the book, is illiterate, without taste, without education, without interest in life.

2. If a man would have friends, he must show himself friendly. Boswell, by an indefinable quality within himself, made instant friendships. He had a friend and friends. Mrs Cobb repeated Johnson's remark to her, 'Boswell is a man who, I believe, never left a house without leaving a wish for his return.' More formally he says, Oct. 27, 1779, 'Why should you opportune me so earnestly to write? of what importance can it be to a man who finds himself welcome wherever he goes, and makes new friends faster than he can want them? If to the delight of such universal kindness of reception, anything can be added by knowing that you retain my good-will, you may indulge yourself in the full enjoyment of that small addition.' The 'Life' is dedicated to Sir Joshua Reynolds, the intimate and beloved friend, the most invulnerable man whom Johnson knew, who at all times welcomed Boswell with cordiality to his table, and introduced him to his friends. The Literary Club to which he belonged had fifty-two members in thirty years, and included every man of note in London. Boswell

once asked himself what there was about him that interested most people at first sight in his favour. This wonder was aroused by the conduct of an agreeable young widow who in a fly supported his lame foot on her knee; and this has been distorted into a grievance against him. 'The first time you came,' Rousseau's housekeeper assured him, 'I said, "That gentleman has an honest face."'

3. Boswell was a rich man. When he died, his son would inherit from him 3000*l.* a year, for the estate under his prudent management was rising in value; he would have an additional 500*l.* from another interest that was only for life. Boswell's father was a rich man. In addition to his salary, he had 1400*l.* a year from the family estate. It would, therefore, appear that by successive prudence the estate had doubled in value in thirty years. He made a handsome allowance to his son, which enabled him to live in London and to study for two years in Utrecht. But his adventures on the Continent and in Corsica entailed an expense of 1000*l.*, which his father deducted from his allowance. Much of this allowance was spent in London, entertaining Johnson and his friends. He borrowed 200*l.* from Temple, which he paid; and Temple borrowed 100*l.* from him. Sheridan cleared him of a gaming debt, and he vowed to abstain for three years, which he did. Then he incurred a debt of fourteen guineas, and he resolved never again to risk more than two guineas at a sitting, but it was a practice of which he seldom was guilty. Johnson borrowed occasional small sums from him, and mentioned his minute exactness as a creditor.

It is quite true that Boswell was in straitened circumstances whilst his father lived. He had a wife and five children to support, and his fees were not large. He was in further distress over their future, before a son was born to him, as the estate was entailed in the male line. The most serious difficulty between Boswell and his father arose over the entail of their estate. On a matter of law and principle they differed; but the son adopted an interpretation unfavourable to himself, in order conscientiously to respect 'an implied obligation in honour and good faith.' He submitted the question to Lord Hailes, who, on the authority of Johnson, was a

Christian as well as a lawyer. He expressed a firm contrary opinion, and added, 'The plea of conscience is a most respectable one, especially when conscience and self are on different sides ; but I think that conscience is not well informed.'

4. Boswell's personal integrity has not been impugned. He never wronged man or woman ; he never uttered an unkind or malicious word ; he performed no cruel act. He never made a statement he believed, or suspected, to be false. He would run half over London to ascertain the truth. He gave 800*l.* to his wife's nephews ; he dealt fairly with his 640 tenants ; he lent money to his friends. To Temple he wrote, 'I am just now a good deal in debt.' The reason for so writing was, 'If you want any credit from me, let me know some weeks before.'

5. In 1769, Boswell married Margaret Montgomerie, his dearest cousin, friend, and wife, whom he esteemed and loved after fifteen years as on the day when she gave him her hand. She died in 1789. During all that period, his devotion to her was perfect. He confesses to no indiscretion ; and if there had been any he would have confessed to it. After her death, his letters to Temple are piteous, lamenting her and accusing himself. Often, in London, he records, when she was very ill, after indulging in festivity with Sir Joshua Reynolds and other friends he came home late, and disturbed her repose. And yet he consoles himself : 'So excellent a woman, so sensible a mistress of a family, so agreeable a companion, so affectionate and peculiarly proper helpmate for me, I do believe I make her happy.'

In early life, like many another youth, his wandering affections alighted upon various heads : 'I find mistresses wherever I go'—Miss Blair the princess, *la belle Irlandaise*, the Dutch Zélide, an Italian angel, Miss Bosville, Miss W——t, Miss Dick, several other sweet little ones and angelic girls. This natural rhapsody has been transformed into sinister surmise by writers ignorant of the poetical convention, 'mistress.' On his return from the Hebrides, he was impressed at Inverary by the ladies'-maids tripping about in neat morning dresses. So innocent an observation has been wrenched to a wrong use. There was an amiable creature in the fly with

him, but he could 'unite little fondness with perfect conjugal love.' From the time of his marriage onwards, his letters are of such a kind that any son might be proud to inherit them.

6. Boswell was left with five children, two boys and three girls, the eldest being a girl of sixteen. He cared for them with that solicitude which those alone know who are left to care for motherless children. 'While she lived,' he writes to Temple, 'I had no occasion almost to think concerning my family; every particular was thought of by her, better than I could. I am the most helpless of human beings.' He discussed every possibility for their upbringing. He even thought of marrying a woman of excellent principles, who read prayers to the servants in her father's family every Sunday evening. He shrank from sending the youngest girl to school at such a distance, as there might be a loss of all natural affection; she was very pretty and very clever. The second girl was sent to Edinburgh under the inspection of his father's widow, who, although an implacable woman, was exceedingly good to her; the eldest was in London with Mrs Buchanan, but he could perceive she would not long be happy. 'What then is to become of them?' he asks. 'I am utterly at a loss.'

The eldest son, a steady boy, was at Eton; he wrote for some time as if from the galleys, and entreated his father to come to him. The second son lived at home, 'quite a companion, although only eleven in September.' He proposed placing him at Westminster, where the boys were not worse than at other schools. He designed that this one should spend two years at Eton, then two years at Edinburgh, and then study civil law in Holland and Germany. In reality, he became baronet in 1821, 'a high-spirited, clever, and amiable gentleman of a frank and social disposition.' He was killed in a duel the following year. Of his daughters he wrote to Temple, 'My only hold is their affection. It pleases me that you think so well of them.' When Boswell lay upon his death-bed, his son James took the pencil from his hand and completed a letter he was striving to write to Temple. He wrote three more in filial grief. The news of Boswell's death on May 19, 1795, was conveyed by his brother, honest David, to Temple: 'We have both

lost a kind affectionate friend, and I shall never have such another. His sons and his two eldest daughters have behaved in a most affectionate exemplary manner during his confinement.' Appendicitis was the cause of death.

ANDREW MACPHAIL.

## Art. 5.—CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

*Capital Punishment in the Twentieth Century.* By E. Roy Calvert. 3rd Edition. Putnam, 1928.

It may not be out of place that one who, during twenty-six years on the Bench of the Egyptian Courts, has probably judged more cases of murder and manslaughter than most living men, should sum up the case for and against Capital Punishment. So far as we have any authentic record the Death Penalty probably owes its inception and its force to the earlier chapters of the Old Testament. Almost co-eval with the Creation in the Bible story, in Genesis ix, 6, it is uncompromisingly laid down that: 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed; for in the image of God made He man.' In Exodus xxi, 12 we read: 'He that smiteth a man, so that he die, shall be surely put to death.' And in Numbers xxxv the laws of murder and manslaughter are codified and are remorseless in their vindictive severity. There can be little doubt that the Mosaic law was the inspiration which guided the early law-givers of Europe in framing their punishment for the crime of murder. This law has justly been called the 'lex talionis,' and whatever may have been its merits in the time of Moses for dealing with a stiff-necked and cruel people, to-day it is an anachronism and a reproach to a civilisation founded on the more elevated plane of the teachings of Christ and the New Testament. Every argument advanced in favour of the retention of Capital Punishment is antagonistic to this teaching.

It is asserted by those who favour the Death Penalty, that killing satisfies the personal desire for vengeance; that it strikes terror into the minds of those who might contemplate the imitation of a bad example. That death is the only means of ensuring immunity from attacks on life and property; that it is the readiest way of dealing with those whose actions threaten disturbance of the public peace; that it is an expiatory sacrifice to an offended Deity and an element of the retributive action which passes under the name of justice. In reality it is a heritage from the Mosaic dispensation, the Institutions of the Wergild and the Lex Talionis. These ancient



laws always assumed that the entire community was affected by injuries done to one of its members and asserted the right to protect its own corporate interests. By the laws of Draco (621 B.C.) idleness was punishable by death. In England it is now often rewarded with the Dole. Small faults were worthy of death, and for the most flagrant offences no greater punishment could be found. Plato considered that the Death Penalty might be inflicted by the State where it was necessary for security and deterrence; that the incurable criminal can have no profit in his continuance of life; and that he would do a double good to the rest of the community if he took his departure from the world, as he would be an example to other men not to offend and would relieve the city of a bad citizen.

The questions which we have to ask ourselves are : (1) Is the Death Penalty a deterrent ? (2) Is it the sole deterrent in cases of crime to which it is awarded ? (3) Is it indispensable ? No one maintains that Capital Punishment is such a good thing that it should be encouraged for its own sake. In spite of the fact that all those that believe in hanging frankly confess it to be a horrible and revolting practice, it is, nevertheless, asserted that it is a necessity for the protection of society. It is maintained that it is a necessary deterrent, without which there would be more murders; that it is essential for the maintenance of our social life. If any such claim could be substantiated, it would be an overwhelming argument in favour of the retention of the Death Penalty. That this is not so, we have only to refer to past history. In the reign of Henry VIII 72,000 executions took place, mostly for trivial offences. Even as late as 1780, in England the law recognised over 200 capital crimes. Even though these penalties were not always carried out they were always upheld for their deterrent value. They were looked upon as consistent with practical humanity and with the kindness of our national character ! Every attempt to mitigate the barbarity of the then existing criminal law was met with a storm of opposition. Even the Judges of the land were convinced that any reform would be fraught with danger to the public weal. It was asserted that if it was abolished no man could trust himself out of doors without the most alarming

apprehensions, that on his return, every vestige of his property would be swept away by the hardened robber. These were the fears expressed by even the most eminent Judges, and yet these fears subsequent experience has proved to be quite groundless.

Capital Punishment was repealed for cattle, horse, and sheep stealing, larceny and forgery, in 1832, for housebreaking in 1833, for the stealing of letters by Post Office servants in 1835, and for burglary and stealing in dwelling-houses in 1837. The repeal of the Death Penalty was actually followed by an immediate decrease for these lesser and usually premeditated crimes. In the light of actual experience the paradox may be assumed that instead of being a deterrent it was actually an incentive for their commission. These offences, moreover, were usually committed in cold blood, whereas murder is in most cases the outcome of sudden passion. It is obvious from the Criminal Statistics that Capital Punishment is not a complete deterrent in the case of murder, for we still have murders. The question very pertinently arises would we have more murders if the Death Penalty was abolished? Is there a large body of potential murderers in our midst awaiting its abolition for the fulfilment of their designs? Its abolition certainly did not increase the lesser crimes for which it was inflicted. Of that we have striking proof in our own land. For the crime of murder we must turn to the experience of countries where the Death Penalty has been abolished. Before doing so it would perhaps be well to show why Capital Punishment has no deterrent effect. Most murders are committed either under an obsession or under the domination of violent passion when the murderer is quite incapable of considering consequences. Very few of them are really thought out and premeditated. It never enters into the mind of the murderer to consider what the consequences to himself are likely to be. This is my personal experience, extending over a very considerable period. The fact of other people being hung for similar crimes has no deterrent effect whatsoever. This was brought home to me very forcibly when in one year, the Court of which I was a member sentenced fifteen persons to death in the Behéra Province, the remainder of the Criminal Courts in Egypt sentenced only two

persons to be hung. I thought that these death sentences would have a marked deterrent effect. On the contrary, there was an increase in the murders in the Behéra Province. Long years of experience have only intensified my belief that as a deterrent Capital Punishment is both futile and ineffective. Other countries, and many of them with a civilisation near akin to our own, have abolished Capital Punishment.

For purposes of comparison and as likely to be the surest guide, it is best to take those like Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Holland, which are most closely allied to England in culture and racial characteristics. In Denmark, the Penal Code of 1866 prescribes Capital Punishment for wilful murders. There have been no executions since 1892, so the penalty has become abrogated by disuse. It has been found by experience that the 'de facto' abolition of Capital Punishment has not in any way contributed to an increase in the number of such crimes as were formerly punished by death. In Norway, Capital Punishment was abolished by the Civil Penal Law which came into force on Jan. 1, 1905. But prior to that date there had been no executions for thirty years. Official figures denote that so far from leading to an increase in murder, the abolition of Capital Punishment has been accompanied by a marked decrease. In Sweden, Capital Punishment was formally abolished in 1921, but since 1865, the Judges have been empowered to substitute penal servitude for life for the Death Penalty, and only fifteen executions have taken place since that date, the last of which was in 1910. The result has been a noticeable decrease in murders. In Holland, Capital Punishment was abolished in 1870, but only two executions had taken place in the twenty years prior to that date. The removal of the Death Penalty effected no change in the incidence of murder. The position in Switzerland is doubly interesting. For there we see abolition and non-abolition cantons working side by side, and also because Switzerland has probably the lowest homicidal rate in the world. Capital Punishment was abolished by the Federal Constitution in 1874, but the cantons retained their liberty of action. Fifteen of them, representing 75 per cent. of the total population of the country, have not reimposed it. In the remaining

ten cantons, there have only been seven executions in the last forty years. The difference in the penalty has not in any way militated against a steady decrease in the number of murders.

The other countries in Europe in which Capital Punishment has been dispensed with are Austria, Belgium, Finland, Italy, Lithuania, Portugal, and Roumania. In several of the Federal States in Germany, the Death Penalty has been abrogated. It does not appear to have resulted in a greater frequency of murder as compared with those States which have retained it. In France, the Death Penalty has not been abolished. There have been years when no executions took place, and those years have always been remarkable for an increase in the number of convictions. When the Death Penalty has been reimposed the decrease in convictions has been equally notable. This is a clear indication that when it is enforced, juries hesitate to convict, and that Capital Punishment has not the support of a considerable section of the community. There is, however, ample evidence to show that when it is not imposed there are more convictions, but none whatever to prove that it has any deterrent effect.

In Italy, Capital Punishment was abolished in 1889, in spite of the fact that the Italian homicidal rate is higher than in most other countries. This makes it all the more remarkable that a steady decrease in murders should have followed its abolition. In the Argentine it was abolished in 1922; in Brazil in 1891; in Colombia in 1910; in Costa Rica it has not been in force for many years; in Ecuador it was abolished in 1895; in Honduras it is not used; in Peru it has been discontinued for over thirty years.

In the United States of America the Death Penalty was abolished in Michigan in 1847; in Rhode Island in 1852; in Wisconsin in 1853; in Maine it was finally abolished in 1887, after having been first abolished in 1876. Then it was re-enacted for murder in 1882. A message from the Governor in 1885, stating that 'there had been an unusual number of cold-blooded murders within the State during the preceding two years,' goes far to show that Capital Punishment in itself had no deterrent effect whatever in the State of Maine, and this

was officially recognised by its abolition two years later. It had been tried and found wanting. In Kansas it was abolished in 1907; in Minnesota in 1911; in North and South Dakota in 1915.

In Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Florida, North Carolina, and New Mexico the Death Penalty is retained absolutely. In the remaining thirty-three States power is vested in the Courts to pronounce an alternative sentence of imprisonment for life, of which the Judges largely avail themselves. In fact, it is impossible not to be struck by the fact that rarely is the death sentence imposed when there is any opportunity for choice. The States of Missouri, Washington, Oregon, and Arizona, which now have a choice of punishment, for a short time abolished the Death Penalty altogether. It was restored immediately after the war, but so far as statistics are available, it has had no great effect as a deterrent, and there was no noticeable increase in homicidal crime during the abolition period. That Capital Punishment must be regarded as a deterrent is contradicted, at any rate in America, by the fact that the States with the fewest murders are those where Capital Punishment has been abolished. This effectually disposes of the charge, often made in this country, that the relatively high American homicidal rates, compared with those of other countries, are due to the abolition of the Death Penalty. The reason is rather to be found in the racial animosity which is prevalent in the Southern States between the whites and the negroes, and the constant influx of immigrants of widely differing nationalities into the industrial areas.

President Hoover, in his first public address delivered at New York, on April 22 last, probably went to the root of the matter. He declared that a surprising number of people, who otherwise were responsible citizens, had drifted into the extraordinary notion that laws were only made for those who chose to obey them; that the situation was aggravated by the many infirmities of the machinery for enforcing the laws arising out of technicalities, circumlocutions, and the frequent inefficiency of officials. He said that every year 9000 persons were murdered in the United States, but only half the murderers were arrested, and the percentage of

convictions was scandalously small. That in spite of their pride in their institutions and the high moral instincts of the majority of the people of the United States, life and property were relatively more unsafe there than in any other civilised country. He felt that America was facing a large and fundamental fact, namely, the possibility that respect for law was fading from the sensibilities of the people. There can be no doubt that the first essential in any punishment, to make it deterrent, is its certainty. That element is certainly wanting at the present time in America, and the want of it undoubtedly accounts in a large measure for the undue prevalence of crime and particularly that of murder.

This has apparently always been the case as the two following stories illustrate. In a certain State there had been many murders, but no convictions could be secured. Abraham Lincoln, who was the prosecuting Counsel, determined that this state of affairs should cease. The Court adjourned towards the close of a winter's day. He arranged with the usher that the usual lamps for lighting the Court should not be found, and that a solitary tallow candle should be the sole means of illumination. By its dim and ghostly light the Judge and Jury took their places, and in a silence that could be felt, Abraham Lincoln rose to his feet. Slowly and in solemn, impressive tones, he said: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," and then sat down. He secured his verdict. Another case that happened in one of the Western States was over a particularly cold-blooded murder which had occurred in a saloon. The defence thought that a death sentence was inevitable. The only thing to be done was to bribe one of the jurors to bring it in as manslaughter. For this purpose a Dutchman with no knowledge of English was selected. To the delight of the prisoner and his Counsel, a verdict of manslaughter was returned by the Jury. The Dutchman was asked how he had been able to manage it. His reply was: 'All the others said Akittle, Akittle, Akittle, and I said Manslaughter, Manslaughter, Manslaughter, until they gave in.'

It is well known that most murders are committed under circumstances which preclude a consideration of consequences, and therefore Capital Punishment is no



deterrent. You cannot make people fearful of consequences which at the time they do not foresee. From the experience of other countries we have absolute and convincing proof that the abolition of the Death Penalty has not increased the homicidal tendency. In most cases its abolition has been accompanied by a steady reduction in the crimes for which it was supposed to be a deterrent. In England we have similar proof, when in spite of all the prophecies to the contrary, after the abolition of the death sentence in cases of sheep stealing and other similar offences, there was a notable decrease in the crimes for which the Death Penalty was erroneously supposed to be the one and only deterrent.

Another aspect of the question is of serious import. A trial for murder is always remarkable for the extraordinary public interest which it creates. The publicity which is given to it by the Press must have, and has, a demoralising effect upon the community. Weak-minded people and those of inadequate self-control are enabled to gloat over the details of horrible crimes. The imitative faculty is developed and other murders in consequence are committed. If the Death Penalty did not exist, the unhealthy interest and excitement which a murder trial provokes would be absent. This interest is solely due to the fact that in a murder trial the accused person is fighting for his life. If Capital Punishment was abolished a trial for murder in the mind of the newspaper-reading public would be divested of most of its interest, and for lack of that interest the reports in the Press would be curtailed to a bald statement of fact, without any details of the proceedings which are now read with such avidity. And, moreover, its pernicious effect on school-children cannot be over-estimated.

Neither Judges nor Jurors in murder cases can adequately feel the full horror of Capital Punishment. They are there to do their duty in virtue of their oath and in accordance with the law of the land. The evidence is carefully weighed and controlled. Experienced Counsel for the defence see to it that no point in the prisoner's favour is missed. Counsel for the prosecution are fair and only seek to gain a conviction based on the facts. They make no appeal to the prejudices or the passions of the Jurors. There is a seemliness and a fairness about



the proceedings in Court which divest them of most of their horror. We have the Judge at one end and the hangman at the other. The position of the Judge is one of the most honourable in the land; that of the hangman is not considered to be in the same category, nor is his society like that of the Judge usually courted or desired. Yet both are only doing what the law considers to be their duty. This may possibly be explained by the fact that before the Judge, the accused has a sporting chance for his life and freedom. He has every facility for defence. With the hangman it is different. He is delivered into his hands a pinioned man, and is deprived of every means of defending himself. In plain words he is given to the hangman to be murdered in cold blood. We must ask ourselves, Can one murder justify another? There is something about hanging a defenceless man which is so cowardly and revolting that we may well say that such a punishment to be permissible should be so deterrent that no more murders would be committed.

Are there no other features to be considered except that of retribution? Is it not socially harmful? Does it not inflict suffering and distress of mind upon the prison officials who are responsible for the carrying out of executions? Has it not an injurious effect on the prison population? Public executions were abolished in England because they were degrading spectacles. If they were so for the many, how can they help being so for the few who are now compelled to witness them? If the Death Penalty had been such an effective deterrent as those who advocate it contend, the more people who witnessed it, the greater would be its salutary effect. They had to be abandoned on account of their contrary results. There is no doubt that Capital Punishment blights the already unhealthy atmosphere of a prison. The prisoners are well aware that on a certain day, at a certain hour, one of their number will be hanged. As the day of execution approaches a nervous tension pervades the prisoners. They see the men busy with spades digging the grave, they hear the solemn tolling of the passing bell. They see the slightly raised mounds on the disturbed surface of the grass. They have so little from the outside world to distract their thoughts that, from the moment of the delivery of the death sentence until its execution, their

minds are obsessed and tormented by what is going to happen in their midst. In addition to the prisoners every prison official from the Governor downwards has to bear his part, and it is a horrible ordeal, the horror of which is not realised by the outside world.

I remember on one occasion the Court of which I was a member sentenced a man to death at Beni Souef in Egypt. It was a bad case. The prisoner had been in the habit of extorting money from his father-in-law under threats of ill-treating his wife. He was a Copt, and so a Christian in name. One day he found his father-in-law sitting in a crowded café shortly before noon. The usual threat not having produced any money, he went to his house to fetch a suitable knife, and with it, and without a word, proceeded to murder his wretched father-in-law before any of those present could stop him. He was in the Beni Souef prison awaiting execution when the Judicial Adviser went to that place to inspect the Courts. His motor car broke down, which interfered with his intention of visiting some of the Summary Courts in the neighbourhood. To fill in the time he went to the prison and was told there was a man there awaiting execution. Would he care to see him? The visit resulted in a reprieve. He asked me did I mind? I said I was only too glad. I had done my part, but if he could reprieve in such a case of cold-blooded and premeditated murder, there should be no more executions in Egypt. Yet the Judicial Adviser was a convinced advocate of Capital Punishment. When its reality was brought home to him his theories vanished into air, and I think that would be the case with most people who could be brought to realise the ghastly horror of Capital Punishment.

All reform in our criminal law has been by way of mitigation of the penalty, and the results have always proved that such mitigation was justified. The present policy of prison administration is reform, not retribution. When a person is convicted on a charge of wilful murder, the Judge has no alternative other than to pronounce sentence of death. The power of reprieve is vested in the Home Secretary. A jury's recommendation to mercy has no statutory power and often carries no weight with the Home Secretary to whom it is referred. It is often said that imprisonment for life is

worse than hanging. If that is the case, then it should have a greater deterrent effect. In any case it is not open to the grave objections of Capital Punishment, and it does leave the door open for reform and for the rectification of errors of justice. Neither Judges nor Juries are infallible, and there is always the percentage of error to be reckoned with. Capital Punishment is irrevocable, and makes no provision for the innocent who have been wrongly condemned. Errors of justice are by no means unknown. The institution of the Criminal Court of Appeal was a confession of the fallibility of the Criminal Courts. It is an additional safeguard, and nothing more. It is not infallible, and an irrevocable punishment like the Death Penalty can only be safely imposed by an infallible tribunal.

Britain often leads, but that is not a reason why she should not sometimes follow the example of other nations and benefit by their experience. It has always been found that justice tempered by mercy is the surest deterrent. Laws that err on the side of too great severity defeat their object. Capital Punishment is a relic of barbarism from which nothing is to be hoped and everything is to be feared, and it is horrible to think that it is still suffered in any civilised land.

J. E. MARSHALL.

## Art. 6.—JOSEPHUS.

1. *Flavii Iosephi Opera Omnia*. Recognovit S. A. Naber. Teubner, 1888-1895.
2. *Der jüdische Historiker Flavius Josephus*. By Richard Laqueur. Giessen, 1920.

THE figure of Flavius Josephus appears under a new and vivid illumination in a monograph published some years ago by one of the younger German historians, Richard Laqueur. The work is described on the title-page as 'ein biographischer Versuch auf neuer quellenkritischer Grundlage'—'a biographical attempt based upon a fresh examination of the sources.' An attempt! It is indeed as well to recognise that everything which can be put forward as a reconstruction of the once living reality upon the basis of our existing documentary data, dead leaves of written paper, must necessarily be largely tentative—imaginative conjecture thrown out at an object we can never examine at first-hand. The only kind of verification of which each hypothesis is capable is that of rallying to itself, as the most probable hypothesis, the general body of expert opinion—the opinion, that is, of those whose acquaintance with the working of the human mind in this particular field enables them to estimate what is probable and improbable by a kind of fine judgment, whose conclusions they can never demonstrate with mathematical necessity. The reconstruction of the life and personality of Josephus offered by Laqueur is such a hypothesis thrown out; it is perhaps too soon to say whether the general body of expert opinion will rally to it, but it seems to me clever, and to give an explanation of the documentary facts quite as likely to be true as any other.

But I must begin by pointing out what is the special characteristic of Laqueur's method. Josephus is not the first ancient writer to whom he had applied it; he had already written a book about Polybius on the same principle, which had attracted the attention of scholars. Laqueur's method is largely a reaction against the predominant fashion of *Quellenkritik* in Germany. *Quellenkritik* had become a kind of game, in which you took every historical work as made up of bits of earlier sources, stuck together either in big patches or in a mosaic. The

amusement was to identify one bit as coming from this source and another bit as coming from that till you had got the whole work assigned to a supposed number of earlier sources, *Quellen*. No one would deny that this view of ancient authors had a good deal of truth about it. Many of them did write with earlier sources before them and copy out bits of them more or less mechanically. But Laqueur complains that in the hunt for *Quellen*, the personality of the author himself had come to be reduced to a cipher. In the way he was treated by many German scholars he had become a mere copying-machine. It is this factor in the books before us which Laqueur wants to rescue and get recognised. Polybius and Josephus might copy earlier sources no doubt, but they were also men with desires and dispositions of their own, and you cannot completely account for what appears in the documents, by supposing that they had this or the other older source before them; you have also to reconstruct, so far as you can, their own personality, the different motives which at different times of their lives might have swayed them and produced differences in what they wrote. The old *Quellenkritik* had always, of course, to start with the discovery of disagreements and contradictions between one bit of a man's writing and another; the moment it got a contradiction, it declared that this was due to the two bits being derived from different sources. Laqueur insists that a disagreement or contradiction need not necessarily be due to that cause at all; it may be due to the writer's own circumstances or desires having changed. Whatever one may say about Laqueur's particular reconstruction of Josephus, I think one must admit that his work indicates a wholesome recall of scholarship from academic theory to contact with human realities.

If you take up Laqueur's monograph you find that he begins, naturally, with a detailed examination of the documentary facts, and gradually works towards the reconstruction which he ultimately sets forth as the result of his examination. But for the purposes of an article it is better simply to describe what that result is. No one could satisfy himself whether it is probable or improbable except by studying the argument of the book in detail: all that an article can aim at is to show that

the upshot of the theory is sufficiently interesting to make the theory worth study. We pass then immediately to a survey of the life of Josephus, as it appears on this theory, indicating only first, in order that future references may be clear, of what the writings of Josephus consist. In the Teubner text by Naber they occupy six volumes. The first four of these volumes are taken up by his largest work, in twenty Books, called in Greek *Ἰουδαϊκὴ Ἀρχαιολογία*, and referred to in English writings sometimes as the 'Archæologia,' sometimes as the 'Antiquities of the Jews.' It tells the Old Testament story from the beginning, and carries on the history of the Jews to the eve of the great war which ended in the destruction of Jerusalem. Appended to this long work is a document of a little more than seventy pages in the Teubner text, which purports to be a brief autobiography of Josephus : it is called the 'Bios Iosephou,' or the 'Life.' But its actual character is very different from an autobiography in the ordinary sense. As we shall see, this document has a principal place in Laqueur's reconstruction of the story. We may say so much at this stage, that the first edition of the 'Archæologia' evidently did not have it; it was added as an appendix to a later edition of the work. Volume v and half Volume vi of the Teubner text are taken up with a work written earlier than the 'Archæologia' in seven Books, called in English 'The Jewish War,' but commonly referred to by its Latin title as the 'Bellum.' It tells the story of the great war (A.D. 67-73) and the final catastrophe; although, that is to say, the work was written earlier, its main subject is the continuation of the story after the point at which the 'Archæologia' stops short, but the first Book of the 'Bellum' and a large part of the second Book give a sketch of the Jewish history which preceded the great war from the time of Antiochus Epiphanes and the Maccabean revolt onwards. Here, then, the subject of the 'Bellum' overlaps with the subject of the 'Archæologia,' though the account in the 'Bellum' is much shorter and poorer in detail. The later half of the last (sixth) volume of the Teubner text contains the work of Josephus which defends the Jewish people against the Alexandrine literary attack, in two Books. It is now known as the 'Contra Apionem,' but the name is not really appropriate, because Apion is one

only of the writers whom it sets out to refute. Beside these works, which are preserved (though parts of the 'Contra Apionem' is a Latin translation only), Josephus composed a history of the Jewish War in Aramaic, earlier than the Greek 'Bellum' which we possess. All trace of this has perished; \* we know of it only because Josephus himself tells us that he had published it for the benefit of the Aramaic-speaking peoples, Jewish and Gentile, beyond the Euphrates. His history of the war in Greek was sufficiently near the Aramaic one, for him to speak of it as translation. We pass from the writings to the writer.

Josephus was born, according to his own statement, in the year 37/8 of the Christian era. Belonging to the priestly aristocracy of Jerusalem, distantly related in blood to the royal house of the Hasmonæans, he had, as a young man, a high social position in the Jewish community. In the year 64, when he was twenty-six, he was sent on a diplomatic mission to Rome. Soon after his return he was sent with two other priests on a mission to Galilee. Conditions throughout Palestine at this moment were exceedingly disturbed. The misrule of a series of Roman governors had led to a great growth of militant Jewish nationalism. Bands of the people called Zealots had sprung up all over the country. Josephus calls them habitually *lestai*, 'brigands,' and that, no doubt, truly described their activities on one side. But one must also think of them as actuated by national and religious passion. They hated the government, not merely because it was a government, but because it was either a Gentile government or, if a Jewish government, one too tamely subservient to Rome; they hated the comfortable and rich, because they took their ease instead of fighting the wars of the Lord. It is not necessary to question the reality either of their predatory lust, of their savage cruelty, or of their religious and national fanaticism. That kind of religion can go with ferocity and rapacity. When in the early days of the Maccabean revolt, the followers of Judas and his brethren raided the settlements of those Jews who had forsaken the Law, and executed the Lord's vengeance upon them, they may not have been

\* Speculations connected with the 'Slavonic Josephus' need not here be discussed, since, in spite of R. Eisler, the great majority of scholars still regard the supposed discovery as a mare's nest.



so very unlike the Zealots of the time of Josephus. And one may remark generally, that we are apt to picture the war between Jews and Romans wrong, because we import into the idea of the Jew characteristics which have been produced in later Jews by centuries during which the back of this people has been bowed down and they have been largely confined to dealing with money. The Palestinian Jews of the first century A.D. were not mainly traders and money-lenders ; they were agriculturalists and soldiers. The Jews were reckoned formidable fighting men ; the Ptolemaic kings had rested their power largely upon Jewish troops, Jewish generals sometimes holding high commands. Perhaps we may think of the Zealots as not unlike the Afghans—there, too, we get fierce monotheistic fanaticism, cruelty, rapacity, and desperate courage in battle. A British expedition to Cabul, into that wasps'-nest, may end in disaster ; and just before Josephus was sent to Galilee in A.D. 66, a Roman force under the imperial Legate of Syria, Cestius Gallus, which had assailed the wasps' nest, Jerusalem, had had to retire badly hurt.

In Galilee at this moment the Zealot bands had spread terror in the cities and over the countryside. The Jewish authorities at Jerusalem, the High Priest and the Sanhedrin, were still anxious to avoid a struggle with Rome : they were alive to its dangers ; but it was plain that if the Zealot bands were not checked, Rome would be moved to drastic action. The young Josephus and the two other priests were sent to Galilee to induce the Zealots to lay down their arms.

In the ' *Bellum* ' Josephus speaks as if a state of war already existed between the Jewish state and Rome before he was sent to Galilee, and he represents his own appointment as that of a general to command in the war against Rome. Laqueur points out features in our documents which indicate that this is a deliberate falsification of history. The adversary from whom Josephus was commissioned to deliver the peaceable Galileans was not Rome. It was militant Jewish nationalism.

When the Zealot bands refused to listen to the admonitions addressed to them from Jerusalem, the two colleagues of Josephus returned home in despair. Josephus remained, and we have the first proof of that singular

cunning adaptability with which he could turn difficult situations to his own advantage. He assumed the position of an intermediary between the Galilean towns and the Zealot raiders, and arranged a payment of blackmail to the Zealots, by which he made both the towns and the Zealots dependent upon him, the towns for security and the Zealots for money. He had not disarmed the Zealots, but he had made them the instruments of his own ambition. By their means he established himself as a despot in Galilee. But there were many people in Galilee who found the despotism of the young priest hard to bear—especially John of Giscala, a Zealot leader who had ambitions of his own. Complaints were addressed to Jerusalem that Josephus was carrying out his mission in a way very different from that which the Sanhedrin had intended. The Jerusalem authorities declared him deprived of his office, and sent another commission to Galilee to depose him. But Josephus held the key of the situation too firmly in his hands. To depose him now would mean that the Zealots would once more be let loose upon the towns, and the towns begged that he might remain. The Jerusalem authorities had to accept the facts as they were, and they now formally recognised Josephus as *strategos* of Galilee. To silence any further opposition, Josephus drew up an account of his action in Galilee, as he desired the Jerusalem authorities should see it, putting it all in the very best light. This early *pièce justificative* was long afterwards, if Laqueur is right, taken as the basis of the 'Life' which, as has been said, now appears as an appendix to the 'Archæologia'; the later matter afterwards incorporated with it has concealed its original character. In A.D. 66, although friction between Jews and Romans was of old standing, and the irregular nationalist movement was getting out of hand, neither the Sanhedrin nor Josephus thought of the situation as the beginning of a great war with Rome. But if, later on, Josephus in his 'Bellum' antedated the outbreak of the war, and represented himself as already in 66 B.C. *strategos* of the Jewish state against Rome, what motive had he for such falsification? The desire to conceal the extent of his own guilt in bringing on the war. He had built his power in Galilee upon the Zealot bands, and he could not use these bands without

making large concessions to their anti-Roman fury. He was ultimately compelled to take command of them himself in a declared rebellion against Rome.

A Roman force under Vespasian, not as yet Emperor, but general only of Nero, entered Galilee in A.D. 67, and after some fighting Josephus was straitly besieged by the Romans in Jotapata. According to his own account, when the fortress fell and he found himself with forty companions in a cave without hope of escape, he wanted to deliver himself up to the Romans. But his companions declared that if their captain tried to get out of the cave, they would kill him. It was another exceedingly ugly situation for the ingenious man. The Zealots, his companions, were resolved to kill themselves rather than give themselves up. When Josephus found that a long sermon on the wickedness of suicide did no good, he pretended to agree that they should kill each other progressively by lot. In the end, whether by some astounding piece of luck or, as Josephus piously puts it, by the special favour of Providence—or by some contrivance which he preferred, when he told the story, not to divulge—Josephus, after all his men but one had killed each other, and after he himself presumably had killed the men successively paired with him, found himself still alive. He was then able to persuade the one other survivor to go with him that they might surrender their persons to the Romans. Of course there was considerable risk still that the Romans might kill him. But again Josephus was ready with a device. He begged to be taken before Vespasian, because he had something of great importance to tell him, and then ventured on a prophecy, which he said he had received by direct divine inspiration, that Vespasian would be Emperor. He asked that he might be kept in confinement, and punished if his prophecy did not come true. It is certain that Josephus did really make such a prediction at this moment: Suetonius\* mentions the fact. And again luck or Providence made the device extraordinarily successful. In A.D. 69 Vespasian did become Emperor, and Josephus became a person of consideration in the entourage of Titus, the

\* 'Unus ex nobilibus captivis Iosepus, cum coiceretur in vincula, constantissime asseveravit fore ut ab eodem brevi solveretur, verum iam imperatore' ('Vesp.', 5).

Emperor's son. And here one may observe generally that it is not only the fertility in device shown by Josephus in difficult situations, which is a remarkable feature of his story, it is the way in which, when he threw himself upon chance, the event, time after time, fell out favourably for him. For in all his devices, he quite plainly trusted a good deal to the operation of causes over which he had no control, and it is astonishing how those causes regularly made his venture successful. One can hardly wonder that he regarded himself as under the special guidance of God.

In Galilee there had been open rebellion against Rome ; but not, so far, at Jerusalem. There was indeed a strong Zealot element in Jerusalem, but the city authorities still stood for peace. With the suppression of the Galilean revolt, and the capture of Josephus, the task of Vespasian seemed achieved. The Roman forces, as the account of Josephus himself shows, did not at that moment move against Jerusalem. But John of Giscala with a body of his Zealot followers escaped from Galilee and made his way into Jerusalem. During the winter of 67/68 the Zealot element in Jerusalem, thus reinforced, got the mastery, after a good deal of bloodshed. The government, overpowered, had to yield them the direction, and a new rebellion began, to task the Roman forces, this time in Jerusalem itself.

When Vespasian became Emperor, and the Roman army under his son held Jerusalem invested, Josephus was with the host of the besiegers, high in the favour of Titus. He was employed sometimes to approach the walls and address admonitions in Aramaic to the rebels, exhorting them to surrender. It is not surprising now that sermons from Josephus had little effect. The moderate party in the city who had held the reins, when Josephus had been sent on his mission to Galilee, could not fail to remember how he had carried that mission out, and consider him largely responsible for the present catastrophe ; the Zealots were even less likely to regard him with any affection.

When the city had fallen and thousands of Jews were killed or made slaves, Josephus moved in comfort with his imperial patron to Rome. There he wrote his history of the war, his '*Bellum Judaicum*,' whose very title

described the war from the Roman point of view.\* But he wrote it first, as he tells us, in Aramaic. That was an odd thing for a Jew resident in Rome, in close touch with the court, to do. Greek was the natural language of educated people in Rome, so far as they did not speak Latin. Josephus says that his history in Aramaic told the story of the war to 'Parthians and Babylonians, to the more distant Arab tribes, to the Jews beyond the Euphrates, and the people of Adiabene' ('Bellum,' I, § 6). Laqueur finds in this the key to the book's purpose. It was a moment when the Parthian menace was hanging over the Eastern provinces of the Empire. A writing whose tendency was to show the military strength of Rome, to spread the idea that Rome was in the long run invincible, might be exceedingly useful, if it circulated in those countries. Josephus was working, as we should put it to-day, in the propaganda department of the Roman government.

It had long been recognised, before Laqueur wrote, that the 'Jewish War' of Josephus drew freely upon Roman official sources. Josephus himself tells us that the work in its Greek version had been submitted to Titus, and that Titus had expressed his complete approval of it, and had written with his own hand an order upon the roll for its publication. The survey of the distribution of the Roman forces over the Empire, inserted in the form of a speech of King Agrippa II to the Jews, with its numerical details must have been copied straight from a War Office document. It had been recognised that this book was one which gave us a picture of the Roman army in active operation more vivid perhaps than any ancient book, that the narrative of the siege of Jerusalem was based upon the *commentarii* (*hypomnemata*) of Titus himself. If it was written under the direction of the Imperial Government, we can understand why its picture of Roman military operations is so valuable.

But if Josephus might seem to have secured a position of worldly comfort at Rome, he was an object of singular hatred to his countrymen. So long as Titus lived, they could do little against him, but when Domitian succeeded

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\* A war could be characterised as 'Jewish' only in contrast with other wars fought by the Romans, just as the term 'Boer War' describes a particular war from the British, not the Boer, point of view.

to the throne in 81, and showed a marked bent to go against what had been his father's and brother's policy, they brought a fresh accusation against him, in the hope of discrediting him with the new ruler. Josephus does not tell us what the accusation was, but his conduct in Galilee at the outbreak of the rebellion was no doubt capable of being exhibited in an ugly light to the Romans. Domitian, Josephus says, punished his accusers and conferred upon him new favours, but it looks as if his position at court was not what it had been under Titus. Possibly the government which had been maintaining him as a propaganda agent withdrew financial support. We find at any rate that Josephus had now to turn elsewhere.

Adaptable as ever, he took on work under Epaphroditus. Whatever may be thought of the rest of Laqueur's reconstruction, there can, I think, be little doubt that he is right in taking the Epaphroditus in question to be, not Nero's favourite of that name, as has often been supposed, but a man who is described to us by Suidas as a 'grammarians' and great collector of books. He seems, in fact, to have been a speculative publisher on a large scale in Rome, and probably maintained a number of writers who produced works for him which he caused to be copied for the market by a large staff of professional slaves. He had started life in Chæronea as a slave himself, but having acquired proficiency in letters had been bought by a prefect of Egypt and employed to teach his son. Later on in Rome the prefect gave him his freedom, and Epaphroditus, after an early life of strange vicissitudes, found himself a man of mark in the literary world. Josephus says of him that in all things he had 'shown the extraordinary strength of his physique' (*ἐν ᾧ πασιν θαυμαστὴν φύσεως ἐνδειξάμενος ἰσχύνη*), and Suidas throws light on this by telling us that Epaphroditus was very big in body and black, a man like an elephant.\* He died very rich.

Whilst the memory of the Jewish War was still fresh in men's minds, and the arch of Titus, with its representation of the sacred candlestick and other Jewish spoils carried in procession, was a new feature of the Forum, there may well have been a demand in the Roman world for books about the Jews. Josephus had already produced one book which had been issued with imperial

\* τὸ δὲ σῶμα ἦν μέγας τε καὶ μέλας ὡς ἐλεφαντῶδης.



authorisation. From the point of view of Epaphroditus, it would probably be quite a good speculation to maintain Josephus whilst he composed a really large work, which told the whole story of the Jewish people from the beginning. Thus it was that Josephus sat down to the longest literary work of his life, the Ἰουδαϊκὴ Ἀρχαιολογία in twenty Books. It has often been remarked as a curious phenomenon in Greek literature that when, at the end of the twentieth Book, Josephus sums up the great labour he has brought to a end, he gives the number of lines in the work as a whole—60,000 lines (στίχοι), the sum of all the lines in all the columns of all the papyrus rolls now nearly ready to be packed in their case complete. If he had executed the work on commission for Epaphroditus, and was paid so much a line, the number of lines he delivered would be important. It was the year A.D. 93/4, when the last roll was added to the rest. The work must have sold well, since we find Josephus after its publication writing the two Books of the 'Contra Apionem' for Epaphroditus. 'To you, Epaphroditus, who are so pre-eminently a lover of the truth, and *through you* to those who may, like you, be desirous to know about our race, this book and the preceding book shall be inscribed,' Josephus writes at the conclusion of this shorter work.

There is a remarkable difference of tone between the 'Archæologia' and the 'Bellum.' Josephus was no longer writing for the Roman government, and Epaphroditus was content that he should present things, not in the way the government might have wished, but in the way in which Josephus himself wished them to appear. Unquestionably he was still in heart a Jew. He wanted to glorify his people in the estimation of the Greco-Roman world. Probably he would have liked to bridge the gulf which he had created between himself and the Jewish community. A work like the 'Archæologia' might not only satisfy his own desire to impress the Gentile world, but might serve as a means of reconciliation with his people, a service to the Jewish cause which might be taken as an atonement for the past. It is specially in its treatment of Herod and the Herodian princes that the 'Archæologia' differs from the 'Bellum.' Then Josephus had been obliged to present these friends of Rome in a favourable light, to write in a way which would please King



Agrippa II. Now Josephus could remember that he had Hasmonæan blood, and could paint Herod and his successors in those lurid colours which corresponded with his real view of them, and with the view of them taken generally by the Jews. If he trimmed the facts of history it would now be in a very different sense. King Agrippa II was still alive in A.D. 94, but Josephus, secure under the patronage of Epaphroditus, need no longer care whether Agrippa was pleased with what he wrote or not. When he comes to tell the story of Herod in the 'Archæologia' he can write: 'Nicolaus of Damascus may employ his pen in a way to give a fair colour to Herod's misdeeds. One cannot blame him too severely; for his history was after all not so much a work to instruct the public as a task commanded him by the king. But we, who are nearly related in blood to the Hasmonæan kings, and for that reason hold the priesthood with all the honour it implies, cannot but consider falsehood about any of these facts to be unbecoming, and set them forth candidly and justly. To many indeed of Herod's descendants who have become kings we still pay the respect due, but we must give truth a place above them' ('Archæol.', XVI, § 186 ff.).

It could hardly now seem satisfactory to Josephus that any member of the Greco-Roman public who, having followed Jewish history in the 'Archæologia' up to the eve of the great war, should wish to know the continuation of the story, should study it in the 'Bellum' only, written as a piece of Roman propaganda twenty years before. At the end of the 'Archæologia' Josephus says that he proposes in a subsequent work to run over again the story of the great war, and narrate the latest developments of Jewish history. Perhaps in the 'Bellum,' as we have it, there are passages which did not belong to the first edition, but show the beginning of the remodelling which Josephus intended in the last decade of the first century to give the story, passages handed to the scribes in Epaphroditus' workshop to insert here and there when they copied out fresh rolls of the 'Bellum.'

All seemed going well up to the year A.D. 100. Then came a thunderclap, a change in the situation quite terrible for Josephus. Another writer appeared in the field, a Jew, who threatened to capture the Greco-Roman

public in that very department which Josephus had considered peculiarly his own. This was Justus, a man from Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee. Tiberias was a city largely of Greek culture, and it was unquestionable that Justus could use the fashionable Greek literary manner far more effectively than Josephus, who had grown up in Jerusalem, speaking Aramaic as his mother-tongue. Justus came forward definitely as a rival to Josephus; in his history of the Jewish War he attacked Josephus in two ways. He attacked his public action at the time when he commanded in Galilee, declaring him to have been the real organiser of the Zealot revolt—which was not far from the truth—and he attacked him as a writer, making merry over his wooden Greek. If Epaphroditus were brought over to this view and transferred his patronage to Justus, Josephus would be left in a miserable position. It was not mere pride, or vanity, on the part of Josephus which made him now advertise his own person in his writings; it was the bitter necessity of maintaining his credit with Epaphroditus and with the public against Justus, of saving the labour of years from perishing by neglect. He could not pretend to write Greek like Justus, but he could emphasise his priestly status, the intimate knowledge which, as a priest, he had of Jewish sacred lore. Against a dazzling style he could play off the superior value of the plain truth told by some one who knew it at first hand.

He determined now to append to the 'Archæologia' a defence of his person and his actions which might stultify his competitor in the literary market. He still had by him a copy of that account of his action in Galilee which he had composed so carefully thirty-four years before, to justify himself with the authorities at Jerusalem. He drew out this old document, added to it and pulled it about, inserted some invective against Justus of Tiberias, and made it the 'Life' as we have it to-day. He gave instructions that in future copies of the 'Archæologia' this should form a kind of extra roll at the end of the twenty Books, and at the same time he inserted some additional matter in the final columns of the twentieth Book, to prepare the way for the appendix. He could assert with confidence, he said, that no one else, Jew or Gentile, could have given the Greek public so accurate

an account of Jewish history as he had given it in the 'Archæologia.' His Greek might want elegance, but what of that? To learn Greek well is a poor sort of accomplishment which any one can achieve if he gives his mind to it, even slaves (κοινὸν εἶναι τὸ ἐπιτήδευμα τοῦτο οὐ μόνον ἐλευθέρων τοῖς τυχοῦσιν ἀλλὰ καὶ τῶν οἰκετῶν τοῖς θέλουσιν). 'And perhaps it would not be invidious (ἐπιφθονον) and will not seem bad taste (σκαιδόν) to the public generally, if I add a few words about my family and about my actions in the world, whilst there are still people living who can refute or confirm what I say.'

Josephus could appeal, as he does in a passage of the 'Contra Apionem,' possibly written after A.D. 100, to the strong approval of the 'Bellum' expressed by Titus, and to the large sale which the work had had amongst Romans who had fought in the war and amongst Jews who were qualified to judge of Greek letters, such as 'that most remarkable man, King Agrippa' (ὁ θαυμασιώτατος βασιλεὺς Ἀγρίππας).<sup>\*</sup> Agrippa had died shortly before the appearance of the book of Justus, in A.D. 100, the third year of Trajan. Josephus, whatever he thought of Agrippa's character and policy, could appeal to the judgment he had expressed on the merits of a Greek work of literature.

Was the strenuous defence put up by Josephus successful in retaining the patronage of Epaphroditus and the Greco-Roman public? The end of the story as it is reconstructed by Laqueur seems to me a somewhat venturous effort of the imagination, but when we are any way in the field of conjecture, it accords with some of the *data*, and cannot be called impossible. Laqueur points out that one of the charges brought by Justus against Josephus had apparently been that he had misinterpreted the Jewish scriptures. Josephus, like large numbers of the Hellenistic Jews in the first half of the first century, had taken the Septuagint as his basis, but by the end of the century a movement against the Septuagint was becoming strong in the Rabbinical schools. Early in the second century a new Greek translation, by Aquila, was issued, to supersede the Septuagint with orthodox Greek-speaking Jews. So far Laqueur has facts to go upon; he conjectures—and this, of course, is only a conjecture—

<sup>\*</sup> 'Contra Apionem,' I, § 51.

that when Justus charged Josephus with misinterpreting the Scriptures, he was representing the view of the generation for which the older Jewish Hellenism, building as it did upon the Septuagint, was on wrong lines. A work such as the 'Archæologia' appeared to that generation hopelessly old-fashioned. If Justus could show that the most authoritative opinion among the Jews repudiated Josephus as an interpreter of their traditions, that might discredit him, not only with the Jews who might have bought his work, but with the Gentile public who might naturally want to know, before they undertook the study of a book about the Jews deficient in literary attractiveness, that it was at any rate regarded by the Jews themselves as correct. All that large part of the Greek reading public which cared much more whether a book had rhetorical brilliance than whether it was correct, would naturally prefer Justus of Tiberias. Josephus, now an old man, found himself in a seemingly desperate position. He had alienated for ever the great bulk of his own people, he had lost the patronage of the court, and now Justus had come to ruin his literary market. What was he to do? His fertility of resource was not even now exhausted. Close by him there was a community in Rome, a growing community, which still held strongly by the Septuagint—the Christians. The Septuagint had become their Bible, and they had taken over the legend of Alexandrine Judaism, which represented the Seventy Translators as having been as directly inspired as the original writers. For them a work like the 'Archæologia' would not be any the worse for its dependence upon the Septuagint, but all the more congenial. Josephus as a last expedient determined to secure a sale for his work, if he could, amongst the Christians. For that purpose he would put into the work a passage about their Messiah which would please them. Laqueur sees him calling in some Christian of his acquaintance: 'Sit down quickly, and tell me: What do you Christians say about the Christ, as you call him?' and then jotting down on his tablets from the lips of his informant the phrases which would best meet the mind of the Christian community in Rome at the beginning of the second century A.D. So the famous passage about Jesus in the eighteenth Book of the 'Archæologia,' over which such endless debate has

gone on, up to the present day, is, on this view, genuine Josephus after all—genuine in that way!

Certainly such a view cannot be proved. But I do not think it can be pronounced impossible on the ground that the Christian community in the Empire at that date would not have been considerable enough to afford a market for the 'Archæologia.' It seems now regarded as almost certain by scholars that just at this time the Christian community had secured a footing in the upper circle of the Roman aristocracy, that Flavia Domitilla, a granddaughter of the Emperor Vespasian, became a Christian, and probably her husband, Flavius Clemens, the Consul of A.D. 95, as well. Their sons had even been designated by Domitian as heirs to the throne. The education of these boys had been committed to one of the chief men of letters of the day, Quintilian, so that the family of Flavius Clemens, if on one side in touch with the Christian community, on the other side was in touch with the literary world. And if we know of one Roman noble at this date, who was disposed either to Judaism or to Christianity and, at the same time, a patron of Quintilian, there will probably have been many Christians of less eminence than Flavius Clemens, whom Josephus might regard as potential purchasers of the 'Archæologia,' were it accommodated to their beliefs.

Laqueur's reconstruction of this episode at the end of Josephus' life must remain a conjecture thrown out for what it is worth. But if that is what really happened, the Muse of history could find few occasions more provocative of her ironical smile. For then this last ruse of the old fox will have been the most amazingly, the most gloriously, successful of all. The book of Justus of Tiberias, whatever its vogue at that time may have been, has perished, but the works of Josephus—the whole voluminous 'Archæologia' in its twenty Books, to which that little passage as a cunning float had been attached—have ridden safely through the floods and storms in which so large a proportion of the great literature of antiquity has foundered, and secured immortality, thanks entirely to the interest of the early Christian Church.

EDWYN BEVAN.

Art. 7.—THE FUTURE OF 'UNREGISTERED' MEDICINE.

No student of the history of human thought can fail to be impressed with the manner in which speculative reflection and practical movements converge at particular epochs. The French Revolution, to take a towering example, cannot be intelligently studied without regard on the one hand to what Kropotkin has called 'the current of ideas concerning the political reorganisation of States,' of which Rousseau was the most coherent exponent, and, on the other, to the revolt of the peasants and town workers against their economic conditions. A text for the study of the Revolution may be found in the *Contrat Social* or in the peasant spending his nights in saving the *grand seigneur* from the frogs' chorus. So is it with the revolution which is clearly going on in the world of medicine. On the one hand, doctors are discussing their own functions and the principles underlying them, while, on the other, the public shows an increasing tendency to desert the faculty in favour of some form or other of unofficial practice. Those who have been described as the dissenting ministers of medicine undeniably find their congregations increasing, and they are composed of recusants from the established church. A very significant contribution to this discussion was made a couple of years ago by the eminent Vienna psychiatrist, Professor Sigmund Freud, in his brochure 'Die Frage der Laienanalyse.' We are not concerned at present with the highly debatable question of psycho-analysis considered as a contribution to philosophy or as a therapeutic system applicable to certain forms of disease. The general questions raised by Professor Freud in this discussion are, however, of very much wider interest. They concern the nature of the qualifications of medical men and how far they entitle them to claim a monopoly in the treatment of disease. In opposition to many of his followers, the Professor holds that it is against public policy to restrict the practice of psycho-analysis to the regular profession. He does not deny the importance of all work being entrusted to those who are qualified to do it, but he discusses with Teutonic thoroughness the



question of qualification, and shows that, in this particular application, it has no relation to the medical curriculum. A man who attempts psycho-analysis without having acquired the technique, he says, is an unqualified practitioner, and his possession or lack of possession of a diploma in medicine is irrelevant.

So far we are prepared to follow Professor Freud, though the case we have to present is different from his. Psycho-analysis, in so far as it can secure recognition as a scientific system of treatment, is an auxiliary. Not all doctors can be expected to acquire it, nor is there any reason why educated persons who are not doctors should not do so. Reasonably enough, Dr Freud argues that the doctor, trained in physiology and diagnosis, shall be first called in to decide whether cases are suitable for analytic treatment or whether there are organic lesions, unobservable by the untrained man, which will render such treatment ineffective. A similar position might be established for other kinds of treatment, including the various forms of manipulative surgery.

A wider question, which does not come within the scope of Dr Freud's argument, is taking on an increasing importance in the modern world. Where does the legitimate business of the general practitioner end, and specialism begin? All that is required of the doctor for the purpose of Freud's contention is that he shall be able to diagnose. He is required to say to the analyst: 'This is a functional case. Go ahead!' or 'There are signs here of early disseminated sclerosis, the psychical symptoms are secondary, and your treatment would be useless.' This position—assuming again the value of psycho-analysis in its own sphere—is reasonable enough. We might defend the status of the practising specialist in specific drug action on precisely the same grounds. If we were living in a country like France or Austria, where the law penalises 'the illegal practice of medicine,' some such contention would be forced upon us. In this country, however, as in the United States and Germany, our position is recognised by law. Any one is entitled to treat patients if both are prepared to take the consequences. In practice, the unregistered practitioner, having no power to sign death certificates, and being unable—to put it mildly—to rely on a benevolent attitude



from those who are so empowered, has to be a great deal more careful than the practitioner with a registrable qualification. No serious objection can be taken to this.

We are not concerned, then, with any supposed grievance of the unregistered practitioner, who is free to treat patients, or of his own patients, who are free to go to him. The question is a larger one: is the medical profession trained to do what the public has a right to expect from it? Professor Freud does not go so far as to limit qualified medical practice to the diagnosis of disease, but official apologists in this country have gone very far in that direction. Mr Norman C. King, the Registrar of the General Medical Council, in an article, which was professedly expository, but was highly polemical in temper, observed recently: 'It is probably not realised by the public that a medical student spends something like four-fifths of his curriculum in learning how to diagnose disease, and only one-fifth of the time in learning how to treat it.' In speeches by Lord Dawson of Penn and others, this same emphasis on diagnosis has been very marked. If this is the true state of affairs, it would seem wise, in other cases than those which concern the psycho-analyst, that the doctor should content himself with diagnosing cases and then hand them over for treatment to those who have spent something more than a fifth of their time in studying it.

The acceptance of this position would confront us with a really remarkable state of affairs. At very considerable expense a body of men and women are trained for the preliminary work of diagnosis, but, for the practitioners of the various specialised forms of treatment, no criteria exist at all. The argument against unregistered practitioners is that there are no preliminary guarantees of even a minimum of knowledge. The corollary of the orthodox defence of the medical profession is that, as its members are trained for diagnosis, others should be trained for treatment.

That is not our present contention, since we do not accept the dichotomy of medical science into diagnosis and treatment. We are more concerned to ask why the failure of modern medicine on the therapeutic side is so widely accepted as a fact by the general public and by the profession itself. Two questions present themselves

as worthy of serious inquiry. (1) Is the concentration upon diagnosis in medical training justified, either by theory or practice? (2) What reforms in medical education are needed in order to check the growth of an army of unregistered practitioners devoting themselves to the neglected art of therapeutics?

The assumption underlying a system which devotes four-fifths of a student's time to diagnosis must be that precision in this department increases the likelihood of cure. Only the most fatuous theorist will argue that diagnosis is an end in itself. However important, it is a means; for the proper end of medicine is the healing of disease. But is there any logical or actual connection between diagnosis and cure? In Professor Freud's scheme, the skilled diagnostician is to weed out his patients. No doubt that is useful. It saves time to warn the analyst that his patient has a hardening of the spinal marrow which cannot be affected by a recital of his dreams or 'free association tests.' But what of the patient? Freud must leave him alone; who is to treat him? Nowhere have the refinements of diagnosis been carried to a higher pitch of perfection than in precisely this matter of organic central nervous disease. But, *cui bono*? There is no difference of treatment corresponding to the nuances of diagnosis. There is no specific treatment at all. Will anybody question that the treatment of all the central nervous maladies is purely symptomatic and therefore entirely independent of diagnosis? We are not speaking abusively, but telling the literal truth, when we say that every diagnosis of organic central nervous trouble amounts to a certificate of incurability. Nor is this true of such diseases alone. The men who are recognised as qualified to diagnose chronic diseases are incapable of curing a single one of them. This, again, sounds rhetorical, but is literally true. A patient with rheumatoid arthritis may be promised alleviation of his symptoms, and he will certainly be advised to 'continue under treatment,' but will any reasonably honest person on the medical register hold out any hope that such patient will cease to be a sufferer from rheumatoid arthritis to the end of his days? It is a terrible thing to say, but the very conception of cure seems almost to have disappeared from the minds of reputable medical

men. To talk of it is to invite a suspicion of quackery, and not always without reason.

If diagnosis is thus sterile, there is little more to be said for ætiology. The logical connection with cure may appear stronger here. It seems not unreasonable to expect a knowledge of causes to give an indication of treatment. In practice the connection is hard to establish. The most widely celebrated ætiological 'find' of recent years was Koch's discovery of the tubercle bacillus. Opinions differ on the advantage, if any, which has accrued from it, but nobody contends that it has enabled us to conquer tuberculosis. If it has been of some service in the surgical forms, it has done nothing to reduce consumption of the lungs. The recently discovered 'cancer germ' is already conveniently forgotten. If the case of the Loeffler bacillus and the alleged success of diphtheria antitoxin are cited, we reply that we confine our argument to chronic disease. Acute complaints tend to cure themselves or end fatally in a short time, and it is most difficult to show that *post hoc* is also *propter hoc*.

The second question requires a longer answer. The reforms required are of a practical order, but their necessity takes its rise in an intellectual error. It might be described as the materialistic basis of modern medicine, but the term 'materialism' is ambivalent. We prefer to say that the root of the mistake is a neglect to recognise the Vital Force. 'Vitalism,' too, has a chequered history. A quotation from a recent book, of high authority, presents concisely the underlying conception of modern work, both on the Continent and here. Professor Ch. Achard, a member of the French Academy of Medicine, and Professor of Clinical Medicine in Paris, writes at the beginning of his 'Troubles des Echanges Nutritifs': \*

'Pour certains esprits, les phénomènes vitaux, et par suite les actes nutritifs, seraient d'autre nature que les phénomènes physico-chimiques, et ne se laisseraient pas gouverner par les mêmes lois. Mais le mystère dont s'entourent encore ces phénomènes vitaux peut-il suffire à leur conférer une essence particulière? L'inconnu n'est pas l'inconnaissable, et tout ce que le progrès continu de la science nous apprend de la matière, de ses propriétés et des forces qui la régissent, nous permet d'espérer que le problème de la vie et de la nutrition

\* Paris, Masson, 2 vols, 1926.

pourra trouver quelque jour sa solution complète dans le jeu seul d'actes physico-chimiques, plus compliqués, il est vrai, que ceux dont nous savons aujourd'hui mesurer les effets.'

Doubtless there are a number of medical men who would part company with Professor Achard on theological grounds. Where this occurs, however, the dissentients content themselves with a doctrine of parallelism, according to which there are both physical and psychical natures, but the former is the domain of medical science. The economists of the Manchester School did not imagine that their 'economic man' was a real entity. He represented man in so far as he was the object of economic science. Similarly modern medicine has postulated the 'physico-chemical man,' and it is our contention, not only that he does not exist, but that a science of medicine cannot be based upon this conception.

This consideration leads us to the heart of the problem. Few things are more pathetic in the long history of human error than the story of the use of drugs in the treatment of disease. Exponents of diet theories, dream interpretation, sun-ray treatment, etc., pride themselves upon their modernity, but these things carry us back to the cradle of the *Æsculapian* art. When drugs were employed to influence the condition of body and mind, a great advance was made. So potent and so obvious is the influence of drugs that it is not unnatural that the term 'medicine' should be applied to them. Common sentiment and popular language regard the doctor as one who gives medicine and medical science as the study of medicine. Everywhere, however, we find the doctors turning their backs on medicine. There is a rush back to the methods employed in ancient Greece before man had commenced the study of healing herbs and essences. Was it an error, then, this deep-rooted belief that 'the Most High hath created medicines out of the earth: and a wise man will not abhor them'? The son of Sirach did not anticipate the modern retreat from medicine. 'The virtue of these things,' he wrote, 'is come to the knowledge of men, and the Most High hath given knowledge to men, that He may be honoured in his wonders. By these he shall cure and shall allay their pains: and of these the apothecary shall make sweet confections and shall make up ointments of health. And of his works there shall be no end.'

Unless this whole manner of thinking is wrong, the conclusion would appear to be that the study of medicines has been pursued on wrong lines. Our own contention is, we trust, already clear. Drugs have been employed for their action on that figment of the schools, the chemico-physical man. They have been chosen for their chemical and physical action. Of course, there are a physics and a chemistry of the living body, but they are continually being modified and controlled by the presence of something of which physics and chemistry know nothing—the Vital Force. It is only when that force is withdrawn that the body inertly obeys the laws of chemistry by decomposing. We would summarise the secular error of orthodox medicine in seven words: searching for likeness instead of for difference. Man is treated for those points on which his body resembles a test-tube, not for these essential points on which it does not. If the distinctive quality of the living organism is its Vital Force, it is pre-eminently to the Vital Force that medicine must address itself. We must not be asked to define this Force, or to explain its workings. We are content to hold with Huxley that the ultimate facts of Nature are inexplicable. What we have to do is to study its working, observe how it reacts to stimuli. We define a proper medical study, therefore, as the investigation of the specific action of medicines upon the Vital Force. It is totally unknown to the schools, and those who pass through them to a place on the Medical Register are, in our use of the term, unqualified practitioners.

Before passing to a brief statement of the principles of such a study, it is worth while to consider another cause of the *égarement* of official medicine. If it has been misled by the fiction of the 'physico-chemical man,' it has gone equally astray in worshipping at the shrine of another idol—the 'clinical entity.' Here, again, we have the fundamental error of studying resemblance instead of distinction. Experience quickly teaches even the most moderately observant practitioner in medicine that every case of illness is different from every other. Nor are the divergences only slight ones which stand out from a general similarity. The more closely we examine patients, the more we shall be impressed by the individualisation of disease, and the less by the points of similarity. Every

person has his or her way of reacting to the stimuli of life, everybody falls ill differently from everybody else. This is true, even of those infections of which we have reason to believe that we know the causative germs, diseases which are commonly regarded as having typical forms. 'Every case of syphilis,' said the late Sir James Mackenzie, 'differs from every other case. . . . Don't you see that each patient is affected differently by this disease, just as each patient is affected differently by all diseases? The success of a treatment must depend on the knowledge we possess of the effect of the disease on the individual.' If this is true, even of such specific diseases as that caused by the invasion of the *Spirocheta pallida*, how much more tortuous and varied is the reaction in chronic disease!

In spite, however, of a growing volume of such declarations as that of Sir James Mackenzie, the whole structure of medical training is still based on the classification of diseases, which can only be justified by a belief that there exists a remedy for each disease if only it can be found. But Nature knows nothing of 'arthritis,' 'tuberculosis,' 'endocarditis,' and so on. These things are scientific figments. Like any other creation of the human mind, they can be justified on pragmatic grounds if, in the expressive popular phrase, they 'deliver the goods.' But do they? Is there a single disease for which we can say that this or that medicine is the remedy? It is no longer claimed for quinine in malaria, for mercury in syphilis, or for colchicum in gout. The study of resemblances is bankrupt; why not study differences?

Two men enter the consulting room in succession. The first is of a melancholic temperament, with a disinclination for company, and a number of mental traits which are revealed in the course of a discreet conversation. He complains of 'rheumatic' pains in his leg and, in the course of the consultation, he asks if he may draw nearer the fire as the warmth eases his pain. The next patient is of a jovial disposition, likes to be in a crowd, and reveals a psychology almost diametrically opposite to that of his precursor. He beats a hasty retreat from the fireplace, where the previous patient had left the chair. 'When it gets hot, it's unbearable,' he explains. Here are two patients obviously so made that their reaction



to life is on almost diametrically opposite lines. Yet the probability is that they will be given precisely the same treatment by a duly qualified and registered medical practitioner. Their cases will be diagnosed as 'rheumatism,' and they will be given sodium salicylate or some other drug labelled, on account of its chemical properties, 'anti-rheumatic.' The crudity of all this in a scientific age is appalling, and the results are precisely what any intelligent person ought to expect them to be.

The two fundamental objects of study for the medical student should be, first of all, the way in which human beings—not blood or cells, or protoplasm or what not, but human beings—respond to stimuli, and, secondly, how they respond to drugs. It will be said: 'Where does the science come in, if our study is to be devoted to differences? If "every man is odd," there can be no generalisations, and without generalisation there is no science.' This, however, is a misunderstanding. If Nature presents us with a rich and inexhaustible variety, the method of science must not be to ignore that variety and confine attention to a few superficial resemblances. Rather must it seek for the common law which underlies all the diverse appearances. That is the true search for the one in the many. Is there any discoverable law of human reaction to environment? There is. The Vital Force of the human body will attempt to do the opposite of any action exerted upon it. The simplest illustrations are the best. What is the effect of plunging a healthy hand into icy water? First cold, afterwards a warm glow. The Vital Force hits back. This truth is recognised, though its implications are not, by the ordinary practitioners of medicine. Press them, and they will admit that the first actions of their drugs tend to be followed by a secondary action of the opposite sort. Aperients are known to have a secondary constipating action. The general rule about drugs administered to resist the Vital Force is that their quantities have to be increased because they encounter an increasing resistance.

Modern medical literature is full of isolated truths from which the writers unaccountably fail to draw the obvious conclusions. We are hearing again of the *Vis Medicatrix Naturæ*. The leaders of the medical profession are increasingly ready to admit that it is only the



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resisting power of the patient which can defeat disease. Let us quote an illuminating passage from Dr Macnair Wilson's admirable book on Sir James Mackenzie : \*

'The researches on syphilis were quoted. Mackenzie replied : " Is it not a fact that the germs of syphilis will live and flourish in the very drug ' 606 ' which is supposed to kill them ? "

' " It is a fact—yes."

' " Does not that suggest something to your mind ? Does it not suggest that the cure effected by this drug is a more complicated business than you had at first thought ? Does it not suggest that the cure, when it occurs, is brought about by the drug, *plus* some element or quality of the patient's own body which, presumably, the drug calls into play ? "

' This was granted at once.

' " Very well, then," asked Mackenzie, " is it not a matter of the first importance to understand how that element is called into play, and why it is called into play ? For you will admit that there are many cases of syphilis, particularly of the nervous system, in which ' 606 ' is not successful." '

These are the views of a relatively enlightened medical man. Unfortunately, Sir James Mackenzie was himself led astray into identifying the Vital Force with the electricity of the body, but his argument provides us with all the material we need for our present contention. If it is ' a matter of the first importance ' to find out how the curative process of the body is called into play, why does it find no place in the medical curriculum ?

We may be permitted to remark in passing that our observations on the effects of drug action are the result of half a century's personal experience, of which only the conclusions can properly be given in an article of this kind. Experience has shown the existence in nature of a great number of substances, all capable of producing reactions, physical and psychical, in the Vital Force, and of these actions the medical schools know nothing. If homœopaths have some knowledge of them, they have picked it up outside the medical schools of this country, and they have unfortunately prejudiced the chances of a fair hearing by linking it on to a theory of disease and treatment which is intellectually untenable. It would be straying outside the appointed limits of this article

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\* 'The Beloved Physician.' John Murray, 1926.

to explain the technique or examine the results of a system of medicine which substitutes vitalistic for physico-chemical conceptions, and ignores the conventional classifications. Those who have any appreciation of the infinite sensitiveness of the Vital Force, and the relative clumsiness of even the finest instruments, will learn without surprise that such a system prescribes its medicines in intangible doses. It is using drugs for a new purpose and it uses them in a new way.

Some of the advantages of rejecting classification will be obvious at sight. In the measure that the conventional system fulfils its own expectations, treatment will depend increasingly on correct diagnosis. If doctors could realise the dream of finding a specific cure for this or that malady, success in applying it would depend upon the particular malady being present. But medical men themselves admit the extreme uncertainty, even under modern conditions, of diagnosis. Indeed, they insist upon it when it is a question of explaining away the apparent cures performed by the unregistered. We hear much of early treatment, and it is suggested that, while the graver forms of chronic disease are incurable in their fully developed form, they are amenable to treatment if seen in their initial stages. We deny that these maladies are incurable at any stage by scientific medicine, and we are compelled equally to deny that they are at any point curable by the medicine of the schools. Indeed, the conventional teaching has not even the conception of specific treatment for anything which is not a 'clinical entity.' Faint but pursuing, Harley Street may have the idea of curing locomotor ataxy or G.P.I. one of these days, but has it any conception of a specific treatment to be applied to the prodromals of the various illnesses at a stage when there are not the definite pathological symptoms in common to mask the great variety of forms in which individuals react to disease? 'General tonics' monopolise the field for early illness.

Chronic illness, as a matter of fact, is never sudden in its onset. The way has been prepared for years. When the individual finds himself 'out of sorts,' his case presents a whole set of physical and mental characteristics which mean nothing to the family doctor, or, for that matter, to the consultant. A recital of them would be as

illuminating to him as a page of Syrio-Chaldean script. He does not know that there exist drugs which have the effect in normal health of producing those physical and mental characteristics. He does not reflect that the action of drugs is almost inconceivably swift, and that in this rapidity of action lies the hope of combating the slower processes of disease.

Let us suppose the doctor is in possession of this knowledge. Remembering that he is dealing with a man and not with a test-tube or a guinea pig, he will reflect that his patient has a number of subjective sensations and that he is capable of expressing them. This point which distinguishes him from the test-tube and the guinea pig is vastly more important than anything they have in common. The doctor will, therefore, question his patient, and find out what is the totality of mental and body characteristics present. He will then administer the drug, of which specific effects include the production of such symptoms. Why does he do this? Is he aiming at creating the symptoms twice over? Not at all. In accordance with the general law we have already quoted, he knows that the Vital Force of the individual will be stirred to do the opposite of the attempt made upon it. In an attenuation which will not suffice to create the symptoms, the drug will stimulate and call into activity the Vital Force. So will a 'tonic.' Here, however, is the essential difference, that, whereas the 'tonic' has merely given a general stimulus, the properly selected drug has focussed the reaction of the Vital Force precisely on the points where its curative action is needed. It is a direct and scientific attack on disease. It is possible only if doctors know the specific action of drugs on the human organism. They do not know it. They know something of their chemical and physical effects, but nothing at all of their *specific* action.

So long as this ignorance continues, it is idle to rail against unregistered doctors. The complete reform of medical studies is the only practical method of dealing with the problem of 'unqualified practice.'

RAPHAEL ROCHE.

## Art. 8.—'A SOCIALIST FANTASY': THE LAST WORD.

It is perhaps an over-venturesome and ungracious act for a comparatively young and inexperienced author to attack those of high and undisputed standing. Mr and Mrs Hammond could no doubt have afforded to ignore my article, 'A Socialist Fantasy,' which appeared in the January 'Quarterly'; they have, however, done me the honour to reply to it; and the Editor of the 'Quarterly' has given me the opportunity of making a brief comment on their reply. I am glad to do this, as it enables me to remove, I hope, one misconception. Mr and Mrs Hammond believed that I intended, as they say, to accuse them of 'a wilful and scheming unfairness.' I thought (and confess I still think) that Mr and Mrs Hammond had been led astray by prejudice and party feeling; but I did not desire to accuse them of conscious and deliberate misstatements, and I must express my regret at any pain that this misunderstanding may have caused them.

The greater part of their article needs no reply from me. It consists mainly of discussions and arguments, in which the materials of which I made use are presented from a different point of view. I am well content to leave the final judgment to any unprejudiced reader of both articles, my own and that of Mr and Mrs Hammond. My courteous antagonists, however, have naturally not been content to remain on the defensive, but have carried the war into the enemy's country. They have convicted me of some minor inaccuracies, due to my own carelessness in correcting proofs—it is a temptation to blame the printer, but I will resist it—such as that a reference, which ought to have read 'Report, p. 7-8,' was printed as 'Report, p. 78'; and that I called the Mines Report of 1842 the Coal Report of 1844. I even confess, with all due humility, that I actually spoke of a 'Committee' as a 'Commission.'

It is, however, a different matter when Mr and Mrs Hammond accuse me of misquoting documents, and these points I must answer in more detail. They doubt the accuracy of the phrase quoted from the Factory Commissioners of 1833, 'trivial indeed compared to the injury inflicted on the child.' Here then is the entire passage:

'It is true that some of the parents, whose families consist of a larger proportion of children of the restricted than of the

unrestricted ages, and who are willing to derive a part of their income from the premature and excessive labour of their children, may feel an interest in continuing the present practice, although we beg to refer to Dr Mitchell's Report for satisfactory evidence of "the small amount of wages of very young children employed," which, from the Tables calculated by him, will be seen to be in the case of some children of six years of age, as low as 6d. a week, and in the case of children as old as ten years, will be seen to average, in some districts, under 2s. a week; and in the other districts, from 2s. to 3s. a week, affording an advantage to the parent *trivial indeed compared with the injury inflicted on the child.*

Mr and Mrs Hammond ask whether I had read the letter, from Foster to Peel, which bore the endorsement by Peel wrongly quoted by them. I have read it: I had even copied it into my note-book, and with my own hand too, as I am unfortunately not in a position to employ a ghost. I have re-read it, and it still appears to me to bear the meaning that I attributed to it. Foster enumerated three methods of procedure: the first he rejected as too dangerous; the second he thought would be rejected by the authorities as 'too strong a measure'; the third, which he regarded as the most practicable, and which was the only one he took the trouble to develop in any detail, was to take proceedings against picketing. I stated in my article that Peel was considering measures against picketing, and referred to this letter as developing them: he had earlier considered more general measures, but had since rejected them. I was, therefore, correct in stating that the mangled version of the document quoted by Mr and Mrs Hammond gave a wrong impression of Peel's intentions.

Mr and Mrs Hammond then proceed to attribute to me words and opinions that are exactly contrary to the truth. They state: 'She wants to discredit our statement that for men in the mines the working day was often twelve hours.' In reply to this I need only repeat the words which I actually used: 'One would conclude (from Mr and Mrs Hammond's statements) that 12 hours was the shortest, or at least the usual time worked by men. But this was not the case. In the bad districts—Derby, Durham, and Eastern Scotland—far longer hours were often worked by men'; and I then went on to give

many instances, from the Mines Report, where the hours worked by men were from 8 to 11. It seems extraordinary that with my article before them Mr and Mrs Hammond could so misrepresent my words.

Equally strange is their statement that I gave the hours of labour in Lancashire inaccurately. They say :

'The commissioners have two paragraphs about Lancashire, apart from Oldham. They are as follows : "Lancashire and Cheshire. In this district the hours of work are extremely variable, but from 5 in the morning to 5 in the afternoon, or from 6 in the morning to 6 in the evening appear to be the usual hours." "North Lancashire. In this district the hours of work vary in different collieries from 8 to 12." Miss Ramsay suppresses the first statement and changes "North Lancashire" to "In Lancashire generally from 8 to 12."'

Thus we see by the positive statement of Mr and Mrs Hammond, the hours in Lancashire excluding North Lancashire were generally 12 ; and in North Lancashire from 8 to 12. I stated that the hours in Lancashire were generally from 8 to 12 ; and my statement is shown by Mr and Mrs Hammond themselves to have been correct.

Mr and Mrs Hammond go on to say : 'Miss Ramsay attempts to discredit our perfectly correct statements on the subject of hours in the textile mills. . . . She is angry with us for talking of 14 or 15 hours' confinement in the factories.' To show that this charge is unfounded, I shall summarise briefly what I did say. I began by saying that the facts of child labour 'are so horrible that they need no exaggeration.' I then quoted Mr and Mrs Hammond saying, in 'The Town Labourer,' that the children worked from 5 or 6 a.m. to 7 or 8 p.m., 'Saturdays included' ; and I placed the last two words in italics ; and I pointed out that by the evidence of the Factory Commission Reports many, perhaps the majority of, factories closed early on Saturdays. I then quoted Mr and Mrs Hammond as saying that the employer witnesses before the Commission of 1816 'admitted that the regular factory hours varied from 13 to 15 a day' ; and I pointed out that of the 17 employer witnesses only 4 admitted to working 13 hours a day or over. I did not even say that I believed all these witnesses : I merely stated an indisputable fact, and I added : 'I do not say these hours of labour were proper for children ; I do not say



it was not iniquitous to work children for such hours.' But Mr and Mrs Hammond seem to wish to represent me as a callous and heartless 'scientific' historian, preoccupied with statistics and underrating or ignoring the human element.

Again, I pointed out that the evidence quoted from Sadler's Committee did not prove the statements made by Mr and Mrs Hammond regarding the practice of the parish overseers in giving relief. Mr and Mrs Hammond do not attempt to refute me here (for that is impossible); they say, however, that I 'disregard the important evidence given by the overseer from Manchester before the Lords' Committee' of 1818. Why should I have regarded it? Mr and Mrs Hammond did not offer it as evidence until this moment; they have presumably discovered it since writing the book. The evidence that they gave did not prove their point, and they ought, I think, to be very grateful to me if I have drawn their attention to any piece of evidence of greater value. A similar excuse is offered in the case of the unfortunate Mr Jones, and the spinners' delegates. Here Mr and Mrs Hammond gave a one-sided version of the facts, suppressed all incidents discreditable to the spinners, and then said that the law officers of the Crown acted 'illegally' in proposing to prosecute them. They now state that in another book, published at an interval of several years, they gave a more correct account of the affair. I suppose we are to assume that all persons who read one book by Mr and Mrs Hammond fly, without loss of time, to read the others, and carefully compare them.

I shall end, as I began, with an apology. Mr and Mrs Hammond say that they have corrected one of the mistakes to which I drew attention in the most recent edition of their 'Town Labourer.' I ought to have used this edition; in excuse I can only say that I instructed my bookseller to procure me the latest edition, and that he assured me that there had been none issued since 1925. I regret the injustice. Lack of space prevented Mr and Mrs Hammond from making a reply to more than one or two of my accusations. I regret this also, as I should have very much liked to see their reply to the others.

A. A. W. RAMSAY.



## Art. 9.—STRATEGY AND THE AMERICAN WAR.

How far were the errors of 1914–18, and the exorbitant cost and length of the war, due to misleading historical signposts? Did military thought and doctrine in Europe during the generation of preparation which preceded the coming of the struggle follow a bypath, indeed a blind alley, of historical experience instead of following the high-road? It is a provocative speculation and one of the widest bearing because of the momentous consequences of such a false direction. Here we shall attempt to answer it by examining the historical ground on which the Great Powers of Europe based their theory of war. If it should be found that they took a false direction their method of 'reconnaissance' must be held partly responsible. For in training the thought of the future leaders and staff officers of the armies the accepted practice was to select and concentrate on one or two campaigns, and to study these intensively and exhaustively, rather than to make an extensive survey of the whole of military history. This intensive method was in itself a reversal of that followed by the foremost commanders of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries who nourished their minds on classical history, and a contradiction also of Napoleon's admonition to 'read and re-read' the campaigns of the Great Captains from Alexander to Frederick.

Napoleon assuredly prescribed an extensive survey, and the hard-working military student of the early twentieth century must have wondered how any active soldier could find time for it. The natural explanation is that Napoleon's method of study was utterly different from that of a century later, which faithfully tried to imitate the method of historical research developed in the civil schools of history. Napoleon directed his studies towards the psychology of earlier commanders, and was satisfied with a broad outline of their plans and actions without immersing himself in the myriad details of their battles and operations, an obsolete and useless form of knowledge. It is only of antiquarian interest to be able to recite those minute details. Indeed, it is even a danger, for while the mind of the leader remains a

profitable study the means of war change from war to war, and the one constant factor about these is their inconstancy. Where weapons, equipment, and conditions have all changed, the more we narrow our field of study to a few examples the more danger is there that we shall derive false lessons. Bearing in mind this danger of the intensive method of study we now turn to its actual direction during the pre-1914 period.

For the Continental general staffs the campaigns of 1866 and 1870, the last big wars, almost filled their horizon. It is true that they studied the Napoleonic campaigns and appealed constantly to Napoleon's authority, but his light came to them through the mist of 1866 and 1870 and was filtered also in passing through the interpretative glass of Clausewitz, to whose teaching and interpretation all the greater weight was attached because to it were traced the astounding successes of the Prussian army in 1866 and 1870. With few exceptions Continental military thinkers ignored the instructional value of the American Civil War, regarding this as a mere war of amateurs. Here, at least, British military thought, a later and more slender growth, diverged from Continental practice. Its expansion was due above all to Colonel Henderson's influence and to the interest with which he invested the study of military history. And the finest fruit of his literary work was his book on 'Stonewall' Jackson. This led his countrymen to study the American Civil War at least equally with the Franco-German War. But only one aspect of it, and here lay a dangerously narrow tendency. That the book perhaps embodied more of Henderson's conception of war than of Jackson's execution did not matter, even enriched it as a military course of instruction and a school for commanders. But by the very spell it cast, his pupils and their pupils were led to concentrate their attention on the campaigns in Virginia to the exclusion of all else. Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that many British soldiers who could have enumerated every skirmish and road in the Shenandoah Valley were scarcely aware that the war was also actively waged in the west, far less that the campaigns in the west were vastly more important and decisive than in the Shenandoah Valley. If the latter was 'Napoleonic' in its brilliance, in its swift punches and

fertile combinations, British strategy has rarely been Napoleonic, indeed often the reverse, and yet while risking less it has gained an empire wider and more enduring. The Civil War campaigns 'on the circumference' were far more akin to British traditions and conditions, and in neglecting them British military thought also strayed down an enticing lane instead of keeping to the high-road. And even such advantage as this might have had over the Continental blind alley was lost when the late Sir Henry Wilson's 'military conversations' with the French general staff before 1914 pledged and tied the British Expeditionary Force to the chariot wheels of French strategy.

If, then, we are left with the campaigns of 1866 and 1870 as the main historical foundation for the doctrines on which the World War was conducted, we need to examine their value for such a purpose. In each case a comparatively quick decision was obtained—although not so quickly in the second. This was good if there was a likelihood that such a quick decision could again be repeated. But could the conditions which made it possible be repeated even in a general way? Each had been practically a two-party contest with only minor complications. In each the defeated side had relied on a professional army of routine rather than educational training, poor in organisation and equipment, and without preparation for applying the resources of the nation to their development. If we balance these two wars against the rest of history, it is difficult to find another where inferiority of force and stupidity of mind were both so unmistakably in the scales of the defeated side, weighing down its fortunes from the outset. In 1866, the Austrians' inferiority of force rested primarily in the fact of being armed with an inferior weapon—for the Prussians' breech-loading rifle gave them an advantage over the Austrians' muzzle-loader which the battlefield amply proved, even if the new generation of academic military thought tended to overlook it. In 1870, the French inferiority of force lay partly in weaker strength and partly, as also with the Austrians in 1866, in inferior training.

These double conditions are more than adequate to explain the decisiveness of the Austrian and French defeats. They were certainly exceptional, and in dis-

cussion or preparation for war no soldier would venture to base his plans on the assumption that his enemy would be as weak in brain and body as the losers here revealed themselves. Yet the confidence in a short war and a quick victory shown by the rival General Staffs of 1914 can only be explained by such an assumption. And likewise their strategy, which relied on the prompt application of superior force in a direct manner and with little trace of guile. It is true that the Germans did their best to ensure that this physical superiority was realised and that originally Schlieffen had invested their plan with a subtlety that his successor, the younger Moltke, discarded. It is true also that the French command did its utmost to vie with that of 1870 in blindness and to surpass it in rashness, so that the Germans' preconceptions of a short war nearly found a better basis in fact than it had in reason. For the French, ignoring all the experience of history, placed their trust in an undisguised and headlong offensive, a strategy of purely direct approach. And for the necessary superiority of force to make this even a remote possibility, they were pathetically content to assume that the moral superiority of French troops was sufficient to offset any inconvenient inferiority of numbers, and that traditional *élan* was invulnerable to bullets. In consequence, they rushed to place their heads in the trap which Schlieffen had devised. Fortunately for them his successor had shut up the trap so that they recoiled from their headlong assault bruised but not broken. Once they fell back it was almost a mathematical certainty, by historical data, that the advance of the pursuing Germans into France, which became more and more direct, would end in failure. This it duly did, and if the general significance of the Marne 'battle' is that it turned back the German tide of invasion, the military significance is how comparatively slight was the fighting which sufficed to turn it back. Each side had now tried a direct approach, each in turn had failed, deadlock ensued, and a long war became inevitable.

General von Seeckt, the man who planned Germany's great offensives in Galicia and the Balkans and after the war rebuilt her army, has aptly focussed the 'cardinal mistakes' of the Great General Staff.

'In spite of the universal conviction that a war would be a matter of life or death to Germany, and in spite also of the fact that, at any rate in military circles, we reckoned on a war on two fronts, that is to say with a numerical superiority on the part of the enemy, our national resources were not fully exploited, . . . and by the same token actual economic mobilisation did not exist. . . . Everything was risked on the strength and rapidity of the first blow, although Schlieffen had warned us by pointing out the possibility of another seven years' war.'

But besides the economic organisation of the nation for war, there is also the question of economic application—of striking at the economic strength of the enemy nation. It may be said that this is not the soldier's business but that of the Government, which alone can marshal the resources of finance, trade, and diplomacy to develop economic pressure on the enemy. In the wider sphere this is true, but the strategist also can apply force to this end, and can indeed do far more to destroy the enemy's economic strength than to sustain that of his own country. Moreover, even in the strictly military sphere he can exploit economic force against the opposing forces. Many strategists in history, from Hannibal, Fabius, Scipio, and Cæsar down to Wallenstein, Cromwell, Wellington, and Napoleon, have shown their appreciation of this power.

Let us now see what light the American Civil War sheds upon these problems of modern warfare. Would the military doctrines of 1914 have been different if the General Staffs of Europe had scientifically studied and adequately reflected upon the American Civil War as a whole, and not merely the Virginian battlefields, instead of drawing their inspiration from the 1866 and 1870 wars? An examination of the war of 1861-65 may teach us something about the question whether strategists are justified in expecting a decision from a direct offensive, as well as about the effect of striking at the stomachs of the enemy people and army, instead of merely at their bodies. By the common consent of military critics who have studied the American Civil War the standard of generalship was high, indeed the highest since Napoleon. And in considering the claims of commanders to be in the first rank, it supplies more candidates than any war

in history. This is the more significant because although most of the proved leaders had been professional soldiers, almost all of the best had left the army young and had varied their experience with civil employment. Sherman and McClellan had experience of business enterprise and civil transport administration; Lee, Johnson, and Meade had been engaged in sundry civil engineering activities; Jackson as well as Sherman had been civil professors, and the latter had even extended his occupational experience to banking. Grant, after leaving the army, had been a rolling stone of a much humbler sort. All, moreover, when the call and opportunity came, were extremely young by modern standards.

The result was seen in a refreshing elasticity of mind and fertility of resource in tactics and what may be termed local strategy. But the conventional aim for long directed the major operations. In the opening campaign the opposing armies sought each other in a direct advance, and the result was indecisive alike in Virginia and in Missouri. Then McClellan, appointed to the command-in-chief of the North, in 1862 conceived the plan of utilising sea-power to transfer his army on to the enemy's strategic flank—not their rear. If this undoubtedly had richer prospects than a direct overland advance, it seems to have been conceived more as the means of a shorter direct approach to Richmond, the enemy's capital, than as an indirect approach in the true sense. But these prospects were nullified by President Lincoln's reluctance to accept a calculated risk, in consequence of which he kept back McDowell's corps for the direct protection of Washington and so deprived McClellan, not only of part of his strength but of the element of distraction essential to the success of his plan. Hence on landing he lost a month in front of Yorktown, and the plan had to be altered to a convergent or semi-direct approach in conjunction with McDowell, who was only allowed to advance overland along the direct approach from Washington to Richmond. Then, however, 'Stone-wall' Jackson's indirect operations in the Shenandoah Valley exerted such a moral influence on the Washington Government as again to suspend McDowell's share in the main advance. Even so, McClellan's advanced troops were within four miles of Richmond, ready for the final



spring, before Lee was sufficiently strong to intervene. And even after McClellan's tactical set-back in the Seven Days' Battles, he had the strategical advantage, perhaps greater than before, for the interruption of his flank march had not prevented him switching his base southwards to the James River, whereby he had not only secured his own communications but placed himself dangerously close to the enemy's communications running southward from Richmond. But the advantage was forfeited by a change of strategy. Halleck, placed over McClellan's head from political motives as General-in-Chief, ordered McClellan's army to be re-embarked and withdrawn northward to unite with Pope's army in a direct overland advance. As so often in history a direct doubling of strength meant not a doubling but a halving of the effect through simplifying the enemy's 'lines of expectation.' Yet Halleck's strategy fulfils the obvious interpretation of the principle of concentration—thereby revealing the pitfalls which underlie the glib use of this popular panacea for all military ills. The ineffectiveness of the strategy of direct approach which ruled throughout the second half of 1862 was appropriately sealed by the bloody repulse at Fredericksburg on Dec. 13. And the continuance of this strategy in 1863 led, not to a closer approach to Richmond, but to a confederate invasion of Northern territory following the collapse of the Federal offensive. The direct invasion was in turn repulsed at Gettysburg, and the close of the year saw both armies back at their original positions, both too drained of blood to do more than bare their teeth at each other across the Rapidan and Rappahannock. It is significant that in these campaigns of mutual direct approach, such advantage as there was inclined in turn to the side which stood on the defensive, content to counter the other's advance. For in such strategical conditions the defensive is inherently the less direct form of two direct strategies.

The repulse of Lee's invasion at Gettysburg has commonly been acclaimed the turning-point of the war, but the claim is only justified in a dramatic sense, and the sober verdict of historical opinion has more and more emphasised the fact that the decisive effects came from the West. The first was as early as April 1862, when Farragut's squadron ran past the forts guarding



the mouth of the Mississippi and thereby gained the bloodless surrender of New Orleans. It was truly the thin end of a strategical wedge which split the Confederacy up the vital line of this great river. The second decisive effect was achieved on the central Mississippi on July 4, the same day as Lee began his retreat from Gettysburg. This was the capture of Vicksburg by Grant, which gave the Federals complete control of the Mississippi. Thereby the Confederacy was deprived permanently of the nourishment of reinforcements and supplies from the Trans-Mississippi states. But the grand strategical effect of this concentration against the junior partner should not be allowed to overshadow the strategical means by which it was achieved. The first approach to Vicksburg in December 1862 had been slightly indirect, and had failed. In February and March 1863 four unsuccessful attempts were made to reach the goal by narrow out-flanking manœuvres. Then in April Grant resorted to a wide indirect approach which has a likeness, not merely in its audacity, to Wolfe's final bid for Quebec. Part of the Federal fleet and transports ran southward past the Vicksburg batteries by night to a point thirty miles below the fortress. The bulk of the army moved thither overland by the west bank of the Mississippi, and under cover of Sherman's distracting movements towards the north-east of Vicksburg, it was transported to the east bank in face of weak opposition. Then, when Sherman rejoined him, Grant took the calculated risk of cutting himself loose from his new temporary base and moving north-eastward into the enemy's territory to place himself on the rear of Vicksburg and astride its communications with the main Eastern states of the Confederacy, having made almost a complete circuit from his starting-point. He thus appeared to place himself midway between the enemy's two jaws—their forces concentrating respectively at Vicksburg and at Jackson, forty miles east, the junction of a lateral north and south railway with the main east and west line. But in reality he dislocated the action of these jaws. It is worth while to note that on arriving at this railway he found it advisable first to move his whole army eastward to compel the enemy to evacuate Jackson, an illustration of the change in strategical conditions brought about by

the development of railways. For while Napoleon had used the line of a river or range of hills as his strategic barrage, Grant's strategic barrage was constituted by the possession of a single point—a railway junction. This secured, he then turned about and moved on Vicksburg, which was now isolated, and remained isolated long enough to ensure its capitulation seven weeks later. The strategic sequel was the opening of the Chattanooga gateway into Georgia, the granary of the Confederacy, and thence into the Eastern states as a whole.

Defeat was now hardly avoidable by the Confederacy. Yet the Federals almost forfeited the victory already ensured. For in 1864, with the North growing weary under the strain, the moral element became preponderant. The peace party was being daily swelled from the ranks of the war-weary, the presidential election was due in November, and unless Lincoln was to be supplanted by a president pledged to seek a compromise peace, a solid guarantee of early victory must be forthcoming. To this end Grant was summoned from the West to take over the supreme command. How did he seek to gain the required early victory? By the strategy which good orthodox soldiers always adopt—that of using his immensely superior weight to smash the opposing army, or at least to wear it down by a 'continuous hammering.' We have seen that in the Vicksburg campaign he had only adopted the true indirect approach after repeated direct approaches had failed. He had then brought it off with masterly skill, but the underlying lesson had not apparently impressed itself on his mind.

Now, in supreme command, he was true to his nature. He decided on the old direct overland approach southward from the Rappahannock towards Richmond. But with a certain difference of aim—for the enemy's army rather than the enemy's capital was his real objective. He directed his subordinate, Meade, that 'wherever Lee goes, there you will go too.' And in justice to Grant, it should also be noted that if his approach was direct in the broad sense, it was in no sense a mere frontal push. Indeed, he continuously sought to turn his enemy's flanks by manœuvre, if of a narrow radius. Further, he fulfilled all the good military precepts of keeping his army well concentrated and of maintaining his objective

undeterred by alarms elsewhere. Even a Foch could not have surpassed his 'will to victory.' And those who practised his method in 1914-18 might justly envy him the generous support given and unfailing confidence shown by his political chief. Surely the conditions were ideal for the orthodox strategy of direct approach in its best manner?

Yet by the end of the summer of 1864 the ripe fruit of victory had withered in the hands of the North. The Federals had almost reached the end of their endurance, and Lincoln despaired of re-election—a sorry repayment for the blank cheque he had given his military executant. It is an ironical reflection that the determination with which Grant had wielded his superior weight, now fearfully shrunk after the fierce battles of the Wilderness and Cold Harbour, had utterly failed to crush the enemy's army, while the chief result—the geographical advantage of having worked round close to the rear of Richmond—was gained by the bloodless manœuvres which had punctuated his advance. He had thus the modified satisfaction of being back, after immense loss, in the position which McClellan had occupied in 1862. But when the sky looked blackest it suddenly lightened. At the November elections Lincoln was returned to power. What factor came to the rescue and averted the probability that McClellan, the nominee of the peace-desiring democratic party, would replace him? Not Grant's campaign which made practically no progress between July and December, and definitely petered out with a costly double failure in mid-October. By the verdict of historians, Sherman's capture of Atlanta in September was the instrument of salvation.

When Grant had been called to the supreme command, Sherman, who had played no small part in his Vicksburg success, had succeeded him in the chief command in the West. Between the two there was a contrast of outlook. While Grant's primary objective was the enemy's army, Sherman's was the seizure of strategic points. Atlanta, the base of the enemy army opposing him, was not only the junction of four important railways, but the source of vital supplies. As Sherman pointed out, it was 'full of foundries, arsenals, and machine shops' besides being a moral symbol, and he held that 'its capture would be

the death-knell of the Confederacy.' And he sought to strike it by manœuvre, as far as possible, rather than battle—deeply imbued with the idea of success at the cheapest possible price. Whatever divergence of opinion may exist as to the respective merits of Grant's objective and Sherman's, it is obvious that the latter is better suited to the psychology of a democracy. Perhaps only an absolute ruler, firmly in the saddle, can hope to maintain unswervingly the military ideal of the 'armed forces' objective, although even he will be wise to adjust it to the realities of the situation and to weigh well the prospects of fulfilling it. But the strategist who is the servant of a democratic government has less rein. Dependent on the support and confidence of his employers, he has to work within a narrower margin of time and cost than the 'absolute' strategist, and is more pressed for quick profits. Whatever the ultimate prospects he cannot afford to postpone dividends too long. Hence it may be necessary for him to swerve aside temporarily from his objective or at least to give it a new guise by changing his line of operations. Faced with these inevitable handicaps it is apt for us to ask whether military theory should not be more ready to reconcile its ideals with the inconvenient reality that its military effort rests on a popular foundation—that for the supply of men and munitions, and even for the chance of continuing the fight at all, it depends on the consent of the 'man in the street.' He who pays the piper calls the tune, and strategists might be better paid in kind if they attuned their strategy, so far as is rightly possible, to the popular ear.

Sherman's economy of force by manœuvre is the more notable because, compared to Grant in Virginia, he was practically tied to one line of railway for his supplies. Yet, rather than commit his troops to a direct attack, he cut loose temporarily even from this. Only once in all these weeks of manœuvre did he permit a frontal attack, at Kenesaw Mountain, and it is as significant that he did it to save his troops from the strain of a further flank march over rain-swamped roads as that it suffered a repulse—which was mitigated because the attack was stopped immediately after the first check. This, indeed, was the only occasion during the whole 100-mile advance

through mountainous and river-intersected country that Sherman committed his troops to an offensive battle. Instead, he manœuvred so skilfully as to lure the Confederates time after time into vain attacks. Thus to force an opponent acting on the strategic defensive, into a succession of costly tactical offensives, was a triumph of strategic artistry. And it was all the more meritorious because of the way Sherman was tied to a single line of communications. Even from the narrowest military criterion, ignoring its immense moral and economic effect, it was a great feat, for Sherman inflicted more casualties than he suffered, not merely relatively but actually—in 'striking' comparison with Grant in Virginia. Atlanta gained, Sherman took a risk greater than before, and one for which he has been much criticised by military commentators. He was convinced that if he could march through and ruin the railway systems of Georgia, the granary of the South, and then the Carolinas, the moral impression of this invasion of the heart of the South and the stoppage of supplies going north to Richmond and Lee's army, would cause the collapse of the Confederates' resistance. Hence, ignoring Hood's army, which he had forced to evacuate Atlanta, he began his famous 'march to the sea' through Georgia, living on the country while he destroyed the railways. On Nov. 15, 1864, he left Atlanta; on Dec. 10 he reached the outskirts of Savannah and there reopened his communications, this time by sea, as well as depriving the South of its chief remaining ports. Then he moved northwards through the Carolinas towards Lee's rear. Not until over three months later, the beginning of April, did Grant resume his advance. This obtained a dramatic success, and the surrender of Richmond was followed within a week by the surrender of Lee's army. Superficially it was a triumphant vindication for Grant's direct strategy and 'battle' objective. But for a serious judgment the time factor is all important. The collapse of the Confederate resistance was due to the emptiness of its stomach reacting on its moral. The indirect approach to the enemy's economic and moral rear had proved as decisive in the ultimate phase as it had been in the successive stops by which that decision was prepared in the West. The truth comes home to any one who undertakes a careful and comprehensive

study of the war. It was appreciated more than twenty years ago by the present British official historian of the World War, General Edmonds, whose verdict was that—

‘The military genius of the great Confederate leaders, Lee and Jackson, the unrivalled fighting capacity of the Army of Northern Virginia, and the close proximity of the rival capitals, have caused a disproportionate attention to be concentrated upon the eastern theatre of war. But it was in the west that the decisive blows were struck. The capture of Vicksburg and Port Hudson in July 1863, was the real turning-point of the war, and it was the operations of Sherman’s grand army of the west which really led to the collapse of the Confederacy at Appomattox Court House.’

What might have been the effect, and the difference, if military thought in pre-1914 Europe had been nourished on a comprehensive study of 1861–65 instead of on 1866–71? First, surely, a realisation of the fact that a quick decision in such a conflict of nations was but a bare possibility, which could only be fulfilled by adopting a truly subtle indirect approach to lure the opponent into a strategic trap. Imbued with this appreciation it would surely have been impossible for the French General Staff to have adopted, or the French Government to have sanctioned, the egregious Plan XVII. Nor could the Russians or their allies have pinned any misplaced faith in that noisy but immobile advance of the ‘steam-roller.’

The German plan as designed by Schlieffen was more hopeful. While swinging a powerful right wing through Belgium he intended his left to be so weak that any French offensive in Lorraine would push it back. The further it was driven back, the further would the French be committed to this false move and the more would their rear be exposed to the sweeping blow of his right wing. Like a neck their communications would be stretched out to receive the falling axe. The plan was shrewdly adjusted to the French temperament and their new offensive doctrine. Indeed, in August 1914 the French ‘head’ was laid blindfold on Schlieffen’s block; fortunately Moltke had blunted the axe and with his own hands pushed the French away from the block. If Schlieffen’s plan, based on an analysis of two thousand years of war, could hardly have been improved by a wider study of the last fifty years, a healthy fear of



indecisive results might have outweighed Moltke's fear of Schlieffen's bold plan, which led him to strengthen the left wing at the expense of the right and so to counteract its essential purpose as a bait. As it was, while the French rushed to fall into the trap, Moltke rushed troops to push them out, and so save them. An irony of history.

But an adequate study of the American Civil War would also have warned the General Staffs of Europe to expect and prepare for a long war, even though they hoped for a short war. The expectation might at least have encouraged them to reckon with economic factors, to broaden their studies accordingly, to facilitate the economic mobilisation of the nation, and to give more research, more sympathy also, to new inventions which might turn the balance of a protracted war. It might have warned them of the danger of sacrificing big political advantages for immediate military gains, and the danger of antagonising neutrals or of failing to enlist possible allies. Moreover, once the opening moves had ended in stalemate, they might better have appreciated that, in default of a fresh trap, economic factors would decide the issue. Realising this they might have so guided the military effort as to strike, like Sherman, at the enemy's economic foundations or at the least to help the blockade in undermining that foundation. Let it be said that one 'military' body, the British Navy, revealed a true insight into modern conditions. Refusing to risk or waste its strength in battle, unless battle could be obtained under decisively favourable circumstances, it exerted itself to the full, within the limits allowed by policy, to develop the economic stranglehold on the enemy. And when the United States entered the war those limits were extended, the grip tightened, not only without restraint but with decisive vigour.

Should war recur, these lessons, above all that military power rests on an economic foundation, are likely to be repeated and amplified. National conditions and the development of civilisation are bringing new influences to bear on strategy and opening to strategy new channels of influence. For with the growth of democracy the war-will of the opposing state has become more diffused and more sensitive. And with the higher social organisa-



tion of to-day and the interwoven dependence of districts upon each other, the economic targets have multiplied and become more vulnerable. So also through the increasing concentration of a nation's food, water, light, and heat supplies.

To overthrow the opponent's armed forces may still be the quickest way to cause the collapse of his national will to resist—if it can be achieved. But the more complex and highly developed civil conditions constitute a stronger argument than ever against the attempt unless the prospects are highly favourable, and they give the strategist not only an alternative channel of action but an additional lever toward even his military aims. For by threatening economic objectives he may be able to upset the opponent's military dispositions, while the greater frequency and sensitiveness of such quasi-civil objectives make it more difficult to cover them with an armed shield and easier for the opponent, slipping past the shield, to strike at them decisively. Vastly easier, too, because of the introduction of the air weapon, with its great speed and three-dimensional power of movement. Aircraft come endowed with a knight's move to supplement the military pawns and rooks on the chessboard of war.

B. H. LIDDELL HART.

## Art. 10.—THE CATHEDRALS AND REFORM.

1. *The Cathedral, its necessary place in the Life and Work of the Church.* By E. W. Benson. Murray, 1878.
2. *The Statutes governing the Cathedral Church of Winchester.* Edited by A. W. Goodman, B.D., and W. H. Hutton, D.D. Oxford, 1925.
3. *Report of the Cathedrals Commission.* Parts I and II, Report and Appendices. Church Assembly and S.P.C.K., 1927.

'THERE was a time,' writes Dr Cranage, 'when the abbeys of England stood proudly with no thought of the coming storm; when the monks and canons day by day were worshipping God according to their lights, were teaching the children as their knowledge allowed, were foremost in the arts and sciences, were ruling large territories with kindness and wisdom, were feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, and welcoming the stranger.'

The unquestioned power of the Mediæval Church, of which the cathedrals represented the most important movement, came from its many and varied spheres of beneficent influence. In those days it was the Church that cared for the bodily needs of men, supplying them with livelihood, medicine, out-relief; it gave them such education as there was; and saved their souls, generally with picturesque menaces of Eternal Damnation. It can hardly cause surprise that the influence of the same Church to-day is not as potent or as far-reaching, when the ground has been so cut away beneath it. Apart from the vast increase in population, the State now provides for physical needs and education. The rise of so-called free thought has weaned men from authoritative doctrine and enslaved the great bulk of current thought to the newspapers, and has rendered eternal punishment no longer a working hypothesis. Yet still the Cathedral system, the outward and visible sign of the Church, stands—the shadow of a great name. The time has come for calling it to an account for the revenues expended on it, which although obviously inadequate are still considerable; and the current zeal for economy, efficiency, and commissionising could hardly refrain from so promising a field. In 1924 the Church Assembly

appointed a commission of sixteen, later supplemented by four others, 'To inquire and report upon the questions raised in sections 101 to 111 of the Report of the Commission of Inquiry into the Property and Revenues of the Church as to Cathedral and Collegiate Churches and Capitular Bodies.'

During the past hundred years, when the need for reform has been manifestly more pressing than it is to-day, some four Commissions have sat on our cathedrals. Their reports came to very little, mainly because of the complications of the legal machinery necessary for executing their recommendations. Of the Fourth Report, which was carried into effect by the Act of 1840, Mr Freeman wrote, says Dr Hutton, that it was drawn up by men who had no sympathy with our ancient Cathedral Foundations and who had no knowledge of their nature and history. It was inconsistent, clumsy, illogical, in places even unintelligible. It destroyed much that it might well have preserved and preserved what might fitly have been destroyed. It was 'a monument of hasty and ill-considered legislation.' This sweeping condemnation is terribly suggestive of what is required in a Commissioner. He must have knowledge of his subject, sympathy with its spirit, and—this a trait difficult to hold in combination with the others—a flair for minding the shillings and pence.

The theories of our latest Commission are immaculate.

'At the outset,' say the commissioners, 'we wish to say that we have not regarded the cathedrals as a *tabula rasa* on which some new ideal or theory of cathedral life may be imposed. We accept and respect the long history which, at least in the case of the old cathedrals, lies behind them, which is their inheritance, which is indeed a part of their life and spirit. The changes which we propose affect only things which have become merely archaic. . . .'

And yet it is difficult to read through the recommendations, and still more to compare the reports of the sub-commissions which visited the thirty-nine cathedral and collegiate churches with the final report of the Commission, without feeling that the predominating influence was not impartial, and that in these days of Church

House and industrial mergers and combines, the Commission was and remained prejudiced in favour of a policy of extreme centralisation, a policy which seems wholly inconsistent with the history and ethos and usefulness of the cathedral system.

The essence of the cathedral system in the past has been diversity within limits. Local conditions have influenced their modes of operation, as they must inevitably affect their usefulness. The staffs have been free to serve God and their foundation along the lines of their own bent, for men working for the promotion of the glory of God are first and foremost living personalities, and not machines or executive posts. The most frequent irregularities (often petty, but far more important for the success as for the charm of our system than may at first sight appear) arise from the differences of statute; for our English cathedral system is one of the few, if not the only one, surviving in which each church is still maintained under the statutes of the founder. Durham, for example, is still maintained under the statutes of 'Philip and Mary.'

It is typical of the irregularity that there should at present be two main groups in the system, the churches of the Old and New Foundations, neither of them representing the original functions. The cathedral—the word was originally an adjective, but has also been used as a noun from at least the sixteenth century—drew its name from the *cathedra* of the bishop, which he placed there, permanently or in the course of his travels; the clergy attached to it lived together under a common rule, and acted as a *concilium* to the bishop, advising where they could not instruct. Between A.D. 900 and A.D. 1100 the cathedrals became organised into two classes, monastic and secular. In the monastic, there were no dignitaries and no internal government apart from that of the order to which the chapter belonged (all save Carlisle Benedictine) and all kept perpetual residence. Secular foundations were manned by bodies of clergy bound by no vows beyond their ordination vows, save by a code of statutes or 'canons'—hence the modern title. A definite scheme of organisation soon crystallised out, at the head of which was the Dean. Then came the Precentor, the Chancellor, who directed the learning, and the Treasurer

or Sacrist. These constituted the *quattuor majores personæ*. There were also canons, who soon became mostly non-resident, and engaged vicars-choral to perform their duties in the cathedral. Such was the constitution of churches of the Old Foundation. In the meantime, the monastic chapters were suppressed by Henry VIII, and all save Bath and Coventry refounded by him, with a Dean at the head, and a number of canons, ranging from twelve at Durham to four at Carlisle, with the Sacrist and Precentor as minor officers. Hence it is that Bath, Canterbury, Carlisle, Durham, Ely, Norwich, Rochester, Winchester, and Worcester are said to be of the New Foundation.

The Commission rightly refuse to discuss such matters of history, and content themselves with stating that their recommendations in the main tend to adopt the constitution of churches of the Old Foundation as the rule. But the questions remain whether the Old Foundation is better than the New, and if it is desirable so to standardise such organic growths as the cathedrals.

Before passing on to survey the various functions of members of Chapter it would be well to pause to consider the prime function of the cathedral and the relation between the cathedral with its dean and chapter and the bishop and the diocese. It must be remembered that cathedrals of the New Foundation, at all events, are the heirs of the Benedictines. They have a great and noble tradition of learning, generosity, and hospitality which must be maintained; but, first and foremost, they have by their liturgy and corporate life to exemplify the glory of God. The Commission prefaced their instructions to the sub-commissions thus: 'The first supreme aim of a cathedral is, by its own beauty and by the religious services held within it, to give continuous witness to the things unseen and eternal, and to offer continuous and reverent worship to Almighty God. To this supreme object all others must be subsidiary.' This was a good start. *O si sic omnia!* It was to the glory of God that abbots and priors and master-masons built their cathedrals. The great naves were not built to house congregations. As soon as a townsman was so indiscreet as to appear in the nave at a monastic service, a parish church

was promptly built in the neighbourhood to divert him. Hence the seemingly disproportionate number of parish churches that still survive in the shadow of our cathedrals. It is the greatness of our cathedral architecture, a greatness out of all proportion to the human element, which throughout the centuries has never failed to remind the world of something greater than itself, even in days when chapters have been sluggish and worse than non-existent. And it does not fail to-day. The cathedral of Chartres, says M. Huysmans, keeps watch

'over the unthinking city . . . alone beseeching pardon for the unreadiness for suffering, for the listlessness of faults displayed by her sons, lifting up her towers to the sky like two arms, while the spires mimic the shape of joined hands, the ten fingers all meeting and upright one against another in the position which the image-makers of old gave to the departed saints and warriors they carved upon tombs.'

An English cathedral may or may not move an English mind to such flamboyant sentiment, but it moves him no less deeply, and raises his thoughts from the mean-nesses of this naughty and material world to the duty of man to Almighty God.

Now Fountains and Tintern (or hypothetically a whole cathedral disestablished and taken over by the Office of Works) do not create the same impression; they evoke much sentimentality, but little else beyond a feeling of despair, that such otherworldliness and seeking after the eternal can have come to so little. The soul of our great cathedrals comes only in part from their architecture and history: it comes mostly from the human society which even in this age of such reputed materialism still upholds by corporate life and regular liturgical worship the glory of the eternal God. This, then, is the great mission of the cathedrals, a work which is still both possible and appreciated. The cathedral is not the preserve of the chapter in the old Benedictine manner, as it is not, or should not be, the preserve of a middle-class resident congregation, or of the half-wits who invariably cluster around a cathedral and frequent and harass the services with a regularity which is only pathetic.

Still less is it the private chapel of the bishop. In canon law the bishop is regarded as the pastor of the

cathedral, with the diocese as his parish and all other churches within the diocese as chapels of ease. In the past the cathedral has drawn away too far from the bishop and the diocese, generally from inertia finding an outlet in spite. The Commission do well to recall the cathedrals, if there is still the need at the present day, to their diocesan obligations; only it must be remembered that diocesan services are sometimes the least edifying of services in the cathedral, and that often the ensuing 'Tea' is a more important item in the outing than 'Evensong in the Cathedral.'

The cathedral, then, is the home of a corporate life and the mother church of the diocese, but in that order. Even to discuss the seat of ultimate authority within the building is truly *incedere per ignes*. The Commission admit that the relative merits of bishop and dean still constitute a very vexed problem, and create a position which is only made tolerable by a good deal of tact on all sides. But as for deciding who is the 'Ordinary' within the building they throw up helpless hands and pass on to another compromise. There has been a good deal of talk, especially in ruridecanal conferences, of abolishing deans altogether, and still more of divesting them of all dignity when confronted by the bishop. In modern foundations where the bishopric and deanery have been temporarily combined, it has been found not to work; and—on a similarly low level of judgment—where the bishop and dean fight for the crown, the one is often a check within the diocese on the vagaries of the other. The Commission leave the matter by recommending:

'We must content ourselves with recommending that, subject to the bishop's visitatorial rights, the chapter should decide matters concerning the services, whether regular or exceptional, within the cathedral, but that the bishop should have definite rights secured to him of using the cathedral for ordinations, confirmations, and other special services, of determining and ordering the form of such services, and of preaching and celebrating the Holy Communion in the cathedral with due notice.'

Little or nothing is said in their report of the position of the dean with regard to chapter, beyond describing



him as chairman. Sometimes, by statute or usurpation, he is an autocrat, sometimes helpless. The Commission do not appear to have profited from the late Dr Rashdall's wise and needed suggestion that the dean should be given the full powers for the arrangement of services (in which the thousand and one details call for quick decision) which are already his in some of the statutes.

If the main functions of a cathedral are twofold, there is a corresponding duality in the duties of canons. Canons may be regarded as a body of men living a corporate life, and engaged in all kinds of diocesan work, spiritual, musical, educational, operated from the centre, or as a group of travelling experts who roam over the diocese radiating good works, and use their official residences merely as hotels and offices. Each of these views combines a community of official address with diocesan usefulness; the difference lies in the relative importance attaching to each. There can be no question that of these two the first is right. The primary stress must be on the corporate life. Matters of close and open residence, as laid down in statutes, have in most cases long disappeared; and whether it be through an evangelical conscience which sees no point in much church-going, or business in many matters, or just slackness, attendance at church services outside the short periods of close residence, has generally become most irregular. 'It is most important that the residentiary canons should themselves give witness to the spirit of corporate life and worship which ought to animate the whole cathedral . . . they ought, unless prevented by ill health or necessary duty, to accustom themselves to attend the regular services of the cathedral.' But, says Van Linda, the learned bishop of Ghent, to his canons, 'let them in no wise think that they stand excused before God if their sole employment is the recitation of the office.' The Commission proposes to resurrect the disposition of the Old Foundations, in which each canon had a definite sphere of work, at once sufficiently wide and sufficiently restricted as to be practicable.

The most important officer next the dean in the old cathedrals was the precentor. The *Regula Canoniorum* of A.D. 816 beautifully expresses the proper character of

the cathedral service: 'Due praises humbly paid with such sweetness of reading and of melody as shall comfort the learned and educate the ignorant, their purpose for people's edification rather than empty pleasingness.' The Commission describe cathedral music as 'one of the noblest of all the traditions of cathedral life in England.' It is an integral part of the system and full choral services must be the first charge on a cathedral. The maintenance of these services has been the care of the precentor, a duty performed by him vicariously in the Old Foundations and in person and efficiently in the New. The Commission recommend that the precentor should have 'the ordering of worship, including supervision of the music,' and that he shall be a major canon. The organist is also to be raised from the despicable and ill-paid position he has hitherto occupied, and is to have what is practically a free hand with the music and worship. In fact, the organist is coming into his own (the days are not far distant when although a layman he will be given a seat if not a vote in chapter), the authority of the dean is ignored, and the precentorship, in spite of its professed restoration, is to become titular.

Minor canonries are likewise to be suppressed. Chanting is to be done by 'chaplains' or 'conducts,' apparently deacons whose main work is to acquire parochial experience, by major canons themselves, by local clergy, or even by one of the choirmen. But there is first the efficiency of the service to be considered. *Nemo repente fit turpissimus* may be translated, 'It takes seven years to make a lawyer'; but a chanter, even though born to it, is no less tediously made. For all the theoretical simplicity of the art, one has but to listen to current cathedral services to find that the good chanters, even among professionals, can be numbered on the fingers. And it would be futile to spend thousands of pounds *per annum* on organist and choir, and yet allow the service to be murdered by crude, inartistic, or even ludicrous chanting. There remains the still more important factor of the dignity of cathedral worship. Clergy in the Established Church are admittedly few, and can ill be spared for non-parochial work. But if the cathedrals are worth maintaining, they must have a number of clergy adequate for their essential dignity; if these

cannot be spared, then it were better to close the cathedrals altogether and turn their revenues, financial and human, into less expensive channels.

A far happier suggestion is the revival of the Old Foundation Chancellorship. As to the duties, according to Dean Colet: 'He is a teacher in erudition and doctrine, and is bound to lecture publicly in divinity unto the knowledge of God and instruction in life and morals.' At present Sunday schools are dwindling, the future of church schools is more than precarious. Most adults have recollections of some kind of religious instruction. But a generation is growing up which, in spite of a professed and often genuine thirst for knowledge, will have the very flimsiest acquaintance, if any, with either the Bible or the doctrine and meaning of the Christian Church. At a time when all sciences, including their queen Theology, are advancing rapidly, the wayfaring man is reduced for any acquaintance with both elements and progress of sacred subjects to letters and articles which appear in newspapers in times of religious controversy or of dearth of other and more sensational news, information uniformly partisan, ill-grounded, bewildering, and generally alien from Christianity. When in times of such newspaper publicity the reader of the daily paper is told that conservative theologians have held such and such a view for the last fifty years, he replies: 'Then why have you not told me before?' The parish priest, already so cumbered with roll-top desk work that he has but little time for the salvation of a minimum of souls, cannot be expected to give extension lectures. It is from the cathedrals that we might reasonably expect this service. In recommending the revival of the office of chancellor the Commission state:

'Our hope is that he would, to use the words of the Convocation report, "encourage and direct the studies of the clergy and laity of the diocese, e.g. by study circles, classes, lectures, summer schools, organised home reading, and courses of sermons calculated to assist the educated classes, many of whom feel the pressure of modern difficulties to attain a reasonable faith."'

Apart from educational work, there is the matter of learning. The Church of England has ever been a

learned Church, a characteristic from which it derives no small part of the esteem and affection with which it has always been and is still regarded. The Commissioners of 1854 declared that 'almost all the best writers of the Church of England have been connected with her cathedrals.' And if the tradition is to be maintained, it is still more imperative that we should turn away from the parishes to our cathedrals. Even our universities, where the current specialisation has been aptly defined as 'getting to know more and more about less and less,' and any whole view of life become correspondingly deficient, from vast increases, material and intellectual, in other faculties, are rapidly becoming less hospitable to the theologian. The pursuit of religious learning is wholly in keeping with the cathedral and its aims. It would only be for the good of both that they should be even more closely connected than they are at present. If the chancellor is to be occupied with correlating science and theology and theology with everyday life, the cathedral might well afford the necessary leisure to at least one other with the ability to pursue advanced theological research.

Of course, all research work is made easier by having a definite incentive by way of an audience. The Commission approve of the retention of canonries with professorships at Oxford, Ely (Cambridge), and Rochester (Oxford). They are favourably disposed towards the Bishop of Durham's scheme for building up a strong theological faculty at Durham University to serve the north of England, with the dean as head and four canonries attached to Regius Professorships; only such a scheme requires the approval and co-operation of many other bodies than those immediately concerned. But they are averse from associating existing theological colleges with chapters or creating fresh, since those already existing have their own traditions and are already more in number than can be intelligently filled.

Of resident canons there are to be generally four: Precentor, Chancellor, perhaps a Canon Missioner, and Treasurer, with whom we shall deal presently when we treat of finance. The composition of the chapter is less satisfactory. In Old Foundations the Great Chapter consists of all prebends (or canons), resident or non-

resident. In others honorary canons possess only the title and the use of a stall and precedence in church services. The Commission recommend that honorary canons 'should be regarded as having not only an honourable title but a definite place in the constitutional life of the cathedral as full members of the chapter. In their appointment regard should be had to this position.' Their numbers will be decreased; for example, in a diocese of more than four hundred benefices there will be thirty honorary canons. This has the appearance of democracy at its worst and the complete and effective upsetting of the ideal of cathedral life, which is essentially local rather than diocesanised. Such a committee would be somewhat unwieldy, if it could be assembled at all out of single-handed parish priests, and would perhaps be seen at its best when discussing patronage. At present the titular canonry is a very convenient and effective way of rewarding devoted service which often of itself cannot be rewarded in any other way. To appoint 'men who will lend strength to the chapter' (whatever that may mean) would leave much loyal service unrecognised, create an unworkable chapter, and destroy the cathedral ideal.

It is recognised that cathedrals are no longer the lethargical asylums of bygone days. The time has come when each member of chapter must be appointed not to an honourable and affluent retirement on the strength of past services, but for his fitness for definite and important duties ahead. He must be appointed tolerably young. But at the other end, the indiscriminate use of the axe appears to be fashionable to-day, except in many of the most successful industrial concerns. The universities are on the verge of experiencing the disaster of compulsory retirement of professors at sixty-five. The Commission, whose average age, so far as can be ascertained from public directories, stood at not less than sixty-four, recommend seventy—with one dissentient in favour of sixty-five, as the maximum age for retaining a deanery or canonry, 'unless the Visitor after consultation with the chapter, should request him to continue in his office for a further period.' The position of a dean just before reaching the fatal age, having to curry favour with his chapter and court the graces of his bishop—the latter

under no such obligation, but the rather respected for his longevity and prolonged tenure of office—is Gilbertian.

The cathedrals, then, as their masonry points the way from earth to heaven, by the services maintained within them and the corporate life of which they are the centre, bear and must bear their living witness to the glory of God. But whatever the merits of the Creator, the last virtue that can be assigned to Him is economy, and stinting is unworthy of any adequate presentation of His glory. First, there are the fabrics to be kept up. It is surely among the wonders and miracles of the world that the massive stonework of our cathedrals, with its wonderful planning and often delicate ornamentation should have sprung up, apparently out of nowhere, to crown wooded hilltops and crags and islands in the fen, when means of transport were so primitive, tools so rough, and architectural science apparently non-existent. As it is, the fabrics have persisted far longer than modern buildings threaten to endure; but like the French railways, they have run for a long time without any considerable repairs or replacements, and the time has come when we are face to face with general crisis. Many chapters have not been wise in bestowing adequate care and funds and professional skill on the fabrics, but the blame must be borne rather by the Church as a whole. However, to speak evil of the dead will not prevent ruin. Several brave ecclesiastics have in recent years made appeals, and at times presented them in person, in other continents. Their efforts have met with considerable success; but it seems to have been established that for the future and for the present needs this will be an inadequate method. The Commission suggest that 'some large and authoritative appeal could be made on behalf of the fabrics of the cathedrals generally, and if they thought fit, by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, addressed to the people of this country and also to all in the British Empire and in the United States of America, who value and venerate these noble buildings as a priceless heritage of our Christian civilisation.' The need is urgent, and the present may be no less propitious for such an appeal than any future date. But a centralised appeal ignores a very important factor in psychology,



that of local patriotism. A man will often found and endow a hospital or university for his native town, who would not dream of contributing a penny for the general funds of the Ministry of Health or of Education, however much he may esteem the ministers personally. Cathedrals are admittedly beyond the financial powers of the Church as a whole. They may still find local support; and help from overseas might be more willingly given to a personal representative of a definite building than to a financial secretary, however efficient, of a system. But we must certainly learn from past mistakes and not leave the future of cathedral fabrics to precarious private generosity. There must be adequate funds kept in reserve for the upkeep of the fabric of each cathedral, against the inevitable extensive repairs. The Commission do well to suggest that a regular consulting architect should be engaged to watch over each cathedral, as he does already in some places.

There is the further question relating to fabrics and one not always appreciated. That which distinguishes English from continental cathedrals and never fails to impress the foreign visitor almost as much as the cathedral itself is the close. Its antiquity and spaciousness overshadowed by the dignity of the cathedral cannot but influence for good those who live in it. But antique houses are not cheap to live in. Apart from the continual necessary repairs, rates and service are alike very costly. Precincts must be taken as part of the cathedral. They are worth maintenance, and the bulk of that maintenance must come from general funds and be reckoned with in fixing stipends and allowances.

Next, the services must constitute a serious item in expenditure. They are an integral part of the cathedral, and must be kept as nearly fully choral as possible, even in the absence of the boys. Staffs must be adequate, and reasonably paid, and provision made for their retirement when by age or infirmity their services are no longer good for edifying. The expense will be great; but if the Church cannot stand this, it must close the cathedrals. There can be no halting between two opinions.

Perhaps it will help to an appreciation of the cost of a cathedral if we reproduce the detailed expenditure quoted by one of the sub-commissions. Sadly enough, it



is not typical of the gross amount spent by each cathedral, as very few are even approaching a sufficiency of wealth. But it is typical of the various purposes served by most, and shows something of the scale of expense which is necessary to make the cathedral system worth while.

	£
Dean and canons . . . . .	8,000
Other stipends and salaries . . . . .	2,600
Choir expenses, including choir school, organ, and stipends of precentor and organist . . . . .	4,800
Vergers, bellringers, and attendants . . . . .	1,450
Ordinary repairs, including dean-and-chapter houses	2,000
Gardens, banks, and college . . . . .	750
Rates, taxes, and insurance . . . . .	1,800
Lighting, heating, and cleaning . . . . .	1,200
Durham Grammar School . . . . .	4,000
Library . . . . .	500
Stipends to incumbents and subscriptions . . . . .	750
Repayment on account of stocks sold for repair of fabric . . . . .	860
Sundries . . . . .	140
	<hr/>
	£28,850

To this must be added a sum of 30,000*l.* to be spent on the fabric during the next twenty years; which brings the total annual expenditure to some thirty thousand pounds.

There is but little room for further economies. Even the stipend of the dean, which at 3000*l.* is apparently excessive, has to cover the heating, lighting, and upkeep of a house in which each dish has to be carried seventy yards by hand from the kitchen to the dining-room. However, the total sum is considerable. But in return for it there is to record: the upkeep, with adequate staff and heating, of one of the grandest and most massive buildings in the world; even were the Church disestablished, presumably such a building would still be maintained either by an enforced contribution from Church revenues or by the Office of Works: the maintenance of a dean and chapter, who at present include two professors at Durham University, a suffragan bishop and two archdeacons; a regular liturgical service worthy of the

cathedral and available for the special needs of the diocese; the general education of twenty-four boys in a good boarding-school: the maintenance of the college and the river-banks (a public resort); a contribution of 4000*l.* to and the administration of a first-grade public school; the maintenance of an historical library containing many treasures of national importance, with carrells fitted for private study and research, a library which is available for any one with credentials and is at present used by scholars from English and continental universities, and is separated by only a fine distinction from being a public library; further, by its smaller charities and the administration of its property, the cathedral exercises a widespread influence for good over a large county.

Such are the needs of cathedral finance; but where is it to be controlled, locally or from London? The office of Treasurer held by a canon is to be continued or revived; but his works are not to follow him. Even when the sub-commissioners reported favourably on the continued possession of property by the chapters, the Commission overruled them in favour of a centralised control of funds. There is the plea of economy and efficiency. Perhaps holy men will be contaminated in morals by such dealings. Perhaps even the cathedrals might be squeezed to provide money for the poor, in this case the parochial clergy, on the precedent of Judas. But it is ultimately a far broader problem than one of mere finance. For who controls income, in the not very long run controls policy.

The report culminates in the proposed establishment of a permanent commission to advise chapters how best to reform their own statutes. Of course, 'changes should be made with the full concurrence of the cathedral authorities'; but the permanent commission, in addition to doling out revenues, is 'to receive the audited accounts of the chapters' and 'to ask chapters for any explanations as they may desire'—and in short, to abolish the independence of the cathedral, and to render it a standardised sub-section of a bureaucracy useless alike to God and man. Even the Church Assembly rejected the proposal of a permanent commission, and have sanctioned a commission to sit in the first place for only seven years.

For all the smooth mowing of 1840, the English cathedrals still possess living characteristics which cannot be obliterated without incalculable damage to the whole. Like every organism, they frequently need reform. Church politicians of 1843 suggested that Welsh cathedrals should one and all be conformed to the pattern of 'any cathedral church in England founded by King Henry VIII.' The Commission of 1924 recommend a mixture of the other foundation with centralised finance and control. One may hesitate as to which forms the better ideal; but any standardisation, however useful for industry, would do for the spiritual reality of the cathedral system what churchwardens have done for church fabrics with the uniform wash of lime, and 'stole thence the life o' the building.' Our cathedrals cannot be cheap to run, and must tax resources to the utmost; but allowed to develop along their own lines, according to resources and local conditions, and given their own essential corporate life, they have a contribution to offer to the national life greater than ever before. Rising like so many islands above the floods of secularism by which the world is being reduced to a state of efficient impotence, always standing foursquare for the things which are not seen, they are willing to reform their methods of work and to move with the times, but the while have as their constant office to remind the world that but one thing is needful, and that Mary was commended at the expense of Martha.

JAMES WALL.

## Art. 11.—DETECTIVE FICTION.

'HAVE you read "The Thirty-Nine Steps," by Buchan? It's a splendid detective story.'

'I have read it,' I said, 'and it is a splendid story, but it's not a detective story at all.'

'Why not? What is it, then?'

'It's a story of adventure.'

'What's the difference?'

It was that challenge which led me to expound, to myself and to any else condemned to listen to me, the distinction which I have always felt between the two kinds. For it is a real distinction surely, if any literary distinctions of its sort can be called real. And surely it lies in this—that the type for a detective book is a problem posed at, or very near, its beginning and the solution of the problem occupying the rest of the book. That is the detective type in barest outline. The type for an adventure book, on the contrary, is a series of episodes, expanding and advancing in terrificness, if you please, until the tremendous final. And, of course, an adventure story may be crowded with detectives, as there is space or need for them, and a detective story may be thick as you please with adventures. If they be so, perhaps—I will not put it more strongly than 'perhaps,' because I am not sure—so much the better for both.

Thus the difference of the appeal to the reader of the one kind and of the other is plain: the first, the detective type, appeals to his intellect. He is kept guessing, and the main interest is in the endeavour to guess right. 'Who killed Cock Robin?' might be the 'style' for the detective story. It is true that in the original we are scarcely left time for keen exercise of the intellect on the theme of this base murder, so swiftly does the solution follow with full confession by the unabashed and impenitent criminal:—"I" said the Sparrow.' And he finally winds up the clue with an unsolicited statement of the mode of killing: 'With my Bow and Arrow.' That, in little, is a detective story true to type: the problem is posed; it is solved, both as to the 'by whom' and to the 'means whereby.' In one detail, and one only, as I think, it is lacking; it gives no hint of the 'reason why'

—the motive. Had it, perchance, to do with the courting of Jenny Wren? We are not told. With that exception the tale is complete. But had it pleased the author to tell the story differently, and, so to speak, from the other end; had he begun with the secret gathering by the murderer of his weapons of death, his girding himself with them and his going forth, his stalk of his victim, say behind a rosebush in the flower-bed, or a cabbage in the kitchen garden, the drawing of the bow, the loosing of the missile, the deadly conclusion—if that had been the way of telling, it would still have been in substance the same tragedy, only presented in the type of the adventure story, instead of in the detective way. That, I think, makes clear the difference.

Every story that ever has been told, moreover, is truly an adventure story, from 'The Odyssey' commonly attributed to Homer down to the adventures of Elizabeth in 'Pride and Prejudice.' For there are different kinds of adventure. Mr Bernard Shaw has said that the account of things happening in a man's soul is as interesting as the account of a brick falling on his head. Perhaps: but 'interest' depends on the person to be interested, on the reader, and there are many readers who can see the fun of a brick falling on a man's—another man's—head, for one who can extract any kind of interest from man's soul—even from his own. Still, it is not too much to say that all stories are stories of adventure, or they would not be stories at all. The most ancient are the most typically of that kind. And, this being so, it surprises me very much that I can think of no story of the real detective type earlier than the nineteenth century, and well on in that century withal. It may be by reason of my lack of knowledge or of memory that I cannot recall an earlier, but for me the father and the creator of the detective story must ever be Edgar Allan Poe, especially with his 'Murders in the Rue Morgue.'

Poe was born in 1811. He died, killed, we must fear, by his reckless way of living, in 1849. I believe, but am not sure, that his 'Murders in the Rue Morgue' came out before his 'Purloined Letter' in which he presents the same detective, an amateur, and the same methods of inference. Whether or no that be so, I take the

'Murders' as the perfect type and model, from which the truly faithful have not far departed since. The problem is posed, you will remember, 'good and early,' by the reading of some extracts from the 'Gazette des Tribunaux' by Sherlock Holmes to 'my dear Watson.' I beg forgiveness for that slip: but it was all but inevitable. Conan Doyle's genius, fattening itself, to our enormous edification, on the original genius of Poe, has made such living persons of these English two—the man of uncanny penetration and his friend of simplicity 'childlike and bland'—that they have quite 'ghostified' and sent to limbo their French originals, Monsieur C. Auguste Dupin and his friend whose 'plume' is wielded by Edgar Allan Poe.

Surely you cannot doubt this, or, if you do, you have only to look once again at that tale, or for that matter at its successor, the 'Purloined Letter.' I do not speak so much of the 'Mystery of Marie Roget.' Marie came, I think, between the other two in which Dupin leads the hunt, and her story too, though in less full measure, is 'evidential,' as the psychic researchers put it, of the parentage of Sherlock Holmes. And far be it indeed from me to lay that parentage as blame to Conan Doyle. Very much the reverse. We owe him huge gratitude for the entertainment he has so given us. Truly of him as of Virgil may be said that *quod tetigit ornavit*—or, at the least, he vastly developed.

He was not the first, though he was—happily he still is—the best of Edgar Allan's literary children. And here we may note that, though we have to regard this present time as a season of immense and unequalled efflorescence of detective fiction, it is not the first blooming of its sort. It is now just about a century ago that two Frenchmen had their birth, Gaboriau and Du Boisgobey, names unforgettable by all who find diversion in this kind of story. Moreover, it was in 1824, the year of Du Boisgobey's birth, that our own Wilkie Collins was born. Gaboriau did not start life till nine years later than Du Boisgobey, yet I think he commenced detective fiction writing the earlier. For Gaboriau, born in 1833, was always, or chiefly, a writer to his trade. Du Boisgobey, so-called—his real name was Castille—began his man's life in the Army Pay Department in Algeria. His

'Mystères du Nouveau Paris,' which made his reputation, was not published until 1876, when Gaboriau had been dead three years; but Gaboriau had put out 'L'Affaire Lerouge,' the first of his police books, in 1866. The book 'Monsieur Lecoq'—the name of his famous detective—came in 1869. We may speak of these two together because they have qualities and defects and methods and subject-matter much in common, though Gaboriau had the greater talent. Almost certainly we may take Du Boisgobey as his disciple.

And then we compare—comparisons are not to be escaped, and are our present business—Gaboriau with Doyle, which is as much as to say, Lecoq with Sherlock Holmes, and we find, beyond question as I think, our Holmes the greater man, the more subtle and by far the more faithful to him who, I doubt not, is the original of both—Poe's Dupin. Our English Doyle has worked much more closely than the Frenchmen to the American model. The Frenchmen, for one difference, work on a very much larger canvas. They give us big books of crime and its detection. Doyle, following Poe, gives us short stories; and we may suppose that the difference is partly due to the different publishing conditions of France then and of England a few years later, respectively. What the late J. K. Stephen called 'the clash of magazines' demanded the short story in English. There was not a like 'clash' and demand in France.

Since Gaboriau and his disciple work on much larger canvases, they are therefore able to give us more. They give us the problem, which is the crime, and the solution, which is the unmasking and the defeat of the criminal, but they give us also a vivid picture—whether an absolutely faithful image or no, what matter?—of the conditions and society of France, especially the under-world of France, at that time. Lecoq was created just before the fatal year 1870. The Nouveau Paris, of which Du Boisgobey expounds the *mystères*, was the Paris which rose again out of that débacle. Du Boisgobey took on Lecoq after Gaboriau's too early death and wrote of the illustrious detective in his last phase. Gaboriau's books were liberally advertised as 'the favourite reading of Prince Bismarck.' Would that commend them to the affection of a Frenchman of the 'seventies?



In 1824, Du Boisgobey's year, had been born, as already noticed, Wilkie Collins; and Collins was well ahead, not only of Du Boisgobey but of Gaboriau even, in his publication of 'thrillers,' for his 'Woman in White' came out in 1860. I do not rate the 'Woman in White,' excellent as it is, first in quality, as it is first in time, of his famous books; though I know many people do. I put 'The Moonstone,' published in 1868, before it as a piece, and a masterpiece, of detective fiction. Yet 'The Woman in White' has one extraordinarily fine character in it. Count Fosco surely is a great creation. The vast white, soundless man, with his love of pastry and cream and canary birds and white mice, his wonderful gentleness and his utterly soulless and inhuman cruelty and malignancy—surely an unforgettable figure, with the canary to which he 'tweets' perched on his fat first white finger!

At this point, posing Fosco in the fore-front of our mental picture against a background crowded with the numerous personages of Gaboriau, it occurs to ask, and rather insistently, why detective fiction, the immense detective fiction of to-day, does not give us at least something of the same satisfying kind in the persons of the story. We should not, of course, require Count Foscos—they are not born every day—but surely we might expect a little more by way of character sketching than we commonly find. The puppet-show is very well, but a show of men and women is better. To be sure, all readers do not realise a difference: so long as a brick falls on a head there are many, maybe a majority, who do not care, who do not inquire, whether it fall on a head of wood, mounted on a saw-dust packed body, or on a head with a brain in it atop a body with a heart and soul. They do not inquire, they do not know, and for them the literary construction of men and women is labour lost.

This is a consideration which may justify the wisdom of many makers of such fiction in their children. And it may perhaps be the best and happiest condition of a reader. He will not care though the work goes off the lines of all that is possible in humanity: he is spared offence because he knows no better. Perhaps he is to be envied. For him there are no such lines; for him

human nature has more analogy to a motor-bus, free to skid in all directions, than to a tram or train which has to keep the rails. He is ready for all surprises. A little boy in a 'bus—it is a story of the old horse-'bus days—overheard the conductor tell an old gentleman that he was to change into a 'Green Elephant'—a style of 'bus at that time—at the Monument. When they got there the little boy asked his nurse if they might not wait a few minutes 'to see the gentleman change into a green elephant?'

It must have seemed well worth waiting for, and yet not much more surprising than many things that kept coming new to the little boy's mind. Would such a Protean change be really more surprising than wireless telegraphy, shall we say? Yet we accept the one without thought because use has made it known, whereas the other certainly would give a shock. But nothing that the puppets of the showman may do can really shock or surprise the puerile intelligence, and the intelligence of many grown readers is still puerile. You may do quite as strange acts with your personæ as the old gentleman was expected to perform at the Monument, and only a minority of your audience will think them odd. Perhaps we get the detective fiction, no less than the Governments, which we deserve. Perhaps certain writers are no more than justified in their contempt for the intelligence of their readers. But that was not the way of the early writers in this kind. I do not say that they always succeeded in putting the breath of life into their people, but they always tried. It would never have occurred to them not to try. We do not see nearly as much in Collins of the influence of Poe as in Gaboriau. Still less is Collins a pious disciple of Poe, like Doyle. His Sergeant Cuff, that gentle rose-grower of 'The Moonstone,' is no reincarnation of Dupin, as is Holmes. Cuff is not even as like Dupin as Lecoq is like him. Collins may take credit for an original creation in Cuff—a creation many times resuscitated since.

Something of a literary forerunner, if not progenitor, of Collins and of Gaboriau we have in that strange book 'Caleb Williams' by William Godwin, Shelley's father-in-law. Dickens doubtless owed something to Godwin—though certainly it was no debt of humour—and Bulwer

Lytton's obligation to him was acknowledged. 'Caleb Williams' came out in 1794. It is not made on the detective story model, for the murder, which sets the puzzle, is not done till page 132, and the puzzle is solved by the murderer's confession only some fifty pages later, after which there are still more than 250 pages to come. Godwin intended it as a piece of socialist propaganda, as we should say now, in a tragedy setting. But it works out rather as a study of human nature so abnormal as to be hardly human. It has to be reckoned as the earliest of something like our modern detective fiction, rather than in its direct source.

And now, having spoken more than once of the model of this rather new thing, the detective story, let us try to see what that model is. We have already referred to its barest form, its *sine qua non*, in the problem posed at or near the opening and the main body of the book a quest, a hunt for the solution. Following the 'hunt' metaphor, we find the writer not so much in the rôle of huntsman to the hounds, his readers, as in that of the 'hare' in a paper-chase, throwing down the 'scent' but with a moderately free discretion about the holding up of the true trail and the laying of false trails. Moderately free, only, because he is bound by certain rules of the chase. He must give the hounds a fair chance: he must not hold up the trail altogether and lay down no paper for any length of time, or they will lose all fun and eagerness. And he is bound by the human possibilities and limitations: he must not, for instance, get a magician or a hypnotist to 'levitate' him over a wall twenty feet high.

But though it is within the bounds of a detective story that he is going and not in the wider and unfenced country of the adventure tale, there is no reason, on that account, why thrilling adventure should not happen by the way. There is much reason why it should, to whet the excitement of the reader. He may always have a surprise waiting round the corner of the next page. It must, however, if it is to satisfy a critical taste, be a humanly possible surprise. It must be neither physically nor morally impossible; and by 'morally' I mean that it must be accordant not merely with human nature 'in the large,' but that the characters must not behave in the

last act, and in order to produce the denouement, in manner at variance from all that we have learnt to expect of them in the story's course. They must be consistent with themselves.

Nor is it a valid answer to say that human nature is not in fact consistent stuff, that real people are not consistent with themselves. Maybe not, but it is always to be remembered that what the writer of this or any other kind of fiction is concerned with is not to make his characters act and speak as they would act and speak if they were real, but to make them act and speak so as to give the impression to the reader that they are real—to 'get them across the footlights,' as they say on the stage. That is what matters, and therefore it is that a writer of fiction has to make his characters far more consistent with themselves than people often are in life. And therefore too, or for very nearly the same reason, the writer is not treating his readers with fairness if he makes a character go right out of its former nature—as in madness, or other mental aberration—and in that condition commit the crime, which is the mystery and kernel of the plot, whereas the same man in his normal state could not conceivably have so acted. Several detective stories that I have read of late end up on this wrong note. If it can be admitted, then anything can.

But anything—meaning everything—cannot, if the story is to be artistically good. There are minds, as we have noted, only one degree developed beyond the stage of joyful expectancy in which they await the change of an old gentleman into a green elephant, minds to which no outrage upon human nature and probability is an offence. They do not know human nature when they see it, so how should they take offence? For them the writer is at liberty to bring about his episodes and his denouement by gods from machines in number to make a traffic jam in Piccadilly. He may deal freely as John Wellington Wells 'in magic and spells.' He may bring in thought-reading, telepathy, spiritualism, ghosts, what you will—to say nothing of such simple hum-drum conveniences as subterranean passages and the like. To gratify these minds it is pure waste of wisdom for the writer to be bounden by the rules, for they do not know of any rules. It is possible that such minds have the

better part, so easily, like the friends of Mr Peter Magnus, as they are amused. It is certain at least that they have the larger part, being in huge majority; and what should it matter to writer or to publisher whether they bring brains to the reading of a book provided they bring seven and sixpence for its purchase?

At this point I can imagine a 'heckler' jumping up to object: 'Here you are telling us we must have human nature in our detective stories, and yet in this Rue Morgue affair, which you hold up as the type and model, the agency by which the murder is done is as absolutely non-human as can be. There is no human nature sketching at all.' Quite so, and in the short story form there is hardly space for subtle sketches of character. Such as there are must be given in a few bold strokes. Moreover, character sketching, though valuable as an elaboration and a detail within the frame of the model, is no part of the model itself. As for the agent of death in the Rue Morgue murders, he is indeed non-human, but in so making him the writer breaks no faith with his readers. Whether he be quite true to simian nature I have some doubts, but I have no way of testing them. Faith is broken when a writer presents his human persons acting as no human persons of the character assigned to them would act. Here is no question of human character at all.

Most surely then under that head the writer does not cheat us. Never, indeed, did author in this kind play the game more fairly, lay the cards—that is to say the clues—more openly on the table. For there they are, the clues which at once tell M. Dupin that he has to do with a non-human killer. They are there for all of us to read in the same sense—if only we have the brain of M. Dupin. But we must not put on an author the charge of unfair dealing with human nature when he thus informs us at the outset, if only we would understand his information, that it is something other than human nature with which we have here to deal.

We do not, I think, want by preference a romantic setting for the story. On the contrary, the more homely and familiar the circumstances, the more shattering and shocking comes the crime which strikes a note so out of tune with the general harmony. It is the more real to us if it happen in circumstance of everyday, and every-

man, life. It is only with fear and trembling, if at all, that the writer should touch the occult. Even hypnotism, though science has to recognise it for true, is with difficulty brought 'across the footlights' for real.

The simpler the mystery, if that be not a paradox, so much the better. 'This book is good, though powerful,' Andrew Lang wrote in a 'Saturday Review' notice of a novel. So, too, of many detective tales, and particularly of many denouements of such tales, I am disposed to say that they are 'good, though ingenious.' The truth of that matter, of course, was touched long ago by the man who spoke of the art that conceals art. The story, shall we say, should be full of ingenuity but should not painfully show ingenuity, even as tact is a high virtue but to 'show' tact the most tactless and tact-defeating exhibition? And surely we have now read nearly as many times as we can bear, of things sacred to Indian and other idols, gems, daggers and the like, stolen and, bringing a curse! The 'Moonstone' has surely borne as many children as is wise, or even decent. May we not let the sacred jewels lie at rest?

The genius of those French criminal-catchers of fiction, M. Dupin and M. Lecoq, has inspired some of our own writers to adopt Frenchmen for their detective work. Agatha Christie shows off her strutting little M. Hercule Poirot, A. E. W. Mason his big bombastic M. Hanaud. Mr Mason lays the scene for his big blusterer in France, where the claret comes from, but Mrs Christie, in the best of her books, brings her little man to England. 'The Murder of Roger Ackroyd' is not only the best of her books, but a book which I put very high indeed on the list of merit of all of its kind lately given us. I know none to put higher, and this because it brings off triumphantly, yet quite simply, a *tour de force*. The narrator of the story himself proven the criminal, unsuspected till the last page, had been the idea of many a plot-maker; it has been left for Mrs Christie to succeed with it. Her Poirot I find more subtle of insight and also more lucid of exposition than M. Hanaud. He has the advantage too of moving in more homely and probable scenes. We may depend on Mr Mason to give us a good story, some effective writing, and some pictures of life mellowed by experience; but even he cannot bring up to the degree



of probability which such presentment requires, the rites of the Black Mass in a French chateau, and human sacrifice in Bordeaux wine-cellars in the twentieth century. I refer to 'The Prisoner in the Opal.' To be sure, they may have happened: they may be happening nightly; but it would take a bigger Master Mason than even A. E. W. to build them into an edifice which we may believe in.

G. K. Chesterton gives us a very pleasant and fresh detective type in 'The Incredulity of Father Brown'—that little man amply armed with his comforting equipment of simplicity and a large umbrella. As Agatha Christie did a *tour de force* with the teller surprisingly revealed as the murderer, so Lord Gorell, in 'The Devouring Flame,' plays a stroke of only a little less daring in showing up the detective of the piece as the real criminal. He is not indeed the most active investigator, but his is the master mind. Lord Gorell brings off the *coup*, but it must be said that he achieves it at price of a changed mentality in the criminal which comes very very close to the limit of what is fair play in the game between the teller and the audience. I am not quite clear that he gives us our due sporting chance. Other famous 'sleuths' of modern fiction are the Dr Thorndyke of R. A. Freeman and the Inspector French of F. W. Crofts. The doctor, who brings accomplished scientific methods to the search for the criminal, gives his name to 'A Certain Dr Thorndyke.' His creator has also 'The d'Arblay Mystery,' 'The Red Thumb,' and 'The Mystery of 31' greatly to his credit. Inspector French plays title rôle in three of Crofts' tales, 'Inspector French and the Cheyne Mystery,' 'Inspector French and the Starvel Tragedy,' and 'Inspector French's Greatest Case.' Both French and the doctor are of much resource and ingenuity, but scarcely of equal subtlety, as jail-bird trappers, to Dupin or Holmes.

When we have the practised novelist in other kinds commencing detective story-writer, it seems that we have to take, with his qualities, certain—defects is a hard word—say lacks. He gives us the soul's adventure in good measure, likely enough, but is rather apt to fail in bringing down the brick on the man's head with the right clear-ringing decisive crack that we love—even



though it fall heavily enough to do him to death. I feel this lack a little, though the quality is fully there, in Beatrice Harraden's 'Search will find it out'—the story of a violin. And I am aware of something of the same lack when I put my hand in Father Ronald Knox's and go with him to 'The Three Taps'—not a public house—or listen with him to 'The Footsteps at the Lock.'

A delighter of our minds, long before he wrote 'The Red House,' was, and is, A. A. Milne. He cannot quite forget his delightsomeness even when death and crime make his theme. 'A jolly murder story,' a critic of vast experience in this kind described his book to me, and so described well and justly. Deserving honourable mention, but of no distinctive feature, is Lloyd Osbourne's 'Grierson Mystery.' Here it is not so much that the murder itself is jolly as that there are jolly scenes and jolly players. And the mystery is ingenious in the right sense—truly mystifying and yet quite simple in solution. It is need of that lovely simplicity which rather spoils, for me, a later and a better story, 'The Death of Lawrence Vining,' by Alan Thomas. The ingenuity there is nearly as brain-racking as if Einstein were the author.

It is on account of just that same more than sufficient ingenuity that I am not able to enjoy as fully as I should like, as perhaps I ought, and as many do, the various and excellent detections of J. S. Fletcher. He must take high place nevertheless among our writers of this kind. Read his 'Cobweb Castle,' 'Charing Cross Mystery,' and 'Sea Fog'—good hunting, each and all. If you would have a problem with answers as many as the Muses, J. Conington will provide for you in his 'Case with Nine Solutions'—I believe ingenuity might suggest several more—'Tragedy at Ravensthorpe,' and other pleasant crime stories. R. Keverne must have a word of praise for his 'William Cook, Antique Dealer' and for 'The Havering Plot'—good tales in a good East Anglian setting. Dorothy Sayers will give you thrills with 'Unnatural Death'; or go with her, if you will, and see how 'Lord Peter Views the Body.'

An excellent story by E. C. Bentley, 'Trent's Last Case,' surprisingly ends on a note that is fresh, with the detective of marvellous penetration completely mistaken. Now and again, it is true, we find Sherlock telling his

dear Watson that he, Sherlock, is liable to human error, but obviously Watson does not believe him, neither do we. But Trent errs, and 'owns up,' and partly because he has so erred resolves never to 'detect' again. I think the story would have been better if he had not erred; I think Trent's mistake is really his author's. But, of course, the mistake makes the novelty.

Lynn Brock of 'The Kink,' 'The Slip Carriage Mystery,' and others, is a hare we can trust to give a first-rate run with illusive doublings and crossings leading to a good finish, but I question whether he lays his hounds quite a fair scent in 'The Slip Carriage Mystery.' On the other hand, in 'The Praed Street Murders' John Ford, author also of 'The Marsden Case' and several more, is almost too kindly to the hounds. But hounds enjoy a strong scent, no doubt. Even now I have not so much as mentioned those very excellent collaborators G. D. H. and M. Cole, authors of 'The Death of a Millionaire,' 'The Man from the River,' 'The Murder at Crome House.' But enough! With profound and comprehensive apology to the great number of the unnamed, though deserving, and especially to the great American unnamed, I am compelled to stop. The artist M. Legros, French but very well known in England, refused a challenge to a duel, writing: '*D'abord, je n'en ai pas le temps; ensuite j'ai peur.*'

Those two good and sufficient reasons are precisely mine for refusing further talk of living detective writers. In one issue of one Sunday paper I read advertisement of ten—no less!—new novels of this kind issued by one publishing house. I have neither time nor space for more of them; but I have fear. '*De mortuis*' and the rest is a good maxim, but '*de vivis*' a better; for the dead are beyond the hurt of our criticism; the quick, not so. Moreover, the dead we may trust—if we keep clear of mediums—that they cannot 'answer back'; the quick can and they do.

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

Art. 12.—THE PACIFIC CABLE.

1. *Report of the Pacific Cable Committee.* (C. 9247 of 1899.)
2. *Further correspondence relating to the proposed construction of a cable across the Pacific Ocean.* (Cd. 46, 1900.)
3. *Pacific Cable Act, 1901.* (Accounts and Reports presented to Parliament, 1902–27.)
4. *Pacific Cable Act, 1927.* (Reports and Accounts of the Pacific Cable Board for the year ended March 31, 1928.)
5. *Report of the Imperial Wireless and Cable Conference, 1928.* (Cmd. 3163.)

MORE than forty years ago, at the Colonial Conference of 1887, Her Majesty's Government were urged to make a survey of the route for a cable to Australasia across the Pacific. It was resolved :

‘That the connection recently formed through Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific by railway telegraph opens a new and alternative line of Imperial communication over the high seas and through British possessions, which promises to be one of great value alike in naval, military, commercial, and political aspects.

‘That the connection of Canada with Australasia by direct submarine telegraph across the Pacific is a project of high importance to the Empire, and every doubt as to its practicability should, without delay, be set at rest by a thorough and exhaustive survey.’

But the Government of the day were unwilling to undertake a special survey of the route until there was some immediate prospect of the necessary funds being forthcoming for laying the cable. The matter was taken up again at the Colonial Conference held in Ottawa in 1894, and, after long discussions, it was decided :

‘That, in the opinion of this Conference, immediate steps should be taken to provide telegraphic communication, free from foreign control, between the Dominion of Canada and Australasia.

There were further resolutions: that the Imperial Government should carry out a survey, the cost to be

borne in three shares by Great Britain, Canada, and the Australasian Colonies, and that the Canadian Government should be asked to prosecute all inquiries to ascertain the cost of the proposed Pacific Cable.

The prime mover in the scheme was Mr (afterwards Sir Sandford) Fleming, who had been Engineer-in-Chief of the Canadian Railways and had conceived the idea as early as 1879 in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is to him that the credit is due, not only of originating the scheme, but of pressing it through in spite of the difficulties arising from the necessity of co-ordinating so many Governments and Authorities, of overcoming the opposition of vested interests, and of obtaining from all the Governments concerned undertakings to assume responsibility for public money. Though he and the other enthusiasts, such as Mr Alexander Siemens, the celebrated engineer, took an optimistic view of the immediate traffic and financial results of a cable, he was correct as to the effect it would have in reducing rates. His figures were justified later on : his hopes also were fulfilled, though not as soon as he had prophesied. Lord Jersey, the British representative at the Ottawa Conference, having reported, in somewhat guarded terms, in favour of the creation of a Pacific Cable, for strategic and commercial reasons—'if such a scheme is found to be based on sound and practical grounds, then it should be supported as likely to advance the interests of the Empire as a whole'—and the Canadian Government, as had been agreed, having called for tenders for the work, under different conditions and on different routes, the matter seems then to have rested for two years. It next appears at a Postal and Telegraph Conference held at Sydney, in January 1896. This Conference came clearly to the conclusion that the cable should be laid and owned by the various Governments concerned ; that it should land only on British Territory ; that the cost of construction, working, and maintenance should be divided equally between Great Britain, Canada, and the Australasian Colonies ; and that the route should be via Fiji and Norfolk Island, thence bifurcating to the nearest landing-places in Australia and New Zealand.

At last the Home Government moved. In June 1896, Mr Chamberlain, then Secretary of State for the

Colonies; appointed a Committee, under Lord Selborne, the Under Secretary of State, to answer the following questions: Is the laying of a cable practicable? If so, what should be the route? What will be the cost of (a) laying, (b) maintenance, (c) annual working expenses? What revenue may be expected? Should it be owned and worked by the Government or by a subsidised private company? If it were national property, what would be the proper method of administration? What should be the form of contract for its construction?

The Selborne Committee had no doubts about the practicability of a cable, and advised that, while a survey was indispensable, the cable might be manufactured at once, the contractors proceeding concurrently with the survey. They decided unhesitatingly on the 'All Red' route from Vancouver via Fanning Island, Fiji, and Norfolk Island, as against the alternative via (foreign) Honolulu. The Committee were quite clear that the cable should be owned and worked by the Governments concerned. The reasons for this are interesting. They

'do not underrate,' they say, 'the importance of allowing all commercial undertakings to be carried out, wherever possible, by private enterprise unassisted by Governments. But in the present case there seems no probability that private capital will be forthcoming for the purpose of laying a Pacific Cable without a larger subsidy than the Governments interested in the project would be prepared to grant. If Government assistance, in some form or other, is necessary, the Committee think that a scheme under which the cable would be constructed and owned by the Governments interested is much to be preferred to a private company working under a Government subsidy.'

It was laid down that the general direction should be in the hands of a manager in London, under the control of a small Board, on which the associated Governments would be represented, and the view was expressed that the cable should be duplicated at the earliest opportunity.

In giving their estimates of cost, expenditure, and receipts, which are summarised below, the Committee added that the question of expenditure, and still more the question whether a business could be developed more approximating to the capacity of the cable than their

conservative estimate, would largely depend, as would similar questions in all industrial enterprises, on the energy and care shown in the management. From the Board's annual Reports to Parliament it is possible to make a comparison between the estimates of Sir Sandford Fleming and the Selborne Committee, and the actual results of working the cable. Such estimates could only be approximate, especially as regards receipts; no one could say how the telegraph habit would grow, or prophesy the growth of the population which would make use of it. On the whole the estimates are justified by the course of events. The initial cost, as both Sir Sandford Fleming and the Selborne Committee had estimated, was approximately 2,000,000*l.* The rates charged for ordinary messages were, again, as both Sir Sandford Fleming and the Selborne Committee estimated, actually, from the beginning and up to 1924—that is, for most of the Pacific Cable Board's history—3*s.* per word, with 2*s.* as the cable's share. But it had not been anticipated that terminal charges of 5*d.* and 1*d.* would be imposed by Australia and New Zealand respectively; and these charges reduced the takings of the Pacific Cable to 1*s.* 7*d.* per word for Australia and 1*s.* 11*d.* for New Zealand. In 1915 these takings were equalised at 1*s.* 7*d.* per word, both for Australia and New Zealand, by the reduction from 3*s.* to 2*s.* 8*d.* of the charge to the public for New Zealand messages.

As regards expenses, Sir Sandford Fleming had estimated 60,000*l.* for interest on the capital borrowed and 30,000*l.* for staff and management, or 90,000*l.* in all. The Selborne Committee put working expenses at 22,000*l.*, and interest and sinking fund 55,561*l.*: with other charges, 147,561*l.* in all. As compared with these calculations the actual annuity to repay 2,000,000*l.* by annual payments of capital and interest in 50 years is 77,545*l.* The term has been slightly reduced by extra repayments out of profits, and the capital will have been repaid in 1949—that is, in forty-seven years. The money was borrowed at 3 per cent. The working expenses in the first year were 55,000*l.*; they have grown to a figure varying between 200,000*l.* and 300,000*l.* per annum. In addition, a sum generally amounting to about 30,000*l.* per annum, from the beginning, was set to reserve for

replacement and renewals. The actual expenses, therefore, were slightly lower at first than those estimated as the early requirements by the Selborne Committee, but were considerably higher than those of Sir Sandford Fleming. Neither of the estimates contemplated the large growth of working expenses, due in great part, of course, to the war, and to the enlargement of the establishment to deal with the growth of business. Sir Sandford Fleming hoped that the first year's earnings would be 110,000*l.* and in seven years 209,000*l.* The Selborne Committee estimated the first year's earnings at 75,000*l.* gross, and in seven years at 132,867*l.* Actually, at cable receipts of 1*s.* 7*d.* and 1*s.* 11*d.* for Australia and New Zealand respectively, the traffic earnings for the first year were 80,000*l.*; in the seventh year they were 112,000*l.* It may be added that in the last year before the beam competition began, traffic earnings reached a total of 467,063*l.* By this time, too, the rates had been reduced, and the cable, since 1924, had been receiving only 1*s.* 5½*d.* a word for Australia and New Zealand ordinary traffic out of the 2*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.* 3*d.* paid by the public. This 1*s.* 5½*d.* included landline transmission across Canada which was not comprised within the 1*s.* 7*d.* and 1*s.* 11*d.* received by the cable in the early years. The Pacific Cable Board now rent two lines across Canada.

Until 1910 the Canadian terminus of the Board's system was on Vancouver Island. Traffic was transferred to and from the Board on Vancouver Island by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, who carried it across Canada. In 1910 the Board decided to extend their system to the east of Canada and leased from the Canadian Pacific Railway a landline between Vancouver Island and Montreal, which they equipped with the most up-to-date apparatus and manned with their own staff. This development resulted in an important improvement as regards accuracy and speed of transmission. The financial outcome of the lease was that the Board paid rental and staff-establishment expenses in Canada, and as an offset their receipts were increased by 2*d.* per word (which was the proportion previously allocated for Canadian landline transmission out of the 1*s.* per word charged by the Board's connecting companies for carriage between the British Isles and Vancouver Island). From



1910 and until the ordinary rate was reduced, therefore, the Board's receipts for the carriage of traffic from Montreal were 1s. 9d. on Australian traffic and 2s. 1d. on New Zealand traffic. The receipts at the present time are 1s. 3d. for transmission between Montreal and Australia or New Zealand out of the charge to the public of 2s. for Australia or 1s. 11d. for New Zealand. It will be observed that Sir Sandford Fleming—unlike the Selborne Committee—provided nothing for renewals, repairs, or even ordinary maintenance of the cable. But his estimates gave a surplus of receipts over expenditure rising from 20,000*l.* in the first year to 119,000*l.* in the sixth, and out of this these charges were to be met. As a matter of fact, no large renewal of the old cable has been necessary, and the amount spent on repairs has been nothing like that suggested by the Selborne Committee.

The report of the Selborne Committee (January 1897) is really the turning-point in the history of the cable. But communication with oversea Governments was then a lengthy proceeding. And it was towards the end of 1898 that the proportions in which the various Governments would be responsible for the new enterprise were settled, viz.: Great Britain and Canada each five-eighteenths; New South Wales, Queensland, and Victoria two-eighteenths each (afterwards six-eighteenths for the Commonwealth of Australia); and New Zealand a further two-eighteenths. This was the basis on which the partners were liable for all deficits—and were to share, similarly, all profits. Then, however, the British Government seem to have changed their mind. In April 1899 a letter was written to the Agents-General entirely throwing over the Selborne Committee. Her Majesty's Government, it ran, had never concealed their opinion that a Pacific cable was of much greater importance to Canada and Australasia than to the United Kingdom. They thought, therefore, that Canada and Australasia ought to construct and work the cable, and the United Kingdom share would be an annual subsidy not exceeding 20,000*l.* per annum for twenty years. But this was not all. The Treasury was to be satisfied that the cable, which Canada and Australasia were to undertake to construct, was properly constructed, 'submerged in

proper working order,' laid to such places as the Treasury might approve, and properly and efficiently staffed by British subjects. The rates of messages were to be approved by the Treasury, but Imperial Government messages were to have priority and go at half price. The accounts, properly audited, were to go to the Treasury for approval, and the Treasury would pay five-eightieths of the amount by which the net receipts fell short of the expenses, subject to the above maximum of 20,000*l*. This communication, somewhat singular in view of what had gone before, ends with the pious hope of Her Majesty's Government that 'the liberal arrangement proposed will meet the views of the Colonies.'

That hope, if seriously meant, was at once disappointed. In May 1899, the Agents-General replied with one voice that Great Britain must pay her share of losses, and must use her credit to raise the necessary capital; the conditions as to Treasury control suggested were entirely unacceptable, and the recommendations of the Selborne Committee must be accepted. They had an interview with Mr Chamberlain, and by June 1899 Her Majesty's Government had so far given way as to agree to 'utilise the credit of the United Kingdom' to provide the capital for the undertaking, subject to discussion of details with the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Secretary of State for the Colonies. The meeting took place in July, and yet another Committee was set up, including the High Commissioners and Agents-General, with Lord Selborne, Sir F. Mowatt of the Treasury as Chairman, and Lord Aberdeen, as a representative of Canada, 'to consider the scheme suggested by the Committee of 1896.' Its terms of reference were practically the same as those of the Selborne Committee—but 'all questions as to the mode of raising the capital necessary for the undertaking are reserved for the Imperial Government alone.' This Committee's report was never published, but it appears to have related chiefly to the various tenders and specifications for the new cable. It led directly to the passing of an Act of Parliament, in August 1901, to authorise a charge of the capital sum required, limited to 2,000,000*l*., on the Consolidated Fund, and to establish the Board. The cable was finally laid in October 1902, and opened for public traffic on Dec. 7

of that year. Fifteen years of negotiation and conferences and committees : *tantæ molis erat . . . !*

The Board were lucky in their first chairman, Sir Spencer Walpole, who had had experience of administration as an Inspector of Fisheries, as Governor of the Isle of Man, and as Secretary to the General Post Office, and was a man of eminence as a writer of history and biography. He died in 1907 and was succeeded by Sir Henry Primrose, who had served the State in the Treasury, in India as Private Secretary to Lord Ripon, as Secretary to the Board of Works, as Chairman of the Board of Customs, and as Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue. He retired in 1913, and was succeeded by Sir H. Babington Smith, who died at his post in 1923, when Sir W. Mercer was appointed, to hold office till 1927. As the Act of 1901 provided, all these appointments were made by the Treasury. Under the Act of 1927 the chairman was to be appointed by agreement between the partners; but the vacancy caused by Sir W. Mercer's retirement was not filled pending the approaching Imperial Wireless and Cable Conference, and only an acting appointment was made.

The growth of the Board's business from the beginning to 1927 is, apart from the war, uneventful. It is a story of successful working and continuous progress, slow at first, but developing enormously in and after the war. It shows reduction of rates to the public; the adoption of cheaper kinds of telegraphic communication (Deferred Telegrams, Week-end Telegrams, etc.); progressive technical achievement in the use of new inventions—of which some were due to the ingenuity of the Board's staff—culminating in the new cable; steady and continuous increase of traffic; and the conversion of a deficit into a handsome surplus on working.

The rates charged to the public, which have been as high as 10s. 8d. per word, had been reduced to 3s. some two years before the Pacific Cable was opened and no doubt in anticipation of that opening. As long as there was a deficit on working there could be no question of further general reduction. And when the cable began to make a profit it became clear that continued increase of business would necessitate the duplication of the cable. The congestion of traffic became so considerable that an

ever-increasing portion of the messages had to be handed over to other routes. In such circumstances a reduction of rates, which would mean a still further increase of business, was out of the question. When, after the war, it became clear that the single line, occupied to its full capacity, could not cope with the growing demand, it was open to the Board to go to the partner Governments and ask for a fresh loan of capital to pay for a new cable. But to add to the burdens of the Governments struggling with the enormous cost of the war, was, if possible, to be avoided; and while, of course, the Board wished to reduce rates, it could be well argued that, by maintaining pre-war rates without increase, when almost all other costs were raised to a post-war level, they were not treating the public unfairly. It was, therefore, only when, in December 1924, partial duplication had been effected, and it was probable that the whole cable would be duplicated in a short time, that the rate to Australia was reduced from 3*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* (New Zealand 2*s.* 8*d.* to 2*s.* 3*d.*). The last reduction (to 2*s.* and 1*s.* 11*d.* respectively) was made in February 1927 after the new cable was laid—with consequent reductions in other classes of traffic. For, though the main rates for direct and immediate telegrams had not shown, for the causes mentioned, any startling reductions so far, the convenience of the public had been largely met by the institution of other categories of traffic, at reduced—sometimes largely reduced—rates. In 1912 the first of the plain language telegram services at cheap rates, subject to delayed transmission if press of urgent traffic required it, was introduced. This was the 'Deferred' Telegram at half rates. These deferred telegrams were extremely popular, and though, towards the end of the war, they had to be practically discontinued owing to press of traffic, they now amount to more than one-tenth of the whole business.

In 1913 Week-end Telegrams—a limited number of words at quarter rate with a fixed minimum charge—were introduced. These also had to be suspended towards the end of the war. At one time they were over one-third of the traffic; now they are about one-sixth—this type of traffic being peculiarly suited to the Beam system, which has diverted, therefore, much of it from the cable. In 1923 a new category of Daily Letter Tele-

grams, on the same lines as the Week-end Telegrams, attracted much new custom. Press messages and Deferred Press messages get exceedingly cheap rates, being now 6*d.* and 4½*d.* a word respectively. All these latter innovations were rendered possible by the adoption, under the Board's policy, of the most important technical inventions as they appeared. The estimate made in 1896 was that from 40 to 48 paying letters per minute would be the capacity of the cable. When laid, the cable proved to have a capacity of 80 letters a minute in each direction (duplex); and after 1911 the capacity was increased to 110 letters (duplex) by the newly invented Heurtley Magnifier, first tried on the Board's cable and afterwards adopted with great success on most of the long cables of the world. Further refinements made it possible to bring the capacity up to 130 letters. The new cable, laid in 1926, has a guaranteed simplex capacity of 600 letters per minute, and has been able to send 1200 letters.

A few figures may be quoted to show the growth of the business in International traffic. In 1903-4, the first full year of working, Ordinary Government and Press messages were 864,969 words. In 1912-13 when, in addition to the above services, Deferred Ordinary, Deferred Press, and Week-end Telegrams were being sent, the number of words had risen to 2,660,807. In 1926-27, the last year before the Beam service was installed, the number was 12,013,728, including Daily Letter Telegrams, as well as the other classes of traffic. The traffic receipts, which had been 79,824*l.* in 1903-4, were, in 1912-13, 166,026*l.* By 1919-20 they had grown to 642,948*l.* But this was before the reduction of rates and while some of the cheaper services were still suspended under war restriction and others not introduced. Just before the Beam (as stated above) they were 467,063*l.* And while the expenditure had also naturally increased, from its unassuming beginnings, at the end of 1926 the Reserve Fund, even after it had been depleted to the extent of 500,000*l.* for earlier cable duplication, amounted to 2,313,971*l.* This reserve had been accumulated, after payment, of course, of the annual charges for interest and sinking fund each year, and after making provision also for the contributions to the pension and provident funds for the staff, whose salaries had been raised to correspond

with the general rise of the cost of living after the war. The Board have been well served by their staff who, at the remoter stations, have to put in lonely and isolated terms of service. Wherever they serve their work is continuous and exacting when the traffic is urgent. The Board have done their best to see that no man serves too long in an out-station, and that proper comforts and relaxation are provided at such places. That they were well served by their staff was shown when the Germans attacked the station at Fanning Island, and caused the only total interruption of service (and that only for some seven weeks) in the Board's history.

On Sept. 7, 1914, the Board's station at Fanning Island was occupied by a landing force from the German cruiser 'Nurnberg,' which approached the island under the French flag. The landing party took possession of the cable station and destroyed much valuable property, including most of the apparatus. Meanwhile, the 'Nurnberg' cut both the cables and dragged the ends out of position. The Board's staff were now completely isolated from any means of communication with the outer world, and there was little prospect of early relief reaching them. The station had no equipment for handling and repairing cables. All that remained of the instruments and plant was a mass of wreckage. Nothing could be done till the Germans had departed. Then at once the staff tried to establish temporary communication on the cable. One of the operators, without any previous experience in dealing with cable repair work, succeeded in partially raising the ends from the bed of the sea using a pickaxe as a grapnel. He then dived and, working under the sea, in a shark-infested area, secured the ends by ropes, thus permitting them to be raised above the surface of the sea, where they were buoyed to platforms contrived from planks and barrels. A connection was then made between the ends by means of ordinary covered wire, and the Fanning Island staff were in communication with Suva, Fiji. The connection was, of course, useless for public traffic, but it made the situation at Fanning Island known; saved considerable anxiety as to the fate of the staff; and, generally, the work done on the spot enabled the station to be ready to handle traffic as soon as the cables were repaired by the Board's maintenance steamer.



It had always been the intention to duplicate the cable. Though there was no sign that the existing cable was getting worn out, and though the only interruption in its history was not due to any inherent fault but the act of the King's enemies, it was clearly necessary to provide for contingencies, and for the growing traffic, by an alternative route. From 1921 on, the Board's annual Parliamentary reports show that the project was being seriously considered. But the long stretch between Vancouver and Fanning Island, 3458 nautical miles—the longest uninterrupted cable in the world—was a serious problem. The Board were aware of new inventions in cable construction which were being perfected but which were not ripe. They also had to consider the possibility of duplicating by the use of wireless. It was finally decided in 1923 to lay cables between Fiji and New Zealand and between Southport and Sydney in Australia as the first part of the programme. The problem of coping with the long distance between Vancouver and Fiji was left for the time. Meanwhile experiments were made by an expert expedition sent out under the Board's direction, as to the possibilities of using wireless—high power wireless, for the short-wave beam wireless was not yet developed—and the inventions in improved cable material were carefully examined.

The Board's Parliamentary report of 1924-25 states that 7155*l.* had been spent on the wireless investigations which had disclosed that the reception possibilities of Vancouver and Fiji were satisfactory. The Board had decided, however, that, in view of the cost of running high-power wireless stations as compared with the cost of working duplicate cables, of the difficulty of securing secrecy, and the doubts as to certainty of continuous communication, duplication by cable would be the best policy. There was no doubt that some form of 'loaded' cable must be chosen. 'Loading,' the new method of cable construction, means surrounding the conductor of the cable (copper) with a continuous winding of a special alloy of high permeability. And the question of choosing the right metal involved long and anxious inquiry, mostly of a technical nature. Suffice it to say that the choice was between two forms of alloy. Of these two alloys one called 'Permalloy' had been used on a cable across



the Atlantic and was an American invention. 'Mumetal,' which had been invented by a British firm, had not been proved except in the laboratory. The lower of the two tenders for the (long) Vancouver-Fanning Island section of the cable was based on the use of Mumetal; the lower of the two tenders for the (shorter) Fanning Island-Suva section on Permalloy. The Postmaster-General of Canada was in favour of Permalloy for the long section. But in spite of the absence of actual experience of Mumetal the Board finally adopted, on the advice of their technical advisors, the lower tender and the untried British invention. The Canadian Postmaster-General had further suggested that the whole project should be postponed, in order that the success or failure of the new Beam, or low-power wireless installation, for which a contract had been made between the British Government and the Marconi Company, should be tested. Early in 1925 the Board, though they were not unanimous, felt that they had waited long enough. The majority considered that, though it was their duty to reduce rates, reduction of rates would mean a large increase of traffic which they could not carry without immediate increased facilities. Since 1921 they had been experimenting and watching the results of research. They had at last got a wonderful new invention; the cables, when ordered, would take a year or more to make and lay; i.e. a decision then, in the spring of 1925, would not provide the desired improvement before well on in 1926, and any further delay would postpone still further the desired boon of low rates. Ultimately the cable was ordered in April 1925. The duplication was completed by November 1926, and the cables were opened for traffic in December 1926, the rates being reduced soon after as stated above. The total cost of the duplication, including that effected in 1923, was about 2,720,000*l*.

The Board's confidence in their technical advice as to the new types of cable was amply rewarded, the actual speed as stated above being double the amount named in the contract. Their anticipations were, however, not equally justified as regards the potentialities of the Beam. When the new cable was opened the Board might well have thought that the rate reductions which they then felt able to make were only the beginning of

an era of progressive public benefit. In addition to the old cable, which had served them so well, they had the most effective and expeditious cable yet laid. The Canadian Beam, which had been working since October 1926, was giving (as its rates were no lower, and its service no better) a service attracting from the cable no serious amount of traffic. The Australian Beam, though it should, as the original contract was made in July 1924, have been established much earlier, was still delayed. It was perhaps not unnatural to think that, even though the Australian Beam rates (unlike the Canadian) were lower than the new cable rates, the experience of the Canadian service would be repeated on the Australian circuit, and that even the lower rates would fail to abstract traffic from the cable. The Beam contract was for 100 five-letter words per minute (duplex). And though this was better than the capacity of the new cable, the contract only undertook that the Beam would work a minimum of 18 hours out of the 24 for Canada and 7 hours for Australia. It was known to have periods of 'fading,' while the cable was continuous; it was believed to be inaccurate and known not to be secret; many experts were dubious about the adequacy of the Beam to function continuously, for long periods, at the much greater distance to Australia.

The Australian Beam service was opened on April 8, 1927. Though there was 'fading,' and, at first, some inaccurate transmission, it worked far better than was expected, and the immediate effect on the Pacific Cable was shown by the shrinkage of messages sent by cable. From approximately 39,500% in March 1927 (before the Beam) the traffic receipts sank to approximately 33,100% in May and to approximately 30,100% in June. By July it was clear that there was, at any rate temporarily, a considerable diversion of traffic; and there was no reason to suppose that such diversion would not be permanent or even increase in amount, as improvements were applied to the new system. If the Pacific Cable Board had been an ordinary commercial undertaking it might presumably at once have entered into negotiations either with the Eastern Company, whose traffic was also suffering, to fight this new competition by reducing rates; or with the Beam service on the basis of allocation

and partition of the traffic between Beam and cable. The Board's view was that it could neither join with a private company against the Government of one of the partners, nor could it, by combining with the Government service of one of the partners, on terms which must reduce its own receipts, at any rate at first, damnify the other partner Governments. It could only, through its members, call the attention of all the partner Governments to the situation which was developing, and take all possible steps to reduce its own expenditure, to meet the serious reduction in revenue. By the end of the year it was clear that the Beam service meant no temporary diversion of traffic, and the mutual agreement of the Governments concerned resulted in the Imperial Wireless and Cable Conference which met in January 1928 to 'examine the situation which has arisen as a result of the competition of the Beam Wireless with the Cable Services, to report thereon, and to make recommendations with a view to a common policy being adopted by the various Governments concerned.'

The report of the Imperial Conference was issued in July 1928. That Conference consisted of representatives of Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Union of South Africa, the Irish Free State, and India, together with the permanent Under Secretary for the Colonies as representative of Colonies and Protectorates. Its report was unanimous. It found that cable undertakings (including the Pacific Cable) operating between the constituent portions of the British Empire would be unable to continue on a paying basis in face of unrestricted competition on the part of Beam wireless services; but that cables still possess great value for the maintenance of necessary communications within the Empire for commercial and strategic purposes. In order to deal with the situation the Conference, after discussing certain possible courses, recommended (*inter alia*) the creation of a Communications Company which was to 'acquire the Government Cables,' including the Pacific Cable. This recommendation has been generally endorsed by the Governments of the Empire.

It is, therefore, permissible to review shortly the results of the Imperial experiment, of which the history has been given above, and to attempt an assessment of

its success or failure. On the whole, the verdict will not be unfavourable. At the time it was laid there was no possibility of a commercial cable to Australia except on exorbitant terms. Its very idea reduced rates; it gave an adequate service over more than a quarter of a century; and it has done so without excessive calls on the tax-payer—though it is more than doubtful whether, if wireless had been a commercial proposition at the beginning of the century, it would ever have come into being. The Board have been criticised for laying a new cable at a time when the potentialities of the Beam system were still unknown. In their defence it may be said that all the great cable companies of the world, British and Foreign, shared the doubts as to those potentialities which were felt by the majority of the Board. If they had waited and if the Beam had been a failure, they would inevitably have been blamed for delaying, perhaps for another two years, the increased facilities and the reduced rates for which the Empire was waiting. If they had deferred ordering their new cable in April 1925 they would indeed, when the success of the Beam was assured, have been in a position to repay to the British Treasury the remainder of the capital still outstanding, and to the partner Governments the amounts which they had contributed to the earlier deficits. But the best cable in the world would not have been laid.

The establishment of a unified system, as recommended by the Imperial Conference, involves the demise of the Pacific Cable Board as a separate entity: Sir Sandford Fleming's creation—for without his untiring efforts it would never have come into existence—must pass into history. It was a new departure to attempt to manage a commercial undertaking by a Board containing representatives of four nations, all responsible to their respective Parliaments and Governments, three of them leagues away across the sea. It may safely be said that, thanks to the tact and genius of the early chairmen; to their good management in collecting and training a first-class staff; to good luck in the war, when the system suffered only one short interruption, the Board has for the most part avoided or weathered the difficulties inherent in its constitution, and rendered some service to the Empire.

## Art. 13.—THE SUPPRESSION OF WAR.

1. *The Crime of War*. By H. E. Juan Bautista Alberdi, LL.D. (1870.) Translated by C. J. MacConnell. Dent, 1913.
2. *Security Against War*. By F. Kellor. Macmillan, 1924.
3. *Life of Sir William Vernon Harcourt*. By A. G. Gardiner. Constable, 1923.
4. *Cours de droit International Public*. By F. Despagnet. Paris, 1910.

PEACE and Propriety ! The two words seem to harmonise together so elegantly, and so do the two conceptions. 'Peace and Prosperity'—'Peace and Plenty'—'Peace and Propriety': they seem intended by Nature to go together. And yet the world will very shortly have to choose between them. The world is ready for peace; but it is not ready for the dictatorship which would impose propriety throughout the globe. Different nations have different views of propriety, and they are not prepared to surrender them within their own limits. There are two alternatives immediately confronting us—either frankly to allow nations to do as they like within their own limits, or to accept the permanence of war.

The efforts to abolish war which have been so strenuously made in the past have invariably been brought up with a round turn. The inevitable demand has always been made—'What will you put in its place?' There has been no satisfactory answer, and none seems likely to be forthcoming. The League of Nations can only scold the strong, and threaten the weak. If it could do more, it would be a Super-State. The machinery of the League of Nations is dilatory and cumbrous to a degree. While it is talking, an energetic State will be acting—witness Italy in Corfu, Poland in Vilna, and Britain in Egypt. An International Court has again and again been earnestly pressed on a reluctant world—but it has been, as often, gently and firmly rejected. What independent nation can be expected to let its security and freedom depend on the opinion of six lawyers—or even of four lawyers and two professors? The common sense of nations sees that such a method of decision is appropriate

to things that do not much matter. Nor is the defect cured by the provision of a code. The founders of the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations, which was started under high auspices in 1873, saw that nations would never submit themselves to the arbitrary decisions of a few respected elderly gentlemen ; but they thought that they might be induced to do so if those experts had a guide-book in their hands. They made it accordingly their first objective, to elaborate an International Code of Law. But sixty years have left the experts still hopefully and helplessly hammering at codes. The fact is, a living system cannot be codified. The Code of Justinian was the tombstone of the Roman Law. It lay in broken fragments before fifty years had passed. And if the archaic Twelve Tables of early Rome had a better fate, it was only because their prescriptions were archaically few and simple. An elaborate Code is only an elaborate statute. It needs to be interpreted and supplemented ; and as has more than once been remarked, judges show at their worst in the interpretation of statutes. Nations will no more have a Procrustean-bed of rigid code-law than they will have a chance Board to rule over them. Whether nations are right or wrong in this determination is beside the point. The important thing is that they are not prepared to submit to either, or to condemn each other for the refusal.

Still less are the countries of the world prepared to accept the International Legislature which is the inevitable outcome of an International Court and an International Code. Any Code must contain mistakes, anachronisms, obsolete provisions, lacunæ, which the Bench cannot correct. Unanimous agreement on an amendment is impossible where there is a clash of interests. A Legislature would be imposed on the recalcitrant. The Court must sometimes be wrong, and plainly and seriously wrong. Only a Legislature could correct it. Whether it was the Court that was wrong, or the law that was wrong, in the Scots Free Kirk Case, it was only the legislature which was in a position to do substantial justice from the point of view of the great majority of the population. An International Court, for all important matters, with or without a Code, leads straight to an International Legislature ; and the nations are unwilling



to provide themselves with this apparatus. If the inquirer were to embark on an examination of the reasons for their unwillingness, very valid ones would present themselves. Are the nations so enamoured of 'representative' government, that they should desire to extend its scope? Are national parliaments so increasing in power and consideration, that the world should provide itself with an international parliament which might next year give way to an International Dictator? Is Big Business so modest, so averse from repressing competition, that it would not strive to establish behind the International organs an International Financial Ring?

Even without the Legislature which any real International Court would make inevitable, the nations have no security that behind the International Court, and behind the interpretation of the International Code, there would not operate those obscure and fatal forces which would find the manipulation of such convenient organs easy, in the dark interests of private power and international ascendancy. In the face of this world-wide authority, controlling the new International machine, the sovereign powers of the earth would be reduced to the craven ignominy of criminals and traitors, if they crossed its path. It is a little too late in the day to expect the nations to be lulled by democratic platitudes. The democratic machine, in any but the smallest communities, falls to pieces by its own weight, and leaves the Caucus, as self-elected as any unreformed Corporation, in unchallenged sway. How much more in a world of discordant millions! The nations do not want to be standardised. And the inevitable desire of the International organs—as we see from the working of the Bureau International de Travail at Geneva—is to standardise them. What may be the fates of the future, we do not know. But at present we may assume that many nations will regard the loss of their national character and perfect self-determination as a greater evil than war. Again, we need not pronounce that they are right or wrong. The fact remains.

It is impossible, therefore, to replace war either by an International Legislature, an International Code, or an International Court. And it becomes apparent that the right answer to the demand respecting the abolition of



war—'What will you put in its place?' is the simple and sufficient answer, 'Nothing!' When a cause of war arises, let it merely be recognised that war is no solution of the difficulty, and that it is unworthy of a civilised society.

War is every day becoming less chivalrous, less controlled by rules of humanity, more intense in fury, more far-reaching in extent. It has become a nuisance, and as a nuisance it should be abated. The humanisation of war attained its zenith towards the middle of the nineteenth century. In spite of Professor Mountague Bernard's contemporary strictures on going 'too fast and too far' in the direction of improved methods of wholesale slaughter, such as the torpedo and the mine, it can hardly be doubted that the Crimean War was the most humanely waged war of modern times, and that in which the widest liberty was conceded to neutrals and to non-combatants. The British allowed Russian vessels three weeks in which to clear, and gave them an untrammelled passage home. The private property of enemies was scrupulously respected. No 'continuous voyage' doctrine was allowed to hamper the trade of neutral ports. At that time, indeed, an unbiassed observer would have been thoroughly justified in prognosticating a progressive amelioration. The course of history seemed to tend all in one direction. The belligerent was more and more coming to be regarded as a disturber of the world's peace, and it seemed as though in a doubtful case it would always be the neutral who would prevail. The immunity of private property on land was becoming an axiom: the immunity of private property at sea was well in sight. As for the bombardment of watering-places, and the seizure by belligerents of areas of the high seas to serve as minefields, such things would have seemed mere midsummer madness in 1890. The German severities of 1870 might have served as a warning to an exceptionally keen-sighted witness, that the current of humanity was on the ebb-tide; but to most their occurrence seemed no more than a check or set-back, perhaps not altogether unhealthy, to an obvious and irresistible movement in favour of mildness, neutrality, and peace. Then came, in rapid succession, with the twentieth century, three profoundly disturbing phenomena: first the British vicarious penalties and pretended

annexations in the South African War; then the Russian extensions of the idea of contraband and unprecedented attacks on neutral trade, in the Japanese war; and, lastly, the unprovoked Italian attack on Tripoli. Belligerent actions were clearly getting out of hand. The belligerent was no longer the pariah—people rubbed their eyes, and saw with amazement that he was the spoilt child. This new attitude culminated, and could not but culminate, in the war of 1914. In that war, the conception of a non-combatant hardly existed. The idea of the right of a neutral to be undisturbed by the quarrels of his neighbours gave place to the notion that a belligerent was the proper judge of what trade a neutral might be permitted to carry on. The idea of the seas as the peaceful common highway of nations was replaced by the conception of the seas as proper subjects for occupation by belligerents with mines, manœuvres, and naval engagements, while neutrals were required to slink about in corners where they would not inconvenience belligerents. Private property was confiscated—as it had not been for some two hundred years—private persons were shut up wholesale in jails, and Scarborough and London were bombarded like a fortress. The whole population became quasi-combatants: the whole population was threatened, therefore, with starvation. We need not suppose that a future war would be worse in these respects—though the progress of chemical and bacteriological research encourages the supposition. It is enough that it is likely to be as bad.

The self-respect of the civilised world ought to rise up in wrath to disown such a system, in which chivalry, decency, and fair play exist only in microscopic traces. War was bad at the best—but this kind of war is intolerable. Therefore the answer to 'What will you put in its place?' is as plain as the answer to 'What will you put in the place of tigers?'—or 'typhoid?' namely, Nothing. Why can we not frankly accept such a state of things, and dismiss war as henceforth impossible?—'Propriety! Propriety!' Barataria may offend Utopia, and how can she be forced, but by war, to observe the proprieties?

It may be said that an agreement to abolish war is of very little use unless there is some penalty provided for

its infringement. This is not quite true. For we might proceed in an endless series to complain that the due infliction of any provided penalty was secured by no penalties. No penalty is automatic. In the last analysis we must come to some willing mind—and when we have to do with some fifty or sixty units only, we may as well secure the willing minds at first. The analogy of a populous community, in which powers of coercion and penalty must necessarily be vested in a few minds, is entirely misleading. The Society of Nations does not resemble a State which needs to be policed and judged. It is much more like a company of voyagers marooned on a desert island. What they want is not a policeman, but a healthy willingness all round to suppress anybody who creates a disturbance. The one thing essential is to preserve the peace. And it is worth observing, that the customary law of primitive communities drifts into enforced common law, not because any authority desires to enforce it as such, but because the king determines to preserve the peace.

Let all the nations of the world acknowledge—as by the epoch-making 'Kellogg Treaty' they are swiftly doing—that their paramount necessity is the preservation of the peace, and we shall be in sight of what some minds consider a *sine qua non*, namely, due penalty for its infringement. For if each nation is cordially persuaded of the necessity of preserving the peace, there will be a unanimous and overwhelming movement against the peace-breaker. Not, it will be observed, against a wrong-doer! That would be to introduce the old, vicious system of the German Reich, under which the Reich undertook to enforce Propriety *vi et armis*. As there never was that fundamental whole-hearted enthusiasm for enforcing the wiggeries of the Aulic Council, that there might have been for restraining a peace-breaker, the Reichsarmee degenerated into a futile Policeman of Penzance, trying to enforce law on a crew of armed men with a truncheon. The sole, simple, and sufficient cause which will bring the whole world like a hornets' nest about the ears of a law-breaking State, is its presuming to carry fire and sword across the frontiers of another. War at present has the sanction of custom and tradition. Once let this link be formally broken, as by the solemn agree-

ment to renounce War, embodied in the great Treaty which we owe to such statesmen as Briand, Coolidge, and Kellogg, it has been—and there remains nothing to prevent the united force of the world from being turned on the first nation which crosses the borders of another, with the same energy as that with which neighbours rush to the scene of a conflagration.

At this point a shriek arises from the pedant. 'What! you would stand by and see British subjects fried alive in some foreign State, and do nothing to prevent it?' The shriek is sentimental. Whatever Switzerland might choose to do, we could do nothing to prevent it; and in fact we found we could do nothing to check the atrocities of Lopez committed against British subjects in Paraguay. The British fleet cannot cross mountains, and British planes cannot cross neutral countries with hostile intent. Yet we do not trouble ourselves very seriously about what may happen to British subjects who may visit land-locked territories like Switzerland, Paraguay, and Bolivia. We may safely face the risk of their being fried. The real reason why we are loth on their account to abandon war is not because we fear they will be fried, but because we fear they will be fleeced. If Mr A. A. Milne had not been a humorist besides being a brilliant writer, one could not do better here than copy out *in extenso* every page of his essay on war in 'If I May.' Nothing could be more conclusive and crushing. He does not leave war a leg to stand on. But as Mr Milne is a humorist, every one will suspect that his decisive reasoning is in some sort of way a huge joke. It is a deeply unjust, if natural, suspicion—but the fact gives us strength to resist the temptation to infringe Mr Milne's copyright.

Why should not each country be left undisturbed within its own borders? The loose talk about 'the growing interdependence of nations,' and 'no nation having a right to stand aside from the rest,' means simply, when analysed, that some States want something that others have got. But what real advantage can they reap at the cost of the incalculable pain of war? What agony and terror and destruction would come to the world, if each State retained complete power to do as it pleased within its own borders? It would be futile to say that any treaty renouncing war would of itself make war

impossible. What it does effect is to make war very appreciably more difficult. And it may well postpone the occurrence of wars for so long a time that the habit of war, like the habit of witch-fear, and the habit of judicial torture, and the habit of giving daughters away in marriage, may be extinguished by disuse. Two hundred years of peace might well make war seem an incredible relic of a barbarous past.

The strength of war is its legality. Once let it be branded as definitely illegal, and a long step will have been taken towards its abolition. J. B. Alberdi, the Argentine Envoy to France, saw and proclaimed this in 'The Crime of War,' in 1870. It would be useful if the further step could be accepted that, States having not only promised not to wage war, but having actually resigned the power to do so, their agents in any invasion of any territory having a settled and established Government could no longer appear in the light of anything else than common murderers and thieves. For their State could not confer on them an authority which it did not possess. It might be well, during the invasion, to treat the invaders as though they had the rights of lawful combatants. But the knowledge that they were not lawful combatants, but mere criminals, liable to be treated as such in case of failure, would operate as a considerable discouragement; and like the Swedish troops in the seventeenth century and the Curragh leaders in 1914, they might well throw up their commissions rather than partake in the unjustifiable acts commanded by their government.

Nor need there be any alarming organisation of world-wide force for the purpose of suppressing war. A standing international army would be a standing instrument for the subjugation of the world. The nations must come together in harmony to crush the invader, without nicely questioning who is to stand on the right of the line! Only they must come in overwhelming force, not counting the cost. This is the true meaning of that abused expression 'The Balance of Power.' It implies nothing like a precarious balancing of two rival alliances or *ententes*. Its meaning is that no one State shall be allowed to grow so powerful as to be unlikely to be challenged in its foreign adventures by any combination of the rest—and thus to

be in a position to destroy them in detail. Let the superstition that war is normal and lawful once be broken—as it will be now that it is formally renounced—and there is every probability that States will realise the danger of permitting a single successful invasion to take place. So that even those who demand ‘sanctions’ may be satisfied. There can be no harm in a State’s defending itself, and there can be no harm in its defending a friend.

Even, let us repeat, if that friend is in the wrong! We shall have conspicuously failed to make our meaning plain, if it has not been made clear that the crying need of the present day is to recognise the fact that nobody really thinks that nations ought to be kept in the path of propriety by the infliction of the terrific horrors of war. Accordingly, every State is justified and normally bound to assist its delinquent friend against any one who threatens that torture. Incidentally, it would seem to be necessary to include the ships of each country in the exemption from invasion. Ships are a vital means of life to a modern nation; and it is not necessary to enumerate the high authorities who have from time to time expressly asserted that they form, when on the high seas, an integral part of its territory; though the names of Lord Blackburn,\* Daniel Webster, and Cavour, affirming this principle, are perhaps still as worthy of credit as those of the sciolists of to-day who deny it.

There is one loophole for the violent, which will have to be very firmly and emphatically closed. It is of little use to abolish war on paper if war can be carried on under another name in practice. And it evidently can. Half a century ago, it could not; but it can to-day. Nothing has happened for three hundred years so to shake the foundations of the Law of Nations, as the bombardment of Corfu in 1921. Not the Berlin and Milan Decrees of 1805—not the ‘unfortunate violence’ (as Hall termed it) of the measures against neutrals approved by Betts and Chase in 1865—not the German mines and the Allied reprisals of 1915—have worked so much havoc in the basic conceptions of the law, as this demonstration that you can pacifically bombard cities and blow children and

\* ‘The English ship on the high seas is part of English territory,’ *Marshall v. Murgatroyd*, L. R. 6 Q. B. p. 31.



adults alike to atoms so long as you proclaim your peaceful intentions, and your victim is submissive enough. Things of that sort may have been done before, but this is the first time that the complaisance of the world has implicitly justified them. Has the reader ever seen a man industriously undermining the cliff on which his house is built? Have you ever watched any one hard at work sawing through the branch on which he is seated? Have you ever seen a sailor in a boat sedulously removing the plug? Possibly not. But we have now had the opportunity of observing the society of nations engaged in the work of exploding its own foundations—a sufficiently singular spectacle.

The vital nerve of International relations to-day is Territorial Sovereignty and Independence. The world is organised on a basis of Territorial Self-Determination. The assumption which renders that organisation possible has been that the soil of a nation is sacred; that the slightest foreign force exercised on that soil is a deadly insult, unthinkable and incredible. The sole exception was when two nations were at war. War alone could justify such acts; and if a nation committed them it could not say it was not at war. Acts speak louder than words. In committing them, it necessarily laid itself open to all the risks and responsibilities of war, and to the odium of commencing hostilities. Neutrals must keep its ships and troops at arms' length, and must not furnish it with any warlike facilities. It may even find that it has put its head into the lion's mouth. At any rate, it has the certitude of incurring risks and losses, though it may count on inflicting still greater damage upon its opponent. But the modern theory, very properly ridiculed by such authorities as Mr H. A. L. Fisher, but still very prevalent in the highest quarters, allows weak States to be invaded and insulted on the arrogant assumption that they will take it lying down, and that no war will necessarily take place. It need not be repeated how inconsistent this is with any system of International Law based on the sacredness of territory, and on the assumption that it cannot be invaded without inevitably incurring a state of war, with its duly regulated reciprocity. 'There cannot be a principle more dangerous to the maintenance of peace, or more fatal to the independence of the weaker Powers,



than that it should be lawful for a stronger Power, whenever it has a demand on a feebler neighbour, to seize hold of part of its territory by force of arms, instead of seeking redress in the usual way of negotiation.' \*

The history of this extraordinary delusion, that one can carry fire and sword into a country without being at war with it, is a short one. Louis XIV on one occasion issued a pompous proclamation declaring his intention to occupy Austrian Flanders 'sans que le paix soit rompue de notre part,' but his contemporaries laughed at him, and the peace was thoroughly broken. Since that time no imitator for centuries seems to have restated this Ludovician heresy. Territorial Independence was seen to be the settled basis of the peace of the world. Not the greatest State ventured to meddle with this sensory nerve of the smallest. It was subconsciously felt that to do so would be to take the underpinning from the structure of international organisation; and no State, however mighty, could be sure where such a movement would stop. At the height of the Napoleonic Wars, when the world was in the melting-pot, Napoleon I did make a raid into neutral territory, and kidnapped the Duke of Enghien. The storm which arose constituted one of the first-rate elements of his downfall. And I have yet to hear that any jurist placidly announced that—'there are occasions on which violence exerted in a foreign country during a state of peace may be justified.' France, again, marched an army into the Morea in 1828, and into Syria in 1850. The Sick Man of Europe, like a sick man in private life, was fair game for infirmity surgeons. But there is no doubt that the expedition of 1828 to the Morea was war. The Turko-Egyptian and French troops fought battle after battle—and few people are so foolish as to assert that when the attacked party resists there is no war unless both sides expressly say so. The expedition of 1850 against the Druses was not directed against Turkey at all, and it had her reluctant, if tacit, assent. Until the very close of the nineteenth century, the salutary fear of tampering with the vital nerve of Territorial Integrity remained in full force. So powerful was it, that it stimu-

\* 'Letters of Queen Victoria, 1862-1873,' vol. I, p. 146. Was that the dictum of Prince Albert, or of some doctrinaire? Not at all; it was the language of Lord Palmerston.

lated the creation of the wholly unlawful and inadmissible practice of so-called 'pacific' blockade, in which a powerful nation went as far as it dared in interfering with a weak nation without setting foot on its actual soil. Even this practice was extremely rare, and usually ran out into operations of war. When Jules Ferry, in 1885, in humble imitation of King Louis, tried to persuade foreign Powers that when he was battering Chinese forts and killing Chinese troops he was not at war with China, Lord Granville and the rest of the civilised world entirely disagreed and published proclamations of neutrality.

Then, at the end of the nineteenth century, came the débâcle. That mild-mannered nobleman, the Earl of Kimberley, having a bone to pick in 1895 with Nicaragua, landed marines at Corinto, occupied the Custom House, and stayed there until Nicaragua paid him the paltry sum of 15,000*l*. Such a thing neither Palmerston, nor Thiers, nor Bismarck, had ever thought possible. That a nation should be able to trade on the weakness of another, and help itself to its ready cash by invading its territory—well knowing that it dare not forcibly resist—might be called peace; but to those blunt statesmen it would have appeared essentially and necessarily war. A just war, possibly; but war nevertheless.

Nicaragua is a long way off; and few took any particular notice of the act of the Liberal Government. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer did; and he was Sir William Vernon Harcourt. Knowing something about the essentials of the Law of Nations, he complained bitterly to the Foreign Minister of this action which he had taken without consulting the Cabinet. The truth was, that the action was not so much Kimberley's as the Prime Minister's; Lord Rosebery had told Lord Kimberley what to do, and, secure in his protection, Lord Kimberley cared nothing for what the rest of the Cabinet might say. But the event nearly precipitated Harcourt's resignation. The Rosebery element in the Cabinet had promised him full information on all important steps—and this was how they carried out their promise!

Sir W. V. Harcourt wrote again to Kimberley (April 17, 1895): \*

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\* Gardiner 'Life and Letters of Sir W. V. Harcourt,' II, p. 331.

'I cannot conceive that after writing a high faluting letter of the most gushing description to the Tsar, exhorting him to propound a scheme of universal arbitration, and having commenced a sort of negotiation with the United States with the same object, we are going to stultify ourselves by coming down on Nicaragua with force of arms to settle a petty amount of pecuniary compensation. If there ever was a subject on which arbitration was proper, it would be on a money question of this sort, the *amende* having been made on everything else.'

But Kimberley stiffly replied that 'Rosebery thought it impossible to get the Cabinet together,' and that the noble pair were 'both strongly of opinion that it was not a case for arbitration.' On which, Harcourt wrote (April 18):

'After the assurance you had given me that the Cabinet should be consulted before forcible measures were resorted to in Nicaragua, I can only regard your letter of the 17th received to-day (to employ your favourite phrase) as a highly "unfriendly proceeding." The refusal of Lord Rosebery to reserve a question of this importance for the Cabinet on the request of the Home Secretary and the remonstrance of the Leader of the House of Commons, is, according to my experience, without precedent.

'Unfortunately it is entirely in accordance with the course which, since the origin of this Government, and notably in the case of the Anglo-Belgian Convention, has been pursued towards myself and the members of the Cabinet in the House of Commons.

'It is in direct breach of the understanding on which I consented to be responsible for the Government in the House of Commons. I must directly traverse your statement that this Cabinet ever authorised the proceedings you and Lord Rosebery have adopted. It was distinctly understood that all hostile action was to be postponed till the answer from Nicaragua was received and considered, and of this you personally assured me yourself some weeks ago. As a fact, that Government has made the *amende* in respect of the principal grievance, and the only question now in issue is the amount of damages to be recovered. Whether this is a matter to be settled *vi et armis* is a thing which the Cabinet have never had an opportunity of considering, and which they ought to have determined. Every day's experience more and more convinces me that there is no desire to place the working

of the Government as between its representatives in the House of Lords and the House of Commons on a fair and friendly footing, but that there is a fixed intention to forestall decisions and to commit the Government to courses which the Cabinet have had no opportunity to consider.

'This is conduct against which I have found it necessary constantly to protest, and which is becoming every day more intolerable.

'It only remains for me to consider what is the best method of dealing with a situation which I cannot accept, viz.: that of being held responsible for proceedings in which neither I nor my colleagues are allowed any voice.'

Kimberley and Rosebery took no notice. But in two months Rosebery's Government was defeated and he himself was driven from political life (he resigned the leadership of the distracted party in December 1896). The Prime Minister sits in the Cabinet as *primus inter pares*; he was clearly wrong in attempting an audacious innovation behind the backs of his colleagues; and Kimberley's action, if it was as represented by Harcourt, was scarcely honourable. Did Lord Rosebery reflect, when Austria launched her ultimatum against Serbia in 1914, projecting a punitive peaceful expedition, that he had broken the ice for her in 1895? The arrogance of Austria in 1914 was clearly preluded by the arrogance of Britain under Rosebery, when, ignoring the remonstrances of his chief lieutenant, he broke through the time-honoured sanctity of frontiers, and sent marines to Corinto in the rôle of highwaymen. Morley seems to have been with Harcourt on the matter. 'Do you remember,' the latter says in 1896,\* 'our remonstrance against that *coup de main*?' Carnegie, he added, had written to the Duke of Devonshire saying that Great Britain was 'playing with fire' in the Nicaragua affair.

This event went far to destroy the conception of territory as inviolable. The nerve had been all but killed. But it was not quite dead. Nicaragua was so far away. There was hope that the judicial sense of the world would condemn the new pretension. The signs, however, were ominous. When a boy makes a breach in a dyke the waters soon ensure that the dyke shall be

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\* Jan. 18, vide 'Life of Harcourt,' ii, p. 398.

swept away. Attempts were made to stop the breach. Sir William Harcourt's trenchant opinion remained unpublished—but Despagne and De Boeck, French writers of the first eminence, declared that bombardments and military occupation necessarily spelt war. Submission is not consent, as every student of criminal law is aware; and the high authority of Earl Balfour was cited for the proposition that armed coercion, though unresisted, is war. 'Does the honourable Member,' he asked Mr Healy, when the latter inquired whether Great Britain was at war with Venezuela in 1902, 'suppose that without a state of war you can take the ships of another Power and blockade its ports?' and in fact, the treaties of the Powers with Venezuela were all renewed on that hypothesis, when calm was subsequently restored. So far, good; but the flood was running too strongly in the opposite direction. 'The idea of peacefully pouncing with guns on your neighbour's land' was rapidly spreading. The Germans walked into Kiao-tshao; the Powers walked into Candia; the French walked into Mitylene. And the Italians, in 1923, at short notice, peacefully bombarded and occupied Corfu, killing a number of people, not all Greeks.

It is not our intention to enter into the merits of the original dispute between Greece and Italy. We assume that Italy was entirely and absolutely right. But the mode in which she sought satisfaction fills us with misgiving. Conscious that to have gone to war incontinently with Greece unless she accepted the Italian demands without the alteration of a comma, would have brought down on her universal reprobation and involved her in incalculable risks, she chose, while bombarding a peaceful town and slaughtering neutral children,\* to pretend that she was at peace. I confess that I am a warm admirer of the present Italian régime. It is an inspiration to all students of the art of government, and an encouragement to all who believe in honesty, industry, firm purpose, and ideal vision. It is a brilliant refutation of the stale platitudes of the pedant and the rhetorician. It has made Italy an example for the world. At the same time, Italy is not exempt from the laws of common sense, which proclaim that war is war, whatever we like to call it.

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\* See Kellor, 'Security Against War,' I, p. 200.

But what is serious is, that it is now demonstrated that the vital nerve of International Law—the sacredness of territory—is dead. Not only was the official world unmoved by the Corfu tragedy; but it has formally admitted the possibility that Italy may have been right, and that invasion is not necessarily war.

Nothing short of this appears to be the meaning of the way in which the Greek complaints to the Council of the League of Nations were received by that body. They evaded the question, by referring it to a body of distinguished jurists to say whether 'measures of coercion not meant to constitute acts of war' were consistent with the 'covenant' of the League. As instant war is obviously not consistent with the provisions of the League, this implicitly recognised that there may be measures of coercion which do not necessarily amount to war—as we all acknowledge—but, further, the reference would have been quite nugatory and purposeless if it did not also implicitly recognise that the Italian bombardment and occupation were or might be reckoned among such measures. The jurists to whom these questions were referred had actually themselves drawn them up. So we are confronted with the very serious situation, that the unanimous legal opinion of an extraordinarily strong body of experts recognised the possibility of peaceful bombardment and invasion, and left it to the Council of the League to say whether they should or should not be interfered with in any particular case. 'It is for the Council to decide . . . whether it should recommend the maintaining or the withdrawal of such measures'—i.e. whether or not it should 'recommend' continued massacre and insult. Even if the Council disapproves it, it is only to 'recommend' its cessation!

Surely this is to stultify the League of Nations altogether! Any nation which wants to go to war with another, need only proclaim its peaceful intentions, while carrying fire and sword into its neighbour's territories—and all that will happen will be that the Council will say whether or not it is going too far, and may make 'recommendations'! No pantomime or Savoy opera was ever quite so farcical. It is henceforward just a matter of opinion, whether the case against a nation is grave enough to justify its being peacefully knocked to pieces.



Naturally, every strong nation will be its own judge in that respect.

It is perfectly true that the hitherto accepted Law of Nations does provide measures of coercion which do not amount to war. But, fortunately, they do not depend for this pacific character on the simple 'intention' of the State which carries them out. They depend for that character on the plain fact that they are carried into effect outside the territory of the Power affected. Under the names of Retorsion and Reprisals, they are familiar to every student of International Law. Authors have carefully enumerated the various forms which they may take; and it is surely remarkable that the most detailed lists contain no mention of the invasion or bombardment of peaceful territory. Bluntschli \* gives a long list of reprisals which include seizure of the offender's property in one's own territory; interruption of communications; expulsions and exclusions; detention of hostages; imprisonment of persons; repudiation of treaty obligations; and withdrawal of private privileges and protection. Heffter † defines reprisals as 'all forcible means which a government uses towards another state or its subjects, or property belonging to the latter, with the object of' securing satisfaction—he does not include among such means bombardment and invasion, but only (1) the suspension of engagements; (2) the suspension of friendly intercourse; (3) seizure and sequestration of persons and property; while Rougier, who has devoted an entire monograph ‡ to the subject, never mentions as possible reprisals these fatal encroachments on the personality of a nation—military occupation and bombardment.

Sir Frederick Pollock, in a letter which he addressed on this subject to the 'Times,' § was less happily inspired than usual. He found a precedent for the Italian action in the Six Powers' occupation of Crete in 1897, and—as if one swallow made a summer—reflected happily that on that occasion we proclaimed a blockade; assumed jurisdiction in Turkish territory; slaughtered some Turkish officials ('if I remember rightly'); fired on Turks and

\* 'Das Moderne Völkerrecht,' p. 500.

† 'Droit International de l'Europe,' p. 110.

‡ In the 'Revue Générale de Droit International Public.'

§ Oct. 8, 1923, cited *apud* Kellor, *ubi sup.*, p. 212, n.



insurgents; and forbade the landing of Turkish reinforcements. Sir Frederick adds—'this would be more than enough for Signor Mussolini.' But perhaps he is right in rather distrusting his memory. The Turks who were slain were not killed as Turkish 'officials' but as the murderers of British soldiers or sailors; the 'blockade' was not a blockade—how could the Powers blockade a territory which they occupied?—but an interdiction of access to Crete to the Greek flag—the object of the intervention was not to put pressure on the territorial Power (Turkey), but to protect the *status quo* as against the Greeks—the intervention was carried out by the United Powers in order to secure Europe from a general conflagration, and not to secure redress for an individual wrong. In my opinion, as I wrote at the time, the whole intervention was a gross iniquity; but it breaks down at every point as an analogy for the Italian acts in Corfu. The latter were frankly accomplished as pressure directly exerted on the territorial power by a friendly nation in order to serve its own ends. It would need more than Crete to serve as a precedent for them; though Crete was bad enough.

It is plain, therefore, that it is absolutely necessary, in order to abolish war, to get rid of the idea that violent invasion is not war but mere 'reprisals.' If such steps are taken against a State which is in a position to resent them, war will immediately follow; only it will be uncertain precisely when it began—in itself a highly inconvenient state of things for the outside world—and the blame of beginning it will be placed upon the wrong shoulders. For, until the invaded State woke up and began to defend itself, there were only 'peaceful reprisals'! Or perhaps it may be recognised that it is as much entitled to defend itself 'peacefully' as its enemy was entitled 'peacefully' to invade it. This will enable war to be carried on as reprisals and counter-reprisals; and the peaceful belligerents will be very happy, because they will both be entitled to the fullest sympathy, countenance, recruitment, and support from neutrals.

We have recently been told that nobody can dispute the inherent right of self-defence. Is there such a right as against pacific invasion, as well as against candid war? The tangle of difficulties which will arise from throwing

such a monkey-wrench into the complicated web of Versailles, Locarno, and Anti-War Treaties is frankly appalling.

It is, of course, possible that difficulties may arise in regions which are outside the sphere of any civilised State. And that may be either because they are not civilised, or because there is no State. If the region is simply what we complacently call 'uncivilised,' there may still be room for war through the rivalries of civilised States within its borders. Reprisals and counter-reprisals between civilised settlers on the neutral tournament-ground of African swamps or Pacific islands might be supported by the whole military strength of their sovereigns. It would be difficult to refuse to this the name of war—but it would be exceedingly difficult to say when war began or who began it. Fortunately, Africa has been so thoroughly parcelled out, and other remote districts have been so thoroughly made over to mandatories, that little possibility now exists of such a tournament-ground being available. But we have had many recent reminders that quite civilised regions may be found to be outside the sphere of any civilised State for the simple reason that there is no State there. The central government has ceased to exist. And the necessary condition of a State is that it should have a government. It is not enough to make a people a State, that they have once had a government. If the government falls, the State falls with it. Naturally, if one government displaces another, the State continues to exist; because, in falling, the displaced government ceases to be the government at all. But if it falls, and none replaces it, completely and entirely, then the State expires, just as conclusively and completely as a human being expires who has lost his head. The idea that a State can continue to exist indefinitely, in a state of suspended animation, until some government or other resumes entire control throughout its territory, is a figment which is productive of the most perplexing entanglements and uncertainties. No one can say what, if any, are the powers of the various scattered authorities which meanwhile may be functioning on the defunct government's territory. International Law refuses to be entangled in such a net. It sensibly determines to look at facts, and

facts alone. Where it sees a person or body in control of territory in a settled manner, there it sees a State; and if the territory does not coincide with that of any former government, there it sees a new State. Where a State loses its government, no degree of popular unity, no wishes of its creditors, no sentimental regard on the part of the world, will keep it still a State. The most we can say is, that it ought to be a State. An hypothesis is not a State; historic traditions are not a State; a well-grounded hope is not a State; the desires of bondholders are not a State; a sentiment is not a State. When the Austrian Emperor fell, there was no reason why the persons who grasped his power in Vienna should carry on his sovereignty any more than those who grasped it in Prague. The Empire ceased to exist; new States arose on its ruin. Had no new States arisen, or had regions existed where their authority did not run, there would have existed highly civilised territory in which there was no State. Strictly, it would have lain open to the occupation of any State which chose to exercise authority there, and no State would be entitled to complain of lesser acts of control, merely because it expected or desired in due course to annex it. And no historic traditions, racial sentiment, popular desire, or financial convenience would make the slightest difference. When Bazaine told his court-martial that when the Empire had fallen there was no one from whom he could take orders, the Duke of Aumale responded, 'There was always France!' It was a correct reply, but only because the persons who expelled the Empress-Regent, themselves immediately became a government which was everywhere obeyed throughout France and by the French armies. The sentimental phrase, 'There was always France!' was thus justified. There *was* always France—because France had in fact rallied unanimously to the displacers of the Empire; they had proclaimed themselves the government and nobody had opposed their claim. But the phrase might have been sentimental only. Had a Royalist government set itself up in Rochelle, a Communist government in Marseilles, a Republican government at Paris, it would have been obvious that there was no single State of France. To say in such a case, 'There was always France!' might be a magnificent moral sentiment, but it would have no

legal meaning. It would be like telling a soldier of King Alfred, 'There was always Rome!'

If a nation loses its government, other nations are not bound to wait until it gets it again. It ceases to be a State, and they can do what they please in its borders, provided they observe the dictates of humanity. If various new governments arise in that territory, they can only be looked upon as the sovereigns of new States. The attempt to behave as though a phantom united State were still alive, with rights to be respected and duties to fulfil, is productive of infinite evils. Not least among them is the dangerous doctrine, enunciated of late in America by Mr Hughes, to the effect that in regions where a government is temporarily unable to function, foreign States may step in (as in Nicaragua) and take their own sweet will. How can foreign States know whether the inability to function will be temporary only? If the inability is permanent, then a new State has arisen in the given region; if it is temporary, then there is a mere civil war in progress there, and all authority is against Mr Hughes, in allowing a State to interfere in cases of civil war in its neighbour's territory.

So that, when analysed, Mr Hughes' dictum amounts simply to asserting a right of attacking new States or of interfering in civil wars—neither of which propositions can be maintained for a moment. But the undeniable dogmas receive a kind of glamour from the undoubted fact that in cases where there is patently no government (as in China), and the old government has really ceased entirely to exist, States show themselves in our day inclined, through interest or sentiment, to refuse to recognise the fact, behaving as though the united State still in fact existed. In that case, there is supposed to be a phantom government of the suppositious State; as it can no more act than other phantoms can, States are in the habit of ignoring it when necessary. Mr Hughes makes the short step of arguing from that abnormal state of things to the case of a real government which finds itself extremely weak in certain regions, owing to disturbance or revolt, and appears to advocate a general licence to foreigners to interfere in such cases. As States ignore their own created phantoms, in the one case, so Mr Hughes would allow them to ignore a genuine sovereign,

in the other, with results which can only be described as affording a deplorable loophole for tyranny, anarchy, and utter confusion in the basic principles of State intercourse.

But whether the heresy enabling any and every State to take a hand in the affairs of weak governments like that of Nicaragua be finally accepted or not, we shall still be confronted with the case of the breakdown of a State's government, and the consequent arising of a condition of technical anarchy within its borders. In the seething welter of morals and ideas which distinguishes the condition of the modern world, this is increasingly likely to occur. Foreign States are not unlikely to come into collision on the tournament-ground afforded by such defunct States. As in uncivilised regions, these collisions may be represented as not constituting war—but as constituting mere measures of reprisals, counter-reprisals, and self-defence. It may be recommended that, as in the case of ships on the high seas, all forcible interference by the armed forces of one State with the persons and the property of the subjects of another (except in self-defence) in regions not the territory of or under mandate to any civilised State with an established government, should be considered as war, and renounced accordingly.

Lastly, should 'self-defence,' whether of an individual or a nation, include the defence of others? There seems not the least reason why it should not do so; in fact, the right of self-defence is only the right to repel unlawful force, and its exercise might often be impossible without the active assistance of others. If two friends are walking together, and one is seized by a robber, surely the right of the one attacked to defend himself implies a right to accept his friend's assistance. And, if so, the latter cannot be wrong in extending it.

It may be concluded, therefore, that the great treaty now in process of ratification for the general renunciation of war is viable and valuable; that, in order for it to be of real utility, public opinion ought to brand as war all 'peaceful' attacks with fire and sword; and that it would further be desirable, while maintaining the power of States to intervene by force in places which are under the jurisdiction of no existing government, to deny them the power of armed intervention in regions where the power of an existing and established government is weak.

Lastly, the immunity and protection of shipping on the high seas, and the avoidance of armed collisions in uncivilised, and particularly in civilised but technically anarchic regions, ought to be carefully provided for; and the repelling of armed aggression against a friend ought to be sanctioned as implicit in the right of self-defence.

So that, even if the admirable Kellogg Treaty secures, as is now practically assured, general or universal adherence, there remains something to be accomplished before the guarantee of peace can be considered perfect. It is hard to see how Civil War is to be dealt with—and when fomented by another State, Civil War bears a strong family resemblance to the familiar variety of international war. It seems difficult to deny to States the right and duty of intervening to support established governments (provided that they have not themselves installed them)—unpopular as that doctrine may for the moment be. For otherwise Barataria may conduct a veiled fight against Utopia by subsidising revolution.

At any rate the first step towards the abolition of war has been taken. The Kellogg Treaty has been signed and sealed. And it is proverbially the first step that counts. It is now for the public to ensure that the Treaty shall not be a dead letter. Publicists and statesmen must make it clear that war is war, by whatever pleasant name it may be called. Then the whole force of the world may spontaneously be turned against whatever State invades territory of a regular and established government, and each nation may breathe freely within its own allotted bounds.

T. BATY.

## SOME RECENT BOOKS.

*Wolsey, Wordsworth, and Mrs Browning—Gawain, the Green Knight, and Gudrun—Early Man—Savagery and Sex—India on Trial—Alexander's Track—Nineveh—Japanese Drama—An Eastern Allegory—Scotland Yard—John Cameron's Odyssey and 'R.L.S.'—The English Novel—'The Tree of Life'—Sir William Hadow—Historical Novels and Mr Symons—Ancient Buildings.*

It is possible that Cardinal Wolsey has been the least known of the more important makers of modern England ; and, therefore, Dr A. F. Pollard's definite, exhaustive, and well-documented study, '**Wolsey**' (Longmans), is a clear gain to students of history great and small. He has traced with an excellent lucidity the main currents of political thought and activity during the complicated times of the eighth Henry and has brought out clearly, against a dark and lowering background of duplicity, cruelty, fear, and trouble to come, the personality of him whose rise and tragic fall will remain a moral for the world to wonder at. If Wolsey had served his God as he had striven to serve himself—for pre-eminently it was himself rather than his King whose fortunes he had schemed with cunning and strange pertinacity to serve—then his story would have been less sordid. To be the Pope was the supreme lure, and leading to that towering hope, destined to tragic futility, was his lust and passion for worldly circumstance, troops of retainers in rich display, and a pride that merely aroused the jealous angers and suspicions of the nobles in whose path the butcher's son stood. Indirectly Wolsey and his work were main causes of the Reformation in England, as Professor Pollard shows : '*L'Auteur du Schisme.*' His arrogance as the Papal Legate, which compelled even the Archbishop of Canterbury to be subservient to him ; his amazing greed which led directly to the spoliation of the monasteries ; his pride—'*Ego et rex meum.*' 'In fact, though not in form, he was the first who wielded sovereignty in England because he ruled both Church and State.' Shakespeare spoke the truth about him, and so did Thomas More, who said, '*Glorious was hee very*



farre above all measure, and that was great pitie ; for it dyd harme and made him abuse many great gyftes that God hadde geven him.' The original two-volume edition of Professor George McLean Harper's biography of '**William Wordsworth**' (Murray) at once on publication took its place as the standard authority on the greatest of the Poets Laureate ; and that ascendancy is strengthened by this more compact and improved version in one volume. Brevity has enhanced the excellence. This is a greater work than the original because it is considerably less ; and it remains probably as truthful a study of its subject as any biography written ; for Professor Harper is conscious of the blemishes as well as of the qualities of Wordsworth, as shown in his personality and his work ; and he makes the defects as well as the qualities clear. He would, indeed, be a poor visionary who did not see the ossification of mind and heart which increased in the later years of the poet's long life ; yet the beauty and greatness of his verse are fully brought out. In the first edition of this work the author rather tended to overpraise ; but that opinion is now modified ; though still he claims that Wordsworth is the greatest of our poets since Milton. Keats in the last years has been rightly and steadily rising in the general appreciation, and undoubtedly is claiming a place among the greatest ; but comparisons of the kind are needless, and so long as our language has its treasury of poets Wordsworth will occupy his prominent niche therein. No poet gave more comfort to troubled and anxious hearts during the War ; and that influence of healing and strengthening for tried spirits in times of stress will persist, for its elements belong to the universal. The private story of '**Elizabeth Barrett Browning**' (Hutchinson) has been so often told that Miss Isabel C. Clarke has a worn subject for the 'Portrait' which her pen depicts. Better and more acceptable, and probably more profitable to herself, would it have been had she given the same careful energy and output of thought to Mrs Browning's verse ; for in these crowded times, with many new poets knocking at the doorway of what they think is fame, clamouring for attention, and often for more attention than they deserve, there is a decided and increasing tendency for her works to be left unread. Doubtless, this neglect will not persist ;

but it cannot end before there is a clear new call for the restoration of the poetess to the place she deserves ; and every new book about her would be better spent on recalling, explaining, and justifying her abundant body of work than in putting again into the pillory her intolerable, impossible father, and retelling the romantic story of her strange wooing and escape. Miss Clarke's 'Portrait' is honest and true in spirit ; but it happens to be one of the many books which do not satisfy or precisely recall 'a felt want.'

Mallory was severe upon Gawain, and Tennyson, who borrowed the furniture but not the spirit of the *Morte d'Arthur*, railed at the young Knight for his lightness and shallowness ; it is therefore pleasant to see him in '*Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*' (Dent) as courageous, virtuous, and true, as became a loyal follower of King Arthur. The legend told in this modern version is delightful ; and delightfully has Mr S. O. Andrew rendered it in the original metre. It has colour, energy, and romance ; the people, even the mystical Green Knight and his elf-like wife, live ; while the opening scenes in the Court of Arthur have at once imagination and reality. One sees the crowded hall with the assembled knights in their richness and heartiness ; until Gawain had to go forth 'to dree on that day the doom of my weird.' With all its ancient and mystic circumstance the tale has an enduring vitality, so that it reads as easily as a modern book ; and we wish that in similar manner we could praise '*Gudrun*,' published by the same house, and translated by Miss Margaret Armour. In her natural endeavour to secure an archaic truth she has fallen to the artificial, and so has not justified her difficult task.

Conjecture necessarily is prominent in Mr T. S. Foster's study of the origins of human progress, entitled '*Travels and Settlements of Early Man*' (Benn) ; for he begins his account in the far prehistoric dawn and, at its end, we find the Maoris freshly settled in New Zealand after having migrated there in plank-built, ocean-going canoes from Polynesia ; so bringing to an end a Mongolian journeying by way of the Behring Straits and North and South America ; a drift of many centuries, a process which calls to the imagination and requires for its justification an enlightened vision. Great gaps, unspannable save

by brave conjecture, occur in the narrative, yet in a right spirit, in the only practical way, Mr Foster has ventured and has hesitated not at all. He says positively of Stonehenge, of which next to nothing is known, that 'this unique monument, devoted towards the close of the megalithic period to sun-worship, was designed by an artist equipped with eastern science and erected by organised labour employed in carefully supervised processes'—as probably is true. Without taking hazard in such ways the wings of science could not fly and its feet would only plod. How many anthropologists, who linger over the intelligence of the Cromagnon man, and his forebears in humanity, go back in print frankly to the Primates, and trace our proud ancestry to the hairy fathers of Homo whose genealogical trees belonged to the forest primeval? Mr Foster's book requires and merits careful reading; for every sentence has its content of bold, constructive thought. That it will find absolute acceptance is more than can be expected, in view of the vastness of the theme and the inevitable tenuity of the frequent conjectural passages; but it is sincere, well-expressed, courageous, and, as the bibliography shows, as well-documented as the conditions permit.

A deal of curious rambling thought has been gathered together in '**Studies of Savagery and Sex**' (Methuen), which Dr Theodore Bestermann of Berlin has put together, with emendations and linkings-up, from the unpublished writings of the late Ernest Crawley. The collection reads rather like the voluminous note-books of a scholarly anthropologist and folk-lorist than a settled contribution to any of the various branches of learning it has approached. The most elaborate part on Chastity and Sexual Morality is mainly given to such a collection of facts especially relating to savage sexuality as Sir James Frazer has made familiar to us; but there is enough suggestion in the following sections to furnish matter for a library—on the Forms of Love, Obscenity and the Orgy, the Nature and History of the Kiss—a curious study, which would surely have pleased Sir Thomas Browne, with its examination of the kiss in all its relativeness from that of love to that of religious adoration—on Birthdays, on Feticide, on Life and Death; on the practice and psychology of Anointing, and on the Oath,

the Curse, and the Blessing. It is a fact for regret that Ernest Crawley, who, according to Dr Havelock Ellis, 'possessed a marvellous insight into some of the most obscure recesses of the primitive soul,' was unable to work out thoroughly, what would indeed have been a most prodigious task, the theories and the evidence brought together through these many notes; for beside that insight he had a scholarly knowledge of the facts and 'something of the swift vision of the poet.' The volume illustrates anyhow the oceans of knowledge, and possibly also much wilderness, awaiting survey.

India is so much in the public eye that a book, giving a clear, concise, and impartial review of the existing state of affairs there, is of interest and value. Such a book is Mr J. E. Woolacott's '**India on Trial**' (Macmillan). It is useful for us to be made to realise again the inestimable benefits derived by India from the British connection and the honesty of purpose and high ideals of duty which inspire our administration there. It follows that any weakening of the connection may have disastrous effects. We are shown the country from many points of view, such as the conquest of famine; Christian missions; passive resistance; non-co-operation and rebellion; mendacity and its results; the irresponsibility of the Legislative Assembly; the working of the Reformed Constitution; the native States; labour conditions; and the 'red' menace. In conclusion, we are given an able chapter on the future and probable lines of further development. The book will be a healthy antidote to the false opinions of those—and they are too many and too often politicians in responsible positions—who have tried to create the impression that our rule in India has been founded on oppression and the perpetuation of a system which inflicts poverty and misery on the masses. The harm done by such fallacious teaching is incalculable.

It is unlikely that Sir Aurel Stein's conclusions as to the identity of the 'Sultan Iskander's' Aornis with the height of Pir-Sar on the North-West Frontier of India will be disproved, or even challenged; for it must be many a long day before another expedition sets out such as his, which in the spring of 1926 followed '**On Alexander's Track to the Indus**' (Macmillan); and in a choice of alternative sites for the ancient fortress-mountain made

the above decision. After years of patient waiting and the added delays caused by the War, Sir Aurel was able with British sanction and through the hospitable co-operation of the ruler of Swat to make his search and experience 'the happiest wandering that I ever enjoyed between the Pamirs and the Indian Ocean.' Nature, as well as the warlike tribes of that difficult region, had made the country almost inaccessible; but tact and determination with hard marching and good fortune triumphed. On the way Sir Aurel was able to examine a number of more or less ruined Stupas, in which relics of the Buddha had been deposited, as well as rock-carvings, nearly always injured by devout Muslims who religiously abhor 'images.' Apart from the principal interest of tracing the route of Alexander and justifying his choice of the site of Aornis through its likeness to the description given by Arrian in his account of the siege, we have attractive glimpses of the fierce people occupying those heights, and realise the call for the blessings there of the Pax Britannica. As for the conquering Alexander, while looking at that havoc of rocks and débris, who can avoid in some measure sharing the poet's reflections on the ultimate end of such 'paths of glory'?

It is to be deplored that so fascinating and well-written a little book as '*A Century of Exploration in Nineveh*' (Luzac), by Dr R. Campbell Thompson and Mr R. W. Hutchinson, should have been given so mean a dress. It deserves good paper and binding and a more dignified form; because a valuable story is worth a good setting, and the excavations at Nineveh, begun by Rich a hundred years ago, and carried on by Layard, George Smith, and others to this present day, are material for an epic—this epic is shabbily attired. Dr Campbell Thompson, the main author of this work of collaboration—in Assyria and in print—wields a racy pen and can suggest vividly something of the old life of Sennacherib and his fellow 'Kings of Assyria, Kings of the world'; as well as of the past and present progress of the workings there, and the changes that have come over the ancient Chaldean plains through the practical advance and the decadence consequent on Western civilisation. There is nothing dry or dull in the narrative; while the brief summary of discoveries made, especially for the tablets unearthed in

this hundred years of patient and laborious delvings, shows how far more gifted and blessed with knowledge were the Assyrians than we—pondering the mighty bulls and men of the bas-reliefs, with their exaggerated muscles, self-conscious strength, and curled beards—had believed. In medicine proper, apart from magic; in botany, chemistry, philology they were learned; and still the tale is far from being fully told. This book though brief is a helpful contribution to the great study.

The charm and interest of Professor F. A. Lombard's outline history of 'The Japanese Drama' (Allen and Unwin) come from its examples of the plays which illustrate the birth, growth, and development of the native theatre. Ruthless as the Japanese may be, and generally are, in commerce and politics, they have always kept brightly alive their sympathy with the beautiful and the dainty in nature; and so it is that with all the excerpts from the plays quoted, beginning with those performed in the streets to the finished Noh-plays and Kyogen, the spirit and atmosphere, as well as the libretto, are delicately poetical. As the chorus sing in 'Seeking Jewels in Mount Konron,'

'Along the shore of the lake  
It is delightful  
To watch the little ripples  
As they come and go,  
Gathering jewels in the light  
Of the evening moon,'

the simplicity, the truth, the colour, the delicacy of life, whether of sunlit blossoms or moonlit waters, draw into greater contrast and reality the forces which dominate manhood, bringing the whole universe to the tests of their mimic stage. Tracing the history of the drama of Japan from its origins in songs and ballads, Professor Lombard has touched deftly and with inspiration on all aspects of his subject, and has given to the West even a further insight into the æsthetic and spiritual personality of the East. And so, too, with the work that follows. The fourth volume and latest addition to the series of 'The Treasure House of Eastern Story' is one of peculiar fascination, consisting of combined fantasy and philosophy and describing the growth of a human personality under



peculiarly secluded conditions until it is brought to the full acceptance of the faith of Islam. '**The History of Hayy Ibn Yaqzan**' (Chapman and Hall) is an allegorical romance. The child and youth and man whose story it is, by elaborately simple means is brought to an island where there is abundance of animal and vegetable life, but no human beings. The child is suckled by a roe; he makes for himself in his boyhood a girdle of palm-leaves and rushes, and afterwards tames animals for domestic purposes and to ride. The story part of the book is, however, merely the setting to its philosophical and religious aspects. Hayy Ibn Yaqzan, as his powers ripen and strengthen, seeks for truth and the meaning of life; and when the roe his foster-mother dies he makes a post-mortem examination, a most realistic adventure in dissection, to search for the secret of the vital force which gave motion to the limbs and organs of animals. He proceeds to the vivisection of a wild beast; and then he discovered that the left ventricle of its heart was 'full of an Airy Vapour which look'd like a little Mist or white Cloud, and putting in his Finger, he found it hotter than he could well endure it, and immediately the Creature Dyed.' A curious book which has proved very attractive to read.

Of special appropriateness at the time of the Police centenary is Mr J. F. Moylan's '**Scotland Yard and the Metropolitan Police**' (Putnam), the latest addition to the excellent and instructive 'Whitehall Series.' As the author says, 'Information about police matters has a tendency to lose in interest what it gains in accuracy'; for, indeed, it is the detective side of the policeman's job and the thrills of the Flying Squad and the Black Museum which mostly fill the public eye and press, with no little exaggeration, whereas these are really but a small portion of the work of Scotland Yard. The police must be judged by the record of years rather than by the outcry of the moment, and judged by this standard they have a particularly fine record of public duty and usefulness. They have lately been the subject of inquiry by various Commissions, and they come very well out of those inquiries. Actual facts show a large decrease in crime and disorder of late years, but the work of the police has greatly increased owing to what may be called the civil



regulation of the community, and traffic control is not the least of these increased duties. In this volume we are given interesting chapters on police history, past and present officials and organisation; detectives and the C.I.D.; the Criminal Record Office; and special work and duties.

There is red, pulsing life-blood in 'John Cameron's *Odyssey*' (Longmans). It is the record of a vital man who endured hardship and, one feels, sometimes enjoyed the worst of it. Hear his complaint when, his work on the ocean done, he was settled in a profitable job ashore in Japan, there to spend his last years in ease. Returning in memory to the yellow, yielding sands of French Frigate Shoals, an islet of the Pacific, he protests:

'How I wish I could cruise again to that good place, once more to see that clear sky and enjoy that perfect weather! It would add ten years to my life to escape from the red tape that enmeshes us civilised men, to flee from police, tax-collectors, landlords, swindlers, innumerable parasites that suck our blood. None of them infested our world of islands. At French Frigate Shoals, praise God, sharks were fish, not humans.'

Born less than eighty years ago in a Scottish fishing village, Cameron found the lure of the sea irresistible, and, in the dying 'day of Sail' he went as a boy of seventeen on an East Indiaman from Glasgow, to fall in with adventures which smack rather of the Elizabethan rovers than of the plodding seamen of Victorian times. In spite of his protest sharks, human as well as fish, haunted the ways and waters that he traversed; with men very like pirates, and plenty of hard knocks, drinkings, and amorous adventures in the regions of dusky kings; black-birdings, wreckings, and a desperate journey in a scratch-built sailing-boat, in which starvation, and the close possibility of cannibalism, travelled with him. Also he had an unpleasant glimpse of Mormons and some brief characteristic meetings with Robert Louis Stevenson. Here is the life-story of a big man's ventures, well told and well edited. It is a bit of 'the real thing.' The reference to Stevenson, who seems at present to be suffering a slump—which is absurd—gives us opportunity to recommend an enthusiastic little book, 'Robert

**Louis Stevenson and the Scottish Highlanders'** (Eneas Mackay, Stirling), which, after giving some detail of the local circumstances of 'Kidnapped' and 'Catriona,' proceeds to describe the Jacobite Traditions of the Stirling district, and concludes with some general discussion of the romanticist's direct association with the descendants of the actors and with the places mentioned in the legends that he used. The book is as thorough as its limits permit, and it is to be hoped may help towards the speedy restoration in general favour of the writings of 'R.L.S.'

The second volume of Dr Ernest A. Baker's elaborate '**History of the English Novel**' (Witherby) has come to us; and as the fourth instalment of his work is expected only to reach to Richardson and Fielding, it is evident that the author has set before himself the work of a well-filled, lengthy lifetime. His thoroughness, as his reliability, is considerable. He takes note of the numerous by-ways in the march of English fiction, missing nothing that matters; and when 'Finis' is written to this series of bulky books—may we be there to see! This second volume treats of the Elizabethan Age and after, and concludes with some general remarks on More's 'Utopia,' Bacon's 'New Atlantis,' and other works of idealist purpose; but the author's chief study in this instalment properly is given to Lyly's 'Euphues' and the 'Arcadia' of Sir Philip Sidney, works certainly of ponderous tone which set going important and influential literary fashions and vitally stimulated the Elizabethan poets and dramatists, laying bases for the inevitable transition, as in other words Dr Baker expresses it, from the literary to the lifelike. This work deserves the encouragement of success. It is possible that so vast a scheme as has been planned will receive less than the good fortune, its due. If so, that will be a pity, for the authority of these volumes is sound, while their contents enrich the study of what has become in these days the principal expression of Art for English-speaking peoples; as although Music, Painting, Sculpture, and the Drama in Great Britain languish, or appear to languish, the Novel goes on in greater mass, variety, and favour than ever.

Mr V. de S. Pinto and Mr G. Neill Wright have realised a beautiful thing in their anthology, '**The Tree**

of *Life*' (Constable), which in many respects differs from the customary collections of literary shreds and patches that generally go by the name. It has a clear and serious spiritual purpose; and out of the thoughts and writings truly inspired of men has gathered an impressive body of ennobling thought. The plan of deferring the names of the authors and the places whence the cumulative extracts are taken, with the necessary notes, to the end of the book is helpful; for it reduces to a minimum the interruptions caused through the frequent passing from one author to another, and makes the whole order consecutive. In this work, as in a setting of mosaic, are many jewels of the world's thought, and their effect lingers. The authorship of the lovely poem, No. 320, should be discovered and disclosed. It is too admirable an expression of human feeling to be left to the credit of that over-voluminous author, known as 'Anon.' Sir William Hadow's '**Collected Essays**' (Oxford University Press), one of which was printed originally in this Review, are mainly devoted to Music, especially in its relation to Life, but not altogether so; and his essay upon Iago may be taken as an example of his helpful independent thought on a topic not connected with his own province of art. He brings some constructive thought to bear on this ever-interesting subject, for the quality of Iago's villainy has been much discussed; the general view, as is suggested by the Credo in Verdi's opera, being that the fellow was utterly bad, a thing come from the slime, and even fiendishly clever. Sir William Hadow shows with good reason that Iago, after the first bad impulse, was the victim of his own foolish precipitancy, and driven to his further acts of treachery and cruelty through the compulsion of circumstances. It is an engaging study for Shakespearians. He has helpful things also to say of Modern Music and, flying backward over three centuries, of William Byrd; but possibly his most effective essay is that on 'A Croatian Composer,' in other words, Joseph Haydn, 'Slav by race and Slav by temper,' and not German in temperament or in genius.

Twenty-seven years have passed since Mr Jonathan Nield's '**Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales**' (Elkin Mathews and Marrot) was first published, and experience with research have so helped the Editor

that it is a record and work of reference hardly to be excelled for accuracy and good judgment. We have enjoyed testing it; for a swallow-flight through the pages brings to mind delectable hours spent with many delectable books, and so far as we have gone no particular fault has spoilt the process. The volume will not only be useful to readers and the historians of literature for its information and the guide posts it provides to works of romance that are the best worth while; but also it should prove a fine book for browsing in during the odd half-hours of life that are so easily found and wasted. We pass on to Mr Arthur Symonds, who has maintained a high ideal of the rhythmic and expressive beauty of our English language, and we are bound to accept with appreciation even so slight and rambling a work as these *'Studies in Strange Souls'* (Charles J. Sawyer), in which he gossips—that is the only word—gossips exquisitely on D. G. Rossetti and Algernon Charles Swinburne, with Christina and W. M. Rossetti, Theodore Watts-Dunton, and George Meredith casually intervening. He has an enthusiasm for Dante Rossetti and for Watts-Dunton which vastly exceeds the general valuation, and is, at any rate, creditable to his loyalty; the happiest passages, because of their more intimate biographical appeal, are the few in which he gives his personal experiences of those 'strange souls'; as of Swinburne discovering in the copy of *'Atalanta in Calydon'* presented by him to Christina Rossetti the one line 'The supreme evil, God,' scratched out. The book is, however, so slight that it leaves an appetite whetted and not mended.

The work which Mr A. R. Powys has done with success for the protection of old buildings has been that of an idealist. This book from his pen, treating of the *'Repair of Ancient Buildings'* (Dent), proves him to be practical as well, completing the idealist's equipment. It comes at an opportune hour; for there is a reaction against the ruin wrought through 'improvements' and the bountiful concessions made to scorching motorists. By-passes and bungalows having been permitted for the last dozen years to break up and desecrate the countryside, we have probably now come to the opposite swing of the pendulum when it will be easy to preserve the treasureable in brick and stone and the beautiful in Nature.

Dedicated to 'the medieval master-builders and their men in all trades,' this book purposes to show to owners and guardians of ancient buildings the proper measures to take for necessary restorations and repairing; and we have clear accounts given, with guiding pictures and diagrams, of how to renew old walls, roofs, and ceilings, how best to dispose of rain-water, what to do with ruinous ivy and other creepers, how to thatch, how to deal with dry rot, wood worm, and other causes of decay; the best ways of adapting old buildings to modern necessities, and beyond all else, it emphasises the necessity of 'Daily Care,' the expression used by William Morris, the apostle of common sense and beauty in domestic life, who certainly would bless with both his hands and all his heart this helpful volume.

